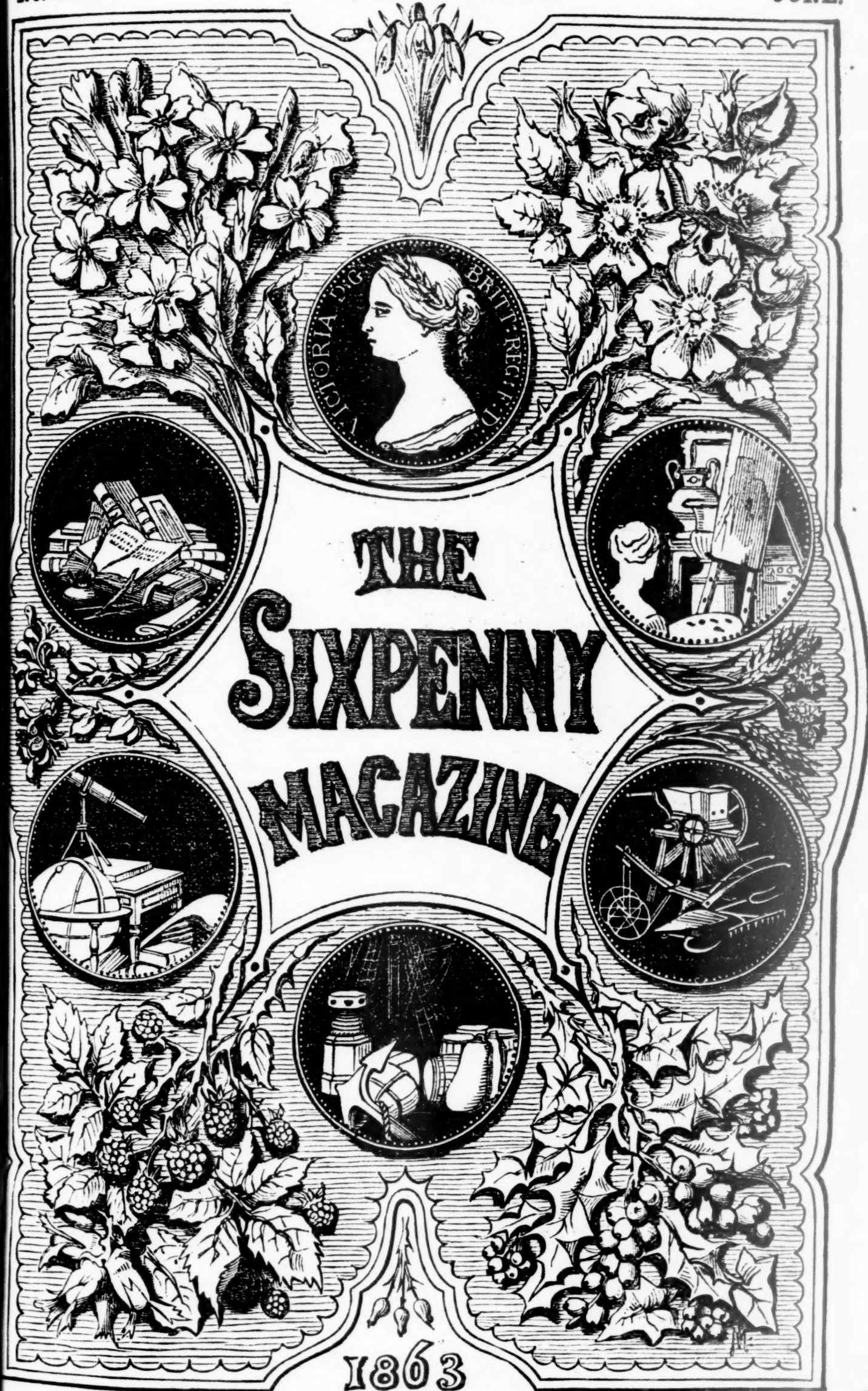


No. XXIV.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUNE.

282



LONDON: WARD AND LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.

All rights of reproduction and translation are reserved.

THE LONDON SEASON.

To all who court the gay and festive scenes the following are indispensable:—



Ask for "ROWLANDS' " Articles.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL is a delightfully fragrant and transparent Preparation for the HAIR, and as an Invigorator and BEAUTIFIER beyond all precedent.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, for the Skin and Complexion, is unequalled for the radiant bloom it imparts to the cheek; the softness and delicacy which it induces to the hands and arms; and for removing cutaneous defects.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO or PEARL DENTIFRICE, for preserving and imparting a Pearl-like whiteness to the Teeth, strengthening the Gums, and for giving fragrance to the Breath. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.



THOMSON'S PRIZE MEDAL CRINOLINES.



THE BEST CORN FLOUR IS MAIZENA.

THE Jury of Class 3, Sec. A, finding it so far superior to all others, reported it exceedingly excellent, and awarded to it the only Prize Medal for Corn-Flours. The *Lancet* says, "Maizena differs from all other Corn Flours in its mode of preparation. It is very pure, analogous to Arrowroot in its dietetic properties, but superior to it in Flavour." For Recipes see Packets (1 lb., 8d., 4 lb., 4d.) obtained of all first-class grocers.

N.B.—The famous Puddings, Blanc Manges, Cuitards, &c., of the International Exhibition, were all made from Maizena. It is only from Maizena that these delicious luxuries can be made to perfection. — *Standard*.

TWINBERROW'S DANDELION, CAMOMILE, and RHUBARB PILLS, an effectual cure of indigestion, all stomach complaints, and liver affections. In cases of constipation these Pills never fail in producing a healthy and permanent action of the bowels, so that in a short time aperients will not be required, and, being quite as innocent as castor oil, they may be given to children.

From Scott, Thomson, & Co., Calcutta.

"We have received several communications from our friends in this country favourable to the reputation of your Dandelion, Camomile, and Rhubarb Pills; and, as we think they would find a ready sale, send us 24 dozen boxes to begin with."

By TWINBERROW, Operative and Dispensing Chemist, 3, Edward-street, Portman-square, London.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS purify the blood, and regulate its distribution so perfectly, that they are the surest remedy of diseases of the head and heart: pains of the former, and palpitations of the latter give way before the strengthening and nerve-bracing qualities of Holloway's Medicine. Nervous sufferers may rely on it.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH

USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,

And awarded the Prize Medal

FOR ITS SUPERIORITY.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, CHANDLERS, &c.

WOTHERSPOON & CO., Glasgow and London.

VINTAGE WINE COMPANY,

14, BLOOMSBURY-STREET,

(Four Doors South of New Oxford-street.)

	Per doz.
SHERRY. —Celebrated Xeres Comide - - - -	18s.
PORT. —Sound and Good - - - -	20s.
CLARET. —Genuine—recommended - - - -	13s.
CHAMPAGNE. —"The Vintage"—really good - -	27s.

THESE WINES HAVE BEEN PRONOUNCED A "MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS."

THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

JUNE 1, 1863.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—SACKVILLE CHASE	325
CHAPTER VII.—DENZIL RAIKES JOURNEYS TO THE METROPOLIS WITH MR. SPARKE—PLAYFUL CHARACTER OF MR. SPARKE, AS EXEMPLIFIED IN HIS PROCEEDINGS ON THE ROAD.	
CHAPTER VIII.—MR. SHERATON AND MDLLE. D'ARLINCOURT.	
CHAPTER IX.—AGONY JACK.	
CHAPTER X.—THE ROAD TO A COUNTRY STEEPLE-CHASE—MORE TRICKS BY TRAVELLERS.	
CHAPTER XI.—THE COUNTRY STEEPLE-CHASE—AGONY JACK THINKS HE IS A LORD—FIRST MEETING OF THE EARL OF SACKVILLE AND MDLLE. D'ARLINCOURT.	
II.—THE YOUNG LADY ON HER PREFERMENT	343
III.—A TRIP TO DENMARK	347
IV.—“THAT WOMAN!”.....	359
V.—THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.....	365
VI.—STOCKINGS, AND THEIR ANTIQUITY.....	366
VII.—SCENES IN THE LIFE OF MARIE DE MEDICIS.....	370
VIII.—PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES	373
NO. 14.—THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.	
IX.—FLORENCE DE ROHAN	377
X.—SHAKSPEARE AND SHEEP-SHEARING	389
XI.—PRINCE GRACEFUL	391
CHAPTER I.—THE FAIRIES OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.	
CHAPTER II.—THE PRINCE AND HIS DOG SET OUT ON A LONG JOURNEY.	
CHAPTER III.—THE KING OF THE WOLVES.	
CHAPTER IV.—THE VERMILION TOWERS.	
CHAPTER V.—PRINCE GRACEFUL THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE FLAMES.	
CHAPTER VI.—MET BY THE WAVES.	
CHAPTER VII.—THE CASTLE OF LIFE AND THE FOUNTAIN OF IMMORTALITY.	
XII.—ON DREAMS.....	401
XIII.—RUNNING THE GAUNTLET; OR, THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE	409
XIV.—PEARLS FROM THE EAST	413
XV.—EARLY EDUCATION AMONG THE ANCIENTS—THE GREEK AND ROMAN YOUTH	414
XVI.—TALBOT OF EARN'S CLIFFE	418
CHAPTER XXI.—A BEAU'S BEDROOM.	
CHAPTER XXII.—WESTMINSTER HALL.	
CHAPTER XXIII.—CULLODEN MOOR.	
CHAPTER XXIV.—“ALL IS NOT LOST.”	
CHAPTER XXV.—RUN TO EARTH.	
CHAPTER XXVI.—A WINTER NIGHT.	



* * Subscribers are informed that elegantly designed Cloth Cases, for binding Volumes I., II., III., and IV., price One Shilling each, are now ready. Any bookbinder can insert in these cases the Five Numbers that form each Volume.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED

(Classes 2 and 29, INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862).

MESSRS. G. ROWNEY AND CO.

HAVE THE PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THE COMPLETION OF THEIR

NEW SYSTEM OF

GRINDING COLOURS BY MACHINERY,

which enables them to supply Artists' Colours in Oil, Water, or Powder, perfectly fine, at the same prices as hitherto charged for Colours less finely ground.

Messrs. G. R. and Co. feel assured the OIL COLOURS ground by their improved process will be found to be *finer, brighter, less oily*, and to *dry quicker*, than any others at present manufactured; and that their WATER COLOURS, prepared by the same process, will prove to be *finer, brighter*, and to *float more evenly without granulation*, than any other Colours at present manufactured.

They therefore solicit a trial, in full confidence of giving satisfaction.

TESTIMONIALS

FROM MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Elder House, Hampstead, November 26th, 1861.

GENTLEMEN,—I am much obliged to you for this opportunity of trying your Colours ground on a new system. I have tested them, and found them very fine and free from grit, especially the Indian Red, a most difficult Colour to procure properly ground.

I am your obedient servant,
W. C. T. DOBSON, A.R.A.

Messrs. G. ROWNEY and Co.

Royal Academy, W.C., November 21st, 1861.

GENTLEMEN,—As far as I have yet had the opportunity of trying the Colours you have done me the favour of sending me, I am of opinion that they afford a very satisfactory proof of the advantage of your new system of *Grinding Colours by Machinery*. All painters must agree that the qualities of depth and brilliancy in Colours are greatly enhanced by good and sufficient grinding.

I am, gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
CHARLES LANDSEER, R.A.

Messrs. G. ROWNEY and Co.

Walton-on-Thames, November 25th, 1861.

GENTLEMEN,—I am really much obliged by the receipt of a packet of Colours which you so kindly sent me on Friday last. I have tried them, and can conscientiously express my entire satisfaction with them. The excellence of the grinding is beyond all praise; for the fact is certain that, without extreme grinding, the beauty of every and any Colour is not brought out, to say nothing of the impossibility of painting any thing requiring finish with ill-ground Colours.

I am, gentlemen, truly yours,
H. LEWIS, A.R.A.

Messrs. G. ROWNEY and Co.

Kent Villa, Lansdowne Road, Notting Hill,
December 4th, 1861.

Mr. E. M. WARD, R.A., has tried the Colours ground by machinery sent to him by Messrs. Rowney, and has much pleasure in expressing his entire approbation of the quality of them in every respect: the Indian Red and other Colours, generally coarse under the ordinary grinding, seem to him to have more especially benefited by the process.

19 New Millman Street, December 16th, 1861.

GENTLEMEN,—I have tried those Colours you kindly sent me, and beg to state that I find them excellent, both in brilliancy and working, which proves the truth of your statement—that they are manufactured in a very superior manner.

Gentlemen, I remain your obliged servant,
ABRAHAM COOPER, R.A.

To Messrs. ROWNEY.

December 29th, 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in communicating to you the result of my experience with your Colours. For brilliancy and purity they certainly cannot be surpassed, and, as far as my present experience goes, I may also add permanency.

WILLIAM HUNT,
Member of the Society of Water-Colour Painters.

To Messrs. ROWNEY,
51 and 52 Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.

GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.,

MANUFACTURING ARTISTS' COLOURMEN,

RETAIL DEPARTMENT, 51 AND 52 RATHBONE PLACE;

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT DEPARTMENT, 10 AND 11 PERCY STREET, LONDON.

AND 29, OXFORD STREET.

SACKVILLE CHASE.

A Sporting Nobel.

By C. J. COLLINS, Author of "Dick Diminy," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VII.

DENZIL RAIKES JOURNEYS TO THE METROPOLIS WITH MR. SPARKE — PLAYFUL CHARACTER OF MR. SPARKE, AS EXEMPLIFIED IN HIS PROCEEDINGS ON THE ROAD.

DENZIL RAIKES returned across the park towards Troutbrook moodily, as may be imagined, after the interview which he had just had with the Earl of Sackville. Absorbed in thought, he walked beneath the great elms, and he looked neither to the right nor to the left until he reached the wicket that terminated the pathway in Sackville Chase, and which brought him into the high road that led into Troutbrook. Entering the Sackville Arms, he found that John Busby and his friend Mr. Sparke had just returned, and were enjoying a tankard of ale, a beverage for which the Sackville Arms was famous, and the sample of which that was before him Mr. Sparke declared was just the stuff he liked to lubricate the cockles of his heart with.

"Take a pull, sir," he said, handing the tankard to Denzil Raikes, who did as he was requested, and took a pull accordingly.

"What do you think of that brew, sir?" inquired Mr. Sparke.

Denzil Raikes said it had the real October smack about it, as he wiped the froth from his beard, which we have said was very long and flowing.

John Busby was quite taciturn. The stranger had been up to see the Earl, which was a proceeding he could not altogether comprehend, and it racked John's mind with doubt. At length, however, he did essay to speak, and he said, rather tremulously—

"You've been up to the Hall, sir?"

"Yes, I have been there," replied Denzil Raikes.

"See the Earl?" inquired John.

"I did see him," was the reply.

"Did he say anything about the colts," John said—"the colts up at Jonas Nixon's?"

"Not one word," replied Raikes.

John Busby was manifestly relieved,

and he recovered his wonted composure when Denzil Raikes added—

"I can assure you my business with him was of a very different character. We had not met for upwards of twenty years, and I waited on him to ascertain if his memory was good."

"And was it?" inquired Mr. Sparke.

"Perfectly unimpaired," replied Denzil Raikes, with a smile which the close observer might have detected was tinged with an expression of bitterness, if such could be.

"By-the-bye," said Denzil Raikes to John Busby, "I think you told me that the Earl seldom visits his other estates. He makes this one his home."

"Man and boy, I've been at Jonas Nixon's better nor thirty year," said John Busby, "and I never recollect hearin' of his goin' anywhere else. He comes down here every year arter the Parliament is over."

"Isn't it rather strange that he should have such fine estates elsewhere, and never visit them?" remarked Denzil Raikes.

"Well, you see, he ain't got a bad 'un in this here Sackville Chase," observed John Busby; "but I have heerd, mind you," and here John Busby looked cautiously round, as though possibly there might be some shadowy listener hanging about, "I have heerd as none of the family has ever been to one of the big houses up in the north, 'cos of a case of kidnappin', or summat o' that sort. But, Lord! that's neither here nor there. I know nothin' about it myself."

"I have heard the story," said Denzil Raikes, in a tone as though he were communing with himself.

"Now, who says some more ale?" exclaimed Mr. Sparke, who did not appear to be at all interested in the conversation. "I think we could mortify ourselves with another pot. What do you say, sir?"

Denzil Raikes, to whom the appeal was made, said he had no objection, as he was about to return to town by the train.

"You don't mean that!" cried Mr. Sparke, in glee. "Why, so am I. We'll go together."

Denzil Raikes could not resist this declaratory invitation, and said he should be very glad to accompany Mr. Sparke.

"Fact is," said Mr. Sparke, in that freedom and openness of heart which was such a characteristic of him; "fact is, some friends of mine have been getting up a steeple-chase a few miles from here, and I've come down to settle the ground. Fond of steeple-chasing, sir?" he inquired, addressing Denzil Raikes.

Denzil Raikes said he had always been attached to the sports of the field; but of late years he had not been able to follow them.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Sparke, with a rich mellow roll in his voice, which would indicate that he was already enjoying the gratification of which the remark he was about to make, to him, at all events, was so suggestive. "Ah, a steeple-chase is the thing for a dodge."

"Is it?" said Denzil Raikes, considerably amused.

"If there's one thing in life I like better than another, it's a dodge," said Mr. Sparke, rubbing his hands.

"And if there's one cove in life as can do one," remarked John Busby, "I'll take my davy his name's Sparke."

"Man of penetration our friend John, sir," said Mr. Sparke to Denzil Raikes, laughing.

The dumpling handmaiden of the hostelry, whose presence we have before remarked upon, in obedience to a mandate to that effect, placed another foaming tankard on the table, and Mr. Sparke observed to her, as he took the tankard up—

"Next time I come down, Mary, I'll kiss both your cheeks."

To which Mary observed, that she believed he'd got cheek enough for anything, and quitted the apartment amidst a burst of laughter from all three.

"Well, sir, as I was saying," continued Mr. Sparke, "I have been down here to arrange this little steeple-chase matter, and I've put John on a bit."

At this announcement, John Busby's countenance underwent various expressions of perturbation, and he endeavoured in vain for a short time to attract the attention of Mr. Sparke, by means of spasmodic winks, twitchings of the nose and mouth, and other facial telegraphy, which were, however, lost upon the person for whose notice they were intended.

"Now, sir," continued Mr. Sparke,

"any friend of John's is a friend of mine. You've been travelling, it seems, sir. We're going to travel together to London. If you like, and you want to see some of our doings, as a friend of John's, sir, will you accompany me to our steeple-chase?"

Denzil Raikes jumped at the offer with avidity, and said he should be delighted to do so, and thereby still more closely make Mr. Sparke's acquaintance.

John Busby saw it was no use interfering; if mischief was to arise out of this, he could see that it could not be averted, and he found consolation in Mr. Sparke's well-known discretion.

"We'll show you a dodge or two, sir: eh, John?" exclaimed Mr. Sparke.

"You can," replied John.

"You're a man of truth, John," said Mr. Sparke; "and there's no disputing your penetration." And he laughed as he handed the tankard to Denzil Raikes.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Sparke, putting on his great-coat, "suppose we trudge it?"

Denzil Raikes said he was perfectly ready, and the three accordingly left the house together, John Busby volunteering to show them a near cut across the fields to the railway station. As they took their way through this short cut, they met Mr. Sheraton in shooting costume, and with his dog and gun, and attended by one of the keepers.

"Good morning! Busby," said Mr. Sheraton, as he came up; "all well up yonder, I suppose?" and he pointed in the direction of the stables at Sackville Hall.

"All right, sir," responded John Busby, in a hoarse whisper, as Denzil Raikes and Mr. Sparke walked on—"All right, sir, and he's took to his new home like a hangel."

"Whatever you do, be secret," said Mr. Sheraton. "Are those friends of yours?" he inquired, pointing in the direction of Raikes and Sparke.

"I'm goin' to see 'em off by the rail, sir: one's just come from furren parts, and the other's a Whitechapel tradesman in the cheese line," replied John Busby. We should state that usually John Busby had a strict regard for truth, but it is also our duty to add that Mr. Sparke was not in the cheese line of business.

"Well, I wont detain you from them," said Mr. Sheraton. "Good morning!"

When John Busby came up with his friends, he said to Denzil Raikes—

"Ow
over his
Skrato
"Oh
Earl of
int ton
"Lon
"h bel
John
anyhin
chaged
"My
to be u
Youmu
"Dr
railway
add
gree t
to clse
"h
Busby
delight
By
way s
procu
and a
to aw
to con
"Y
you?
"C
sponc
cont
yours
"C
ducin
Mr
takin
note
corn
and l
"
Denz
M
the s
lingh
"
D
got
with
the t
and
mark
so th
got
vaca
take
win
cried
"
John

"Owner of the colt!" and pointing over his shoulder in the direction of Mr. Seraton.

"Oh! then he does not belong to the Earl of Sackville?" said Denzil Raikes, in a tone of surprise.

"Lord bless you! no," replied John; "he belongs to that gentleman!"

John felt but ill at ease in discussing anything relating to the colt, and he changed the subject by saying—

"My friend Sparke, here, will be sure to be up to his larks on the road, sir. You mustn't mind what he does."

"Or who he does," said Sparke. "A railway is a capital place for a dodge," he added to Denzil Raikes. "Lord, how green the fellows are, and how I do like to elude 'em!"

"That's him all over, sir," said John Busby to Mr. Raikes, and chuckling with delight.

By his time they had reached the railway station, and Denzil Raikes at once procured his ticket for his journey, and all three walked on to the platform to await the arrival of the train that was to convey them.

"You haven't got your ticket, have you?" said Denzil Raikes to Mr. Sparke.

"Oh yes, I have. All right!" responded Mr. Sparke. "By-the-by," he continued, "will you let me look at yours?"

"Certainly!" said Denzil Raikes, producing the bit of pasteboard referred to.

Mr. Sparke took it, looked at it, and taking a pencil from his pocket made a note of its number. He then tore off a corner—just a small corner—of the ticket, and handed it back to Denzil Raikes.

"What is all that about?" inquired Denzil Raikes.

Mr. Sparke put his forefinger against the side of his nose, winked, and chucklingly exclaimed—

"A dodge, mun!"

Denzil Raikes thought he had certainly got hold of a character, and he smiled with satisfaction. The train coming up, the two shook hands with John Busby, and got into a carriage. It had been market day at some town down the line, so the carriage was nearly full when they got in. Indeed, there were but two seats vacant. Mr. Sparke, when they had taken their seats, put his head out of the window, and, as the train moved away, he cried to John Busby—

"Take care of yourself, John!" which John promised to do, by exclaiming—

"All right, old brick!"

The train rattled on its way, and Mr. Sparke speedily became jolly with all the occupants of the carriage, who were all gentlemen connected with agricultural pursuits. On the line of railway on which they were travelling it was the custom to collect the tickets at a junction station, some ten miles short of the metropolis, and it was here that Mr. Sparke proved himself to be a man fertile in resources, and of an original turn of mind, which surprised and amused Denzil Raikes. At starting, Mr. Sparke had asked one of the occupants of the carriage to allow him, as a particular favour, to take the seat next the door of the carriage. The request was at once acceded to, and, as we have said, Mr. Sparke made himself agreeable to all present as they journeyed along. When the train arrived at the station where the tickets were collected, and before it had actually stopped, Mr. Sparke opened the door of the carriage, and stepped out on to the platform, and commenced walking up and down whistling a popular air as the ticket collectors collected the tickets from the different carriages. The collection having been completed, the bell rang for the starting of the train.

"Are you going on, sir?" said the ticket collector to Mr. Sparke, and holding the door of the carriage open.

"Oh, yes; of course," replied Mr. Sparke, advancing to the carriage to enter.

"Your ticket, if you please, sir," said the ticket collector.

"My ticket!" exclaimed Mr. Sparke. "I gave it you."

"I beg your pardon, sir, you have not given your ticket to me," said the railway official, decisively.

"But I tell you I did," remonstrated Mr. Sparke.

"I can assure you, you did not," said the ticket collector. "I must have your ticket, sir."

"Dear me, what a fortunate thing," cried Mr. Sparke, as though a sudden thought had struck him, "as I came along in the train I happened to tear off one of the corners of my ticket, and if you look amongst those that you have got in your pocket, you will find it," said Mr. Sparke, in a tone of offended virtue.

The ticket collector at once looked at his tickets, and of course found the ticket with the corner torn off.

"Really, sir," apologized the almost

dumbfounded official, "I offer you a thousand pardons, sir; I never made such a mistake before."

"And, as though luck would have it that I should be armed with double proof, I actually took the number of the ticket down," said Mr. Sparke, in an ingenuous tone; "and here it is," referring to the memorandum in his pocket-book, "No. 9999."

"I am really very sorry, sir," said the ticket-collector, humbly. "Pray take your seat, sir."

Mr. Sparke took his seat as requested, and as he did so he favoured Mr. Raikes with a wink, the concentrated slyness of which made him laugh in spite of himself.

In due course they arrived at the station in London, and Mr. Sparke said—

"What do you say to going up to my crib and having a bit of dinner?"

Denzil Raikes at once accepted the invitation, and a cab being called off the rank, the two drove off to what Mr. Sparke had designated his "crib."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. SHERATON AND MIDDLE.
D'ARLINCOURT.

THE last time we saw Mr. Sheraton was when he met John Busby and his friend Sparke at Sackville Chase. It will probably have occurred to the reader that we have not yet explained who Mr. Sheraton was. His position was an anomalous, if it were not a mysterious one. Indeed, it was both. The Earl of Sackville had become acquainted with him in Paris, and had taken a great fancy to him, partly in consequence of some especial service which he had rendered the earl in the gay capital, but mainly upon those general feelings which lead one person to form a regard for another. By profession Mr. Sheraton was nominally a barrister. He had been "called" in the Middle Temple, and his name was upon the rolls thereof; but of law he knew nothing, and he made no attempt to carry his ignorance in that respect into "practice"—a negative virtue which is not characteristic of some members of the profession to which Mr. Sheraton nominally belonged. It has been already intimated in the course of this narrative that he acted as a kind of secretary to the Earl of Sackville, a position to which he

had been but recently elevated, for the acquaintance of the two had not been of many months' standing when they were first presented to the reader. We use the expression "kind of secretary," or although he was so called by the earl himself, when speaking of Mr. Sheraton, yet his actual position was rather that of a companion to the earl than anything else. The Earl of Sackville was a man without few associates, and with probably fewer friends. Although Mr. Sheraton passed much of his time at the residence of the Earl of Sackville, that was not his home; he had chambers in the Temple, where he slept, and where it was supposed he followed his professional avocations.

Mr. Sheraton's chambers, or rather his chamber, was not extensive in size nor was it attractive in appearance. It was situated at the top of a very winding flight, or series of flights, of stairs the chief characteristic of which was their elasticity. Not that this quality was natural to the materials of which the stairs themselves were composed, or was the springy nature of the ascent upon them such as, being founded on security, gratified the pedestrian. The elasticity of which we speak arose rather from an antipathy which appeared to exist between the stairs themselves and their supports, the original connexion having doubtless been rendered irksome and distasteful, owing probably to the length of its existence, and the oppression which it had had to sustain. At all events, they were stairs up which no secret could be carried, for they never failed to resist the tread of any foot, by a shrill lament which seemed to speak of bodily pain, and gave full warning all around of the near approach of footsteps rising.

The floor of Mr. Sheraton's chamber was covered by a fabric which in remote ages had been a carpet adorned with many colours. The colours, however, had long ago departed to a brighter locality, and nothing but the sombre hue of dust remained. Beneath this dingy covering, too, reposed a relative of the grumbling stairs, for here and there, as the visitor or inmate moved about, the shrill complaint which met him as he ascended, assailed his foot again, and seemed to speak of discontent deeprooted in the place. About the furniture which both utilized and adorned the room, the sombre dusty hue extended also. In the middle stood a table of most ancient build, on the top of which was platered

a thin layer of leather, sundry leather-bound pamphlets, the middle of which were against the case stood within of sallo good seen worn corner of all the of Mr. S great and and wh the cha speak a gave no could be mented George well-cu dignity

It is Mr. Sh He has ances to looking around, a matter visited the table come from reunion always appear story re

Mr. walks the river Surrey tops on was was man w "clerk" connec would At len having his sea to have

"Yo "It "Yo "No come t a week Mr. this r

a thin layer of what had once been black leather, which was now adorned with sundry penknife-cuts, which made the leather curl. About the table papers and a pamphlet or two were strewn, and in the middle rose an antiquated inkstand. Against the heavy wainscoting a book-case stood, suggestive of a bygone age and within its narrow limits reposed a mass of fallow-looking books, which had seen good service years ago. A few much-worn chairs, and a diminutive table in the corner of the room, made up the sum of all the furniture with which the chambers of Mr. Sheraton were adorned, except the great arm-chair in which he sat himself, and which was the most curious item of the chamber's stock. Tradition could not speak about its age, and its appearance gave no clue by which the interesting fact could be decided; but its high and ornamented back spoke of times gone by, when George the First was king, and heavy, well-curved, full-bottomed wigs gave dignity to an empty pate.

It is rather early in the morning, and Mr. Sheraton is at home in his chambers. He has just breakfasted, the usual appliances to that meal being on the table, and looking, by contrast with the objects around, out of place. It has always been a matter of surprise to us, when we have visited chambers in the Temple, where the table adjuncts of breakfast and dinner come from or go to. We have enjoyed reunions there, and these articles have always seemed to us to appear and disappear just as they do in some legendary story represented on the stage.

Mr. Sheraton has just breakfasted. He walks to the window, and gazes across the river upon the bright green hills of Surrey in the distance, over the house-tops on the other side of the water. He was waiting the arrival of a young gentleman who was dignified by the name of "clerk," but who, if he had not been connected with a learned profession, would have been called an errand-boy. At length this individual arrived, and having thrown his cap into a corner, took his seat at the little table which appeared to have been appropriated to him.

"You are late," said Mr. Sheraton.

"It ain't ten," said the boy.

"You ought to be here at nine."

"No, I oughtn't. Mugg's clerk don't come till ten, and he gets twelve shillings a week."

Mr. Sheraton did not attempt to resist this reasoning, but, taking down his

hat, he said, "Give me a brush, will you?"

The boy sullenly took down a small clothes-brush which was hanging on a nail in one corner of the room, and stepped behind his master to perform the required operation. Before he commenced, however, he put his two forefingers in the corners of his mouth, and pulled that feature into a horrible and ghastly shape, at the same time distorting his eyes frightfully by the aid of his thumbs. Having relieved his feelings by this little performance, he proceeded vigorously to brush the coat wherever that operation was not required, studiously leaving the dusty parts undisturbed. This done, he deliberately hung the brush up again, and took his seat as before.

"Mind you don't go out while I am away," said Mr. Sheraton, drawing on his gloves, "and if anybody calls, say I shall not be back until the afternoon."

As Mr. Sheraton proceeded down the staircase, his trusty clerk listened to the sound of his footsteps on the creaking stairs, and having satisfied himself that his master was beyond the precincts of the building, the boy threw up the window, took a chair there, and drawing a half-consumed cigar from his pocket, lit it with a lucifer, and composed himself for a dignified, but to him dubious enjoyment.

Mr. Sheraton hastened through the Temple, and soon reached Fleet-street. Passing through Temple-bar, he arrived at a cab-stand just beyond. It appeared to be "the feeding time" of day upon this stand, for every horse had his countenance deeply buried in a bag of coarse construction. The moment Mr. Sheraton called "Cab!" the bags upon the first six in the rank were hastily snatched away, and a fierce competition commenced among the drivers for possession of "the fare." Mr. Sheraton selected the first one that had come to the kerbstone, the horse having been drawn thereto by a tug which appeared almost to dislocate the animal's neck. It was a "Hansom," and into this vehicle Mr. Sheraton stepped.

The driver, gathering a thick horse-cloth about him, mounted his box behind, and having arranged his seat, he gave the lengthy rein a violent jerk on one side, which pulled the horse—an animal of very skin and bone it was—on one side, farther, indeed, than the driver wished, for which excess of duty the wretched animal was visited with three or four terrific lashes

on the lower part of its body with a long, heavy whip, which seemed enough to tear pieces from the poor beast as the instrument of torture visited it. If the doctrine of metempsychosis be true, there are certain characters in the world whom we know, who might, with advantage to themselves, and, perchance, to society, study the life of a London cab-horse.

Satisfied with the display of professional activity, the cabman varied his exhibition of skill by ferociously flicking the animal under his control about the head, and he seemed quite desirous of proving his dexterity by cutting one of the horse's eyes out. Stimulated by this mode of vigorous action, the horse started off at a canter up Wych-street, and against the kerbstone of each side of that delectable thoroughfare the cab-wheels grazed. And soon they rolled into a wider street, through dark heaps of reeking filth, round which small groups of half-naked children played.

Along this street, to every second house of which there was a narrow court, choked up with close-packed dwellings, in which hundreds of human beings slept and breathed an atmosphere which no breeze can ever freshen, the vehicle quickly rattled, and turned with dashing haste into Holborn, where the scene was changed to shops of paintless shutters and of various dingy trades, from the second-hand book-shop to that of the marine-store dealer. Round to the left again the cab swept quickly, and as by a magician's wand, a sudden change appeared. A wide and handsome street of private houses showed, at but a little advance, the green shrubs of a West-End square,—an antiquated West-End square now, for fashion has turned her back upon it. On through this little spot of green the cab rolled quickly, and emerged into another handsome street of goodly houses, which brought the equipage to another shrubbery, which adorns a square of vast extent and right noble look. To the left again the wheels were turned, and through a quiet street in which bright furnished drawing-rooms, adorned with many bird-cages, appeared. Again a street of shops was crossed, and for a moment the cab turned up a busy thoroughfare, along the sides of which greengrocers' stalls were stretched out as far as the eye could penetrate. A quieter street was soon reached, but still of shops, and then was fairly crossed the outpost of the West, the top of Regent-street.

On the cab still passed, through streets which seemed to rival villages in their quietness. The very pavement appeared to yield to every foot, and cause no noise. The passengers, indeed, were few, and those few walked along as though they did not belong to that quarter of the town, and wished to get out of it as quickly as their business would allow. The butcher-boy alone seemed careless and independent, for, with his tray upon his shoulder, he whistled as he went, and tugged the area bell with the air of one at home in his vocation. The houses were large and noble, and the glimpses which might be caught from the street of the rich furniture within full plainly showed the mighty wealth of the exclusive district which was being traversed. All was quietness, for to the inmates of these mansions, most of them, the morning had not yet appeared.

At length the cab stopped before a house in a quiet street off one of the quiet squares near Hyde Park. The house, like most of its neighbours, was of recent construction and of considerable extent. It was white all over, as though built of stone, but, like many other things in the West End of London, it was mere surface show. As soon as the door was opened, Mr. Sheraton entered and ascended the staircase, which was of ample construction. It was winding, and in the centre, from the roof of the house, hung a massive chandelier. He proceeded at once to the drawing-room, which was a large, elegant apartment, and furnished in a costly style. The three windows, which extended from the ceiling to the floor, were ornamented by rich curtains, made of embossed amber satin. The walls were covered with a paper of diminutive pattern, but of most exquisite workmanship—the pattern being worked upon gold and cream-coloured paper. In the middle of the room, from the ceiling, depended a chandelier for wax candles, which was uncovered, and appeared to have been recently used. The chimney-piece was of bright marble, and was broad and extensive, but was without ornament. On the floor of the apartment a carpet was laid, suggestive of oriental magnificence, and upon it were placed chairs, tables, sofas, and ottomans of the most elaborate and expensive workmanship.

Reclining on one of the sofas was a lady who rose the moment Mr. Sheraton entered, and they warmly and affectionately embraced each other. Our

readers
before.
enticin
that p
under

"M
plans s

The
with p

"Is
"No

"but t
think v

"Ha
quired

"W
plied M

moved
were s

cards.
The

"No
"there

it in hi
steps o

"I t
me," sa

tone.
"My

danger
know t

about
althoug

don't k
I shoul

"He
married

"No
course,

picion
Yes,

althoug
Indeed

bourho
wealth

was kn
of Mad

been h
of her

had m
stances

this na
after th

and wi
acquain

"An
you?"

as such
to desi

"Sa
Sherat

readers have been introduced to this lady before. They saw her at Boulogne in the enticing riding-habit; they saw her leave that place suddenly; they see her now under totally different circumstances.

"My darling," said Mr. Sheraton, "our plans shall soon commence."

The eyes of the dark beauty glistened with pleasure as she exclaimed—

"Is he in the net?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Sheraton; "but the opportunity is coming when I think we shall be able to secure him."

"Have you tested him at all?" inquired the lady.

"What, this way do you mean?" replied Mr. Sheraton; and as he did so he moved his hands about as though he were shuffling and dealing out playing cards.

The dark beauty nodded.

"No, I haven't," said Mr. Sheraton; "there is no necessity for that. He has it in him, and therefore we need take no steps on that score."

"I thought you would have written to me," said the lady, in a slightly coquettish tone.

"My dear, there might have been danger in it," said Mr. Sheraton. "I know that he is suspicious of everybody about him, and of course he is of me, although he does not show it. Indeed, I don't know that it is altogether wise that I should be here now."

"He has no suspicion that you are married, then?" said the lady, smiling.

"Not the least, my dear; and, of course, he mustn't have the least suspicion yet," replied Mr. Sheraton.

Yes, this was Mr. Sheraton's wife, although the world knew nothing of it. Indeed, the lady was believed in the neighbourhood to be an unmarried foreigner of wealth and distinction, and the name she was known by, as at Boulogne, was that of Mademoiselle d'Arlincourt. Such had been her name when she lived in the home of her youth, in Corsica. Mr. Sheraton had met her in Madrid, under circumstances which may unfold themselves in this narrative, and within three weeks after their first interview they were man and wife. This was before he had become acquainted with the Earl of Sackville.

"And you think it is pretty safe, do you?" inquired Mdlle. D'Arlincourt; for as such for the present it is our purpose to designate her.

"Safe! my darling," exclaimed Mr. Sheraton; "we have but to play our cards

as you know how to play them, to enable us to jump to our position."

"And when do we commence?" inquired Mademoiselle D'Arlincourt.

"You must select your horse at once," said Mr. Sheraton; "for next week our first move must be made."

"The sooner the better," answered the lady; "I have seen my horse; indeed, I have provisionally selected him."

"Bravo!" said Mr. Sheraton. "My darling, I think your genius gets brighter every day. Well, then, my darling, as I was telling you, next week there is a steeple-chase meeting coming off close to Sackville Chase, and he has told me that he intends to be there, and has requested me to accompany him. Now, you must be there too."

"I understand," said the lady.

"Our exact tactics we will consider between now and then," said Mr. Sheraton.

"What sort of man do you find him?" inquired Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

"Occasionally morose to all about him, with the exception of myself," said Mr. Sheraton. "He has a passion for the sports, or rather the sport of the turf; but it appears to me to be a morbid passion. There is none of that spontaneous, hearty, open-handed bearing which characterizes the genuine lover of the sports of the field. He is, I should say, doubtful in his friendship, but I am sure he is malignant in his hate. He has a brilliant intellect, but it is warped by the narrowest and most contemptible prejudices. He is arrogant without dignity, he is ostentatious without generosity, and he is, with it all, reckless and splenetic."

"Ha! ha! ha! really, my dear Arthur," exclaimed Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, with her silvery, ringing laugh, "anybody would think you had been studying to write upon character."

"I have been studying to take advantage of it, my dear," returned Sheraton.

"Well, from your description of him," said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, "I should say that you are not particularly well assorted."

"May be so; but it is not for me to act upon such a belief," replied Mr. Sheraton. "Do you know that I strongly suspect that there is something connected with the family history of this man that I cannot fathom?"

"Indeed! why?" inquired Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

"Why, sometimes I hear mysterious references, not intentionally made, but as

though they accidentally escaped; references to a calamity that befel the family years ago."

"Have you ever questioned him about it?" inquired Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

"I have never directly questioned him, but I have dropped hints, and have endeavoured to fish him, but he is not to be caught. He flies from the slightest hint, as a deer in the wilds would fly from the sight of man. No; it will come out some day, I dare say," said Mr. Sheraton.

"Oh! perhaps it is all your fancy," laughed Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

"No, I don't think it is," he replied; "but never mind whether it is or not now. We have something else to think of, darling. Indeed, I should not think of the matter at all if it were not with the hope of turning it some day to account."

"Where is he now?" inquired Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

"He's gone back to Sackville Hall, whither I must follow him to-night," said Mr. Sheraton.

"To-night!" exclaimed Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, in a reproachful tone.

"My darling," said Mr. Sheraton, "we must, you know, look to the future. I need not tell you that I do not hold my present position in the Sackville family because it is congenial to me. My ancestors were as good as theirs, after all, if it comes to that," he said, somewhat proudly.

This was said in a tone that partook of bitterness.

"Oh! for goodness sake don't talk of ancestors," said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt. "If that's to weigh for anything, what would become of me?" And she laughed again right merrily at what evidently to her was a merry conceit.

"It is a gross moral absurdity," said Mr. Sheraton; "ancestors, blood, and all the rest of it."

"Why, if there were anything in ancestry," cried Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, gaily, "what a degraded couple Adam and Eve must have been. But never mind ancestry now. I've this morning got home my new riding-habit and hat. You must see it, dear Arthur, and I'll put it on at once."

And acting on the suggestion, she left the room.

CHAPTER IX.

AGONY JACK.

MR. SPARKE resided in a small street off the Regent's Park. He called his residence a villa, because it had a square patch of palisaded garden in front, so limited, however, in extent that there was barely room for a doll's walk round it. By comparison with the extent of these grounds, the box borders looked quite gigantic, and were a shrubbery in miniature. Against the front of the house there was a trelliswork of wood, in which, in the summer time, there entwined creeping plants, which gave the dwelling quite a sylvan appearance, and amply justified the house being designated a villa, albeit it was but semi-detached; the other moiety, the next-door neighbour, however, being more modest, for he designated his domicile a simple cottage only. Perhaps in no great city in the world is there a stronger predilection for flowers and green shrubs than there is amongst the inhabitants of London, a predilection which probably has grown up with ages, and has become strengthened and chronic in consequence of the difficulty of securing the object of desire. People who live almost exclusively upon the green produce of the earth have a strong and almost unappeasable appetite for salt. An effect upon the taste of the Londoners somewhat analogous to this is produced, we presume, from a constant association with bricks and mortar, toned down by smoke, and hence they have a strong predilection for anything green. And the great mole of London is gradually, year by year, eating into the green fields and absorbing them; and every year the task becomes more difficult with registrars-general of public statistics to define where London ends and the open country begins.

Mr. Sparke and Denzil Raikes rattled off in the cab from the railway station, across the bridge that, in the neighbourhood, spanned the murky river that on its polluted bosom bears the wealth that has made London great. Through the heart of the great city they passed just at the moment of high 'Change, and on through streets in which a living stream courses up and down all day, and even through the night. In due course they reached "the villa" in the Regent's Park, and after no great interval, Denzil Raikes and his new host find themselves at dinner. The meal is soon discussed, and then Mr.

Spark
that h
and is
desser
and al
fruits

"A
broke
glass c

Den
glass t
at Mr

"T
said M
for on

especi
care o
"Wel

this,"
eye o
to do

Thi
lighte
in wh
mulat

they v
"B

were
from

"I
days,"
all pr

vice t
find a
the u
and a
not m

"M
the m
thing

"T
Raikes

"V
Lord

"I
said
tuosit

Even
Denz
like t

"V
to the
take

to go
and t

"I
"I w
At

door
summ
the h

Sparke demonstrates to his new friend that he is an epicure in the vinous world, and is well skilled in the selection of dessert; for on the table are choice wines, and albeit it is the winter time, delicious fruits are there, too.

"And how do you think I do all this?" broke in Mr. Sparke, as he took the first glass of wine after dinner.

Denzil Raikes smiled, as he lifted his glass to his lips, and looked inquiringly at Mr. Sparke.

"The crib itself isn't much, is it?" said Mr. Sparke; "but it's quite enough for one, and I'm only one, which is the especial number I invariably try to take care of," and he laughed as he said so. "Well, I was going to tell you how I do all this," he continued. "I keep my weather eye open, I do, and that's the only way to do it."

This certainly did not very much enlighten Denzil Raikes as to the manner in which Mr. Sparke succeeded in accumulating round him those luxuries which they were then enjoying.

"By-the-bye," said Mr. Sparke, "you were saying that you are but just arrived from America?"

"I have only been in England three days," answered Denzil Raikes, "and in all probability you can be of much service to me. In the first place, I want to find a quiet trainer—a trainer in whom the utmost confidence may be reposed, and a locality in which the world does not much intrude."

"My boy!" said Mr. Sparke, "I know the man and the spot that will be the very thing for you."

"The spot is where?" inquired Denzil Raikes.

"Well, it's not an hour's walk from Lord Sackville's place," said Mr. Sparke.

"Indeed! Where—what is its name?" said Denzil Raikes, in a tone of impetuosity that rather surprised Mr. Sparke. Even before Mr. Sparke could answer, Denzil Raikes continued—"I should like to go down with you to it."

"Why," said Mr. Sparke, "it is close to the place where the steeple-chase is to take place next week. What do you say to going to the steeple-chase with me, and then we can go?"

"Agreed," answered Denzil Raikes. "I will accompany you."

At this point a knock was heard at the door of the room, and in answer to the summons to the person knocking to enter, the head of the servant of the house was

popped into the room, and it announced that one Mr. Boyton had called upon Mr. Sparke.

"Show him in at once," said Mr. Sparke; and Mr. Boyton was shown in accordingly. He was a short, but not a thickset individual, with a round head and ferret eyes. He had shining black hair, and a bronzed countenance, and he was rather dapper in his general appearance.

"How are you, Boyton?" cried Mr. Sparke, as this individual entered the room.

Mr. Boyton, before he answered the question, cast an inquiring look upon Denzil Raikes—a look that Mr. Sparke instantly observed, and said—

"All right, Boyton, a friend of mine from America."

Mr. Boyton, however, was not quite satisfied in his own mind about the friend from America, and when he said, "How do you do, sir?" there was a hesitation which plainly indicated that Mr. Boyton would have been better pleased if he had found Mr. Sparke alone. Mr. Boyton was an exceedingly cautious individual. Mr. Sparke introduced him to Denzil Raikes as the well-known Clerk of the Scales, at which Raikes exclaimed—

"Oh, indeed!" and Mr. Boyton leered.

"About as downy a dodger," said Mr. Sparke, "as you'll find in the calendar. Eh, Boyton?"

"He keeps his counsel tolerable tight, I'm a thinkin'," was Mr. Boyton's rather suggestive answer.

"Have you got the tools?" inquired Mr. Sparke, as he requested Mr. Boyton to take a chair.

"A rippin' work of art," said Mr. Boyton.

"Is it?" said Mr. Sparke, rubbing his hands with glee.

"It would take in old Beelzebub himself," said Mr. Boyton, with a chuckle, which he kept to himself for his own private gratification.

"Glorious! And have you brought it with you?" exclaimed Mr. Sparke.

Mr. Boyton made no direct answer to this inquiry, but his action was peculiar. He winked upon Mr. Sparke, put his finger to his nose, and then drew a key from his pocket, the handle of which he applied to his eye, as he would a quizzing-glass.

"I should like to have seen it," said Mr. Sparke.

"All in good time," replied Mr. Boy-

ton. "I've got it all right; and that's right, ain't it?"

Mr. Sparke acknowledged that such would be about right, and added—

"And nobody could guess, eh?"

"Guess! Why, nobody would no more think it was it than nothing."

To Denzil Raikes the qualification of "it"—as it doubtless will be to most people—was mystified and unintelligible; but Mr. Sparke appeared to understand it, for he said—

"What a chap you are for a dodge, Boyton!"

"And when I comes up to you," said Mr. Boyton, "in that there line, it sha'n't be nankeens as I'll wear of a Sunday."

Probably the obscurity of Mr. Boyton's mode of expressing himself arose out of that emulation which we may infer he cherished with regard to his paralleling Mr. Sparke in the quality of "dodging," and in that belief we shall not attempt to investigate whether his custom was to wear nankeens on a Sunday, or whether, supposing such to be the fact, it had any bearing upon the business in hand. Again adverting to the subject under discussion between himself and Mr. Sparke, he said, and with a leer that quite distorted his countenance—

"It's as hollow and looks as sound as a pumpkin."

"You'll let nobody handle it?" said Mr. Sparke.

"Now, Mr. Sparke, have the goodness to look precious hard into my eye," said Mr. Boyton, standing up.

"What then, Boyton?" exclaimed Mr. Sparke, laughing.

"Do you now—'pon your soul!—do you now see anything green in this here eye?"

Mr. Sparke laughed outright; and, turning to Denzil Raikes, asked if the little swell wasn't a rum 'un to look at, and a devil to go.

"Anybody handle it!" exclaimed Mr. Boyton, in a tone of scorn, intended to indicate that the question that had been put to him was something more than ridiculous—"anybody handle it! oh, yes, Jem Boyton were born yesterday, he were!"

"I suppose you'll let me see it, wont you, Jem?" inquired Mr. Sparke.

"Well, I don't know as I will," answered Mr. Boyton, in a surly tone, but still with a smile upon his lip, which was suggestive of the pleasure he would enjoy when Mr. Sparke did see "it."

"I have made all the arrangements to-day about the ground, and the meeting will come off at the time and place announced," said Mr. Sparke. "I've been on the spot this morning."

"You'll see that the place for weighing is all right?" suggested Mr. Boyton.

"I have had a capital hut constructed," replied Mr. Sparke, "which will be quite snug and private, and I myself will take care that no intruders enter."

"Then that there's the ticket," said Mr. Boyton. "We'll do it slick, and no mistake!"

"We must take care that there is no mistake," replied Mr. Sparke. "Lord! wouldn't there be the devil's delight if it should be twigged?"

"Don't, Mr. Sparke—don't talk in that there way!" said Mr. Boyton, in alarm; "it's enough to take a feller's breath away."

"But I don't think anybody's likely to twig with you at the scales. Eh, Boyton?" continued Mr. Sparke.

"Well, and that's about it, I think," said Mr. Boyton, with a self-satisfied smile.

At this point of the conversation the servant again put her head in at the door, and said Mr. Sparke was wanted.

"What is it?" inquired that gentleman.

"If you please, sir, there's a queer sort of a man, in a red coat, as wants to see you, sir," replied the girl.

"Is he lame?" inquired Mr. Sparke.

"Yes, sir, and has a stick," answered the servant.

"It's Agony Jack," cried Mr. Sparke, in a gleeful tone. "Show him in," and the servant proceeded to do so.

"Now I'll show you a character, if you like," said Mr. Sparke to Denzil Raikes. "He's a study, he is;" and as he said this the door was again opened, and in walked the individual referred to.

He was, indeed, a strange-looking being, and it could be seen at a glance that he was what Mr. Sparke had described him—a character even in his outward appearance. He wore a faded old scarlet hunting-coat, somewhat too large for his person, and on his head was the corresponding black velvet hunting-cap, the gloss of other days having faded, and all its glory passed into the brown of ruthless wear and tear. His nether extremities were encased in drab continuations, checkered with patches of grease, and on his feet he wore, not a pair of boots, but two odd ones, both of which had seen

much s
tary, fo
Welling
ever m
the ha
was us
and th
enough
able as
counter
marked
peculiar
into wh
the out
to unmi
unfrequ
warped,
the fea
torted
counter
some, a
the eye
brilliant
especial
animate
the case
not fail
most ca
examina
waist u
person
below, I
body wa
torted, a
other.
of the p
presence
and this
had des
sobriquet
in honou
of hideo
which h
race-cou
of sellin
bition of
amused
upon him
"Wel
as the
hunting-
"Stee
said Jack
"I su
"Am
"First
Sparke.
"The
"Oh!
hadn't th
"What a

much service—both of which were military, for one was Blucher and the other Wellington—but neither of which was ever made for the wearer. Such were the habiliments of the individual who was ushered into Mr. Sparke's parlour, and they were in themselves striking enough. But they were not so remarkable as the person of their wearer. His countenance when in repose was strongly marked, and every feature was good; but peculiar associations—the course of life into which this being had been thrown—the outcast character of his calling, added to unmitigated privation, bordering not unfrequently upon absolute want—had warped, so to speak, the expression of the features, and at times almost distorted them. As we have said, the countenance in repose was almost handsome, and the most marked feature was the eye, which was dark, large, and brilliant, and was sometimes lighted up, especially when some strong passion animated it, which was very frequently the case, with an expression which could not fail to arrest the attention of the most casual observer. Indeed, a close examination would show that from the waist upwards to the head it was the person of a handsome man; but down below, from the waist to the feet, the body was shrunken, the limbs were distorted, and one leg was shorter than the other. Such was the general appearance of the person that was ushered into the presence of Mr. Sparke and his guests, and this was the character Mr. Sparke had designated as “Agony Jack”—a *sobriquet* which had been applied to him in honour of a faculty which he possessed of hideously distorting his countenance, which he was in the habit of doing on race-courses while following his calling of selling correct cards, and for the exhibition of which faculty those who were amused thereby bestowed odd coppers upon him.

“Well, Jack!” exclaimed Mr. Sparke, as the individual addressed doffed his hunting-cap, “what’s in the wind now?”

“Steeple-chase ’ll come off, I s’pose?” said Jack.

“I suppose it will,” said Mr. Sparke.

“Am I fust, sir?” inquired Agony Jack.

“First for what, Jack?” said Mr. Sparke.

“The cards, sir,” answered Jack.

“Oh! ah! the cards, to be sure. I hadn’t thought of them,” said Mr. Sparke.

“What about the cards, Boyton?”

“You’ll have ’em printed yourself, of course,” answered Mr. Boyton.

“Well, I think we’d better, eh?” said Mr. Sparke, with a twinkle of his eye, which nearly reached a wink.

“There can’t be no doubt about it, sir,” joined in Agony Jack. “You must have ’em done yourself, to have ’em kreet.”

“He’s quite right,” said Mr. Boyton, “and he wants to have the sellin’ of them, eh, Jack?”

“Right as a trivet, that ere, sir,” replied Agony Jack; “and I be come up to you, sir, which I must be beggin’ your pardon for doing of it, because there’s that blear-eyed Billy, which keeps such a sharp look-out, and he wont let a poor cove get hold o’ none, if he once gets his blessed fist upon ’em.”

“Now let me understand what it is that you want, Jack,” said Mr. Sparke.

“Oh, I’ll tell you in a brace o’ shakes!” broke in Mr. Boyton. “He wants you to let him have all the cards that is printed, at the usual wholesale price, and then he sells ’em to the hawkers about the course. That’s it, ain’t it, Jack?”

“That’s the verry identical, sir; which you’re as good as a prophet, Mr. Boyton,” said Jack, with a leer.

“Jack, you shall have them!” exclaimed Mr. Sparke. “But it’s a regular monopoly, isn’t it?” he added, addressing Boyton.

“Why, in course it is,” replied that worthy gentleman, “or else he wouldn’t want it.”

“Well, Jack,” said Mr. Sparke, “any new tricks? Here’s a gentleman here from America,” pointing to Denzil Raikes; “show him one of your faces.”

At this request Agony Jack distorted his mouth in a frightful manner, and glared so hideously with his eyes, that in the subdued light of the room which came from the fire, it made him look like the realization of some horrid dream, in which some dreadful demon had been the equestrian of a thorough-bred nightmare.

“I wonder wherever you could have been born!” exclaimed Mr. Sparke, laughing at the hideous object before him.

“Well, I’ve been told,” said Agony Jack, resuming the natural expression of his countenance, “that I were born—but I don’t know much about it myself—close agin’ Conquest Abbey.”

“Eh! What?” exclaimed Denzil Raikes, suddenly.

“Beggin’ your pardon, sir,” said

Agony Jack, "I wouldn't swear it. It's grandmother as has told me."

"Grandmother, eh?" exclaimed Mr. Sparke. "Where's your father and mother?"

"Never had none," laconically and decisively answered Agony Jack.

"An orphan, eh?" said Mr. Sparke.

"An off 'un! That's true enough," cried Agony Jack, "for I've never been able to get on yet."

"It was that bit of poisoning, I'm afraid, that did your business, Jack, wasn't it?" inquired Mr. Sparke.

"So help me! genelman all, it was a conspyrasee—it was, indeed," cried Agony Jack, with much energy. "They said as I dosed a hoss in Jonas Nixon's stable. Why, warn't it in his stable as I got this here," and he pointed to his shrunken leg. "No, I couldn't ride arter this leg, and so they got up that conspyrasee agin' me, to get rid on me, and here I am. Lord! didn't that there game get grandmother's blood up?"

Denzil Raikes, as Agony Jack is speaking, seems wrapt in the contemplation of his countenance, and as he gazes, it is plain to see that there is agitation concealed beneath his own features, which are disturbed, albeit the fact is not observed by his companions.

As Agony Jack spoke upon the subject of his former life, there was that expression of the eye which we before referred to, and it seemed to kindle into a glare as the blood mantled in his face, which was dark in hue, and the bronze of which pleasingly harmonized with the jet black hair, which was profuse upon his head.

Mr. Sparke changed the current of the thoughts of the strange being before him, by saying—

"Have you got anything new in the song line, Jack?"

The expression of Jack's countenance was altered on the instant, and he exclaimed—

"You know, sir, I tried to do a little in the touting line once, but it was no go; the blackguards hunted me out."

"What does he mean by touting?" inquired Denzil Raikes in a half whisper of Mr. Sparke.

That gentleman informed Denzil that touts were persons who hung about training quarters and race-courses, and who professed to supply information as to the race-horses whose work came under their observation.

"That's the very game, sir," joined in

Agony Jack; "well, sir, you was asking me about a new song, sir. I've got one, a stunner, about the touts, and it's a-goin' to be printed; and I shall sing it and sell 'em. The swells 'll buy 'em like anything, and wont that be plummy?" and he rubbed his hands in glee.

"Suppose you sing it for us now," suggested Mr. Sparke.

Agony Jack at once consented. He threw down his cap on the floor, and with appropriate action he broke into the following "chant," as he called it—

AGONY JACK'S SONG OF THE TOUT.

Oh, under the hedges we lie,
And often in ditches we sleep;
No covering but the sky,
When our nightly watch we keep.
Sometimes at the stable doors
We whistle the time away,
And oft when the hailstorm pours,
We close to those doors must stay.
We drink and swear,
And never care
What the morrow's sun may bring;
We've always pluck,
We live on luck—
So we laugh, and we drink, and sing
Hurrah!
Oh, gaily the Toutsmen sing.

Oh, many's the bold and lively trick
We play on the youngster's green;
No qualms can ever a conscience prick,
Where a conscience has never been;
We can measure most closely at once a flat,
And show him our length of lip,
And we know to a T, sir, what to be at,
When we're asked for "the genuine tip."
So we drink and swear,
And never care
What the morrow's sun may bring;
We've always pluck,
We live on luck—
So we laugh, and we drink, and sing
Hurrah!
Oh, thus do the Toutsmen sing.

"Capital!" cried Mr. Sparke. "And now, Jack, what'll you have to drink?"

"I thought it would come to that, sir," said Jack. "If you've got any rum in the house, sir, I'll just take a toothful."

"Certainly, Jack; you shall have it!" said Mr. Sparke; "and here's a shilling for your song. Mind you send me one of the first copies out."

"Right as the bank," said Jack, taking the shilling. "Shall I send you one, Mr. Boyton?"

"Not for me; no," replied that individual, gruffly. "I don't want none o' your touting songs."

"How's a poor feller to live, sir?" said Jack.

"If
replied
amiabl
Mr.
glass
it dow
satisf
"N
and p
jaunt
hideou
men a
"Yo
you w
charac
Spark
"I
said M
rather
"D
tory?
"V
you hi
heard
nally
house.
"Th
said D
"I
"W
Raikes
"I
plied M
guess.
one-an
much
"D
interes
more
"Didn
in the
bey?"
"An
replied
house
at som
quest
"H
Denzil
she, I
"O
grand
don't b
all."
"St
to see
Someh
fancy,
"Yo
chase,"

"If he can't live he must die, I s'pose," replied Mr. Boyton, in anything but an amiable tone.

Mr. Sparke had by this time handed a glass of rum to Agony Jack, who gulped it down, and then smacked his lips with satisfaction.

"Now then, sir, I'll be off," he said; and picking up his cap he placed it jauntily on his head, pulled one of his hideous faces, said, "Good night, gentlemen all!" and quitted the room.

"You were quite right when you said you were going to introduce an original character," said Denzil Raikes to Mr. Sparke.

"I'm glad he came in just at this time," said Mr. Sparke, "for we were getting rather dull."

"Do you know anything of his history?" inquired Denzil Raikes.

"Very little more than what he has told you himself," replied Mr. Sparke. "I've heard that Jonas Nixon's people originally took him as a boy from the workhouse."

"Then he was, as he said, an orphan?" said Denzil Raikes.

"I believe so," replied Mr. Sparke.

"What is his age?" inquired Denzil Raikes.

"I don't wonder at your asking," replied Mr. Sparke, "for you would never guess. I believe he's little more than one-and-twenty, although he looks so much older."

"Do you know that I feel considerable interest in him, and should like to know more about him," said Denzil Raikes. "Didn't he say he thought he was born in the neighbourhood of Conquest Abbey?"

"And that was the fact, I believe," replied Mr. Sparke; "although the workhouse from which he said he was taken is at some considerable distance from Conquest Abbey."

"He talked of his grandmother," said Denzil Raikes; "where is she, or what is she, I wonder?"

"Oh, that is all my eye, and my grandmother!" replied Mr. Sparke. "I don't believe he's got any grandmother at all."

"Still, as I said before, I should like to see a little more of this individual. Somehow he has strangely taken my fancy," said Denzil Raikes.

"You are sure to see him at the steeplechase," remarked Mr. Sparke; "and if

you give him sixpence he'll tell you all he knows, and very probably something that he doesn't know into the bargain. Eh, Boyton?"

"He's a liar, no doubt," responded that individual.

Denzil Raikes said he certainly would take the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Agony Jack.

"Smoke?" said Mr. Sparke to Denzil Raikes, interrogatively.

"That I do; indeed it is my balm," responded Denzil Raikes.

And it was late in the evening before the trio separated; Denzil Raikes well pleased with his newly-acquired acquaintance, who was equally satisfied with Denzil Raikes.

CHAPTER X.

THE ROAD TO A COUNTRY STEEPLECHASE—MORE TRICKS BY TRAVELLERS.

THE metropolitan station of the railway that leads to the neighbourhood of Sackville Chase is thronged with a noisy crowd, composed of various classes of the sporting community. A motley crowd, indeed, they are now congregated on that railway platform. There are betting men of all grades—there are the "gentlemen sportsmen," and the professional bookmakers; the backers of horses, and there are the owners of horses. That young man in the white overcoat, whose countenance is fresh-coloured, and upon whose face not the shadow of a hair appears, is an earl of long descent, and whose chief characteristic is a huckstering spirit, which in its practice frequently borders on chicanery. He is "hail fellow well met" with all the men about him, and as he smokes his big cigar, he laughs, and talks, and jokes with them as though he were essentially one of them, and not a member of the House of Peers, and by hereditary right empowered to legislate upon the destinies of Europe. He has an enormous rent-roll, and yet he will haggle over a shilling. He has a princely domain, but it would almost seem as though his taste would be satisfied by a room in propinquity to a stable. He is with two or three of his order—young men who in the course of time will succeed to hereditary honours, and powers of legislation. At present they have nothing in their appearance at all indi-

cative of inherent wisdom, although they give outward evidence of the finished study of their tailor. Publicans are plentiful in that crowd upon the platform, at whose houses, in the evening, anxious and interested customers will wait to hear the incidents of the day's sport recounted by the landlord himself. The members of "the ring" are in profusion on the platform. Amongst them is a pleasing kind of freemasonry which is almost unique. They are all of the same calling—they have all the same object in view, and yet there is no jealousy amongst them; and though there is the most energetic competition in their profession, they are all on the best of terms with each other. In this respect we may say they stand alone. At the bar, upon the stage, in the studio—in any profession you please, where will you find such a characteristic? Even the senate and the pulpit have their warping jealousies. The Right Honourable Benjamin Melchisedec thinks that the Right Honourable William Merrybrick is a supreme humbug, while the Reverend Oleaginous Honeybourne considers the Reverend Spicey Sturgeon a miserable mountebank. They preach peace and good-will towards men, and they hate one another with a cordial hatred which must be quite a balm to their spirits.

Amongst the crowd upon the platform are touts and the fringy hangers-on of race-courses—men whose occupation is a mystery, and whose means of subsistence must be precarious. They are always at race meetings. They travel about from one part of the country to another, and they seem to possess the faculty of doing so free of expense. Mr. Sparke, accompanied by Denzil Raikes, is on the platform, and he is known and hailed by the whole of this fraternity. He is, it would seem, one of them, for he is immediately surrounded by a dozen at least of the fraternity in question, who all seem anxious that Sparke should be one of their party in the carriage in which they travel.

As this cannot be, as twelve could not go in one compartment of the carriage together, Mr. Sparke makes a selection of the necessary number to make up his party, and they take possession of a carriage; and a very noisy party they are, for from the moment the train starts they are vociferous in their conversation, and uproarious in their hilarity, and Mr. Sparke was as loud and vociferous as any of them. Practical fun is a *spécialité* with

this class, as Mr. Sparke evidenced on this occasion, and as the whole party did, as will be seen further on. The train stops at the station where on a former occasion we saw Mr. Sparke play a practical joke with reference to his railway ticket. Now, it so happened that there was observed standing on the opposite platform a young man who was evidently connected with the agricultural interest. He was not exactly what might be designated a clodhopper, nor a ploughman, nor a shepherd, nor a farm-labourer, but he presented a sort of amalgamation of all those callings. He was attired in a fustian suit, a slouch hat, and an enormous pair of ankle-jacks, protected in the soles by what appeared to be juvenile tenpenny nails of remarkably fine growth. These boots had a thick coating of the brownest mud, and his nether garments were embossed with an elaborate treatment of the same material. Here was an object for the practical fun of our voyagers, and it was instantly seized upon by Mr. Sparke.

"Hollo you, sir!" exclaimed he, addressing the agricultural individual on the platform.

"Hollo!" he cried in return.

"What do you mean by coming out in that disgraceful state, eh?—what do you mean by it, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Sparke, in a well-feigned tone of indignation.

The young man was so astounded for the moment that he made no reply, but stared vacantly at the train.

"What do you mean by it, eh?" cried Mr. Sparke.

"Wha-at's thot to thee?" at length exclaimed the countryman, with his eyes very wide open.

"How dare you, fellow, come out in that pair of trousers?"

"Con't I wor wot trousers I likes without axing thee?" inquired the countryman, the blood rushing into his cheeks.

"You lazy scamp, look at your boots!" cried Mr. Sparke.

"Well, wot on 'em? Did you poi for 'em?" demanded the irate countryman.

"You lazy, dirty fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Sparke, "what do you mean by coming out with boots in that state? If you hadn't got any blacking, why didn't you grease them?"

By this time the agriculturist was

tho
deli
He
the
"C
thee
A
dash
his
ing
cited
ligh
"C
Com
"C
get
"C
you
state
"D
A
rush
of th
just
hear
the
his fi
of th
ings.
W
spee
of th
was
the p
riage
all of
seats
velling
panio
cealed
move
the o
paren
windo
Raikes
on to
Mr. S
came
flush
out,
uncon
taken

CHAPTER XI.

THE COUNTRY STEEPLE-CHASE—AGONY JACK THINKS HE IS A LORD—FIRST MEETING OF THE EARL OF SACKVILLE AND MADLLE. D'ARLINCOURT.

thoroughly roused, and, being roused, the delight of Mr. Sparke's party was intense. He looked fiercely across the railway at the carriage, and cried—

"I bean't your sarvant, I bean't."

"You lazy vagabond, I wish you were!" exclaimed Mr. Sparke. "I should like to get out and give you a thrashing myself."

"Ye'ood?" roared the agriculturist. "Come on, then; dang it, I be ready for thee!"

And to show that he was ready, he dashed his hat on the platform, tucked up his sleeves, and put himself into a fighting attitude, and, of course, the more excited he became, the greater was the delight of Mr. Sparke and his party.

"Now then," cried the countryman, "come on! Dang it, I's ready for thee! Come on, if thee be a mon!"

"Why, you coward, you know I can't get out on that side," said Mr. Sparke. "Come round to this side, and I'll teach you to appear in public in that disgraceful state."

"Ye'ood?" roared the countryman. "Danged if I doan't."

And he hastily picked up his hat, and rushed down the platform, round the back of the train, and arrived at the other side just as the shrill whistle of the engine was heard, and the train glided away, leaving the enraged country gentleman shaking his fist violently, to the intense delight of those who had worked upon his feelings.

When the train began to slacken its speed at the station where the collection of the tickets was made, Denzil Raikes was surprised at a strange movement on the part of all the occupants in the carriage but himself and Mr. Sparke. They all of them rolled themselves under the seats, and Mr. Sparke spread out the travelling wrapper, by which his hidden companions were still more effectually concealed. Denzil Raikes watched this movement with considerable interest, and the object of it was very soon made apparent. The ticket collector came to the window, collected the tickets of Denzil Raikes and Mr. Sparke, and then passed on to the next carriage. At a signal from Mr. Sparke, his concealed companions came forth from their hiding-place, much flushed by the exertion of getting in and out, and they took their seats again as unconcerned as if nothing whatever had taken place.

THERE was great bustle at the station near to which the steeple-chase was to take place, and at which the train discharged its freight. Vociferous in his calling was Agony Jack on the platform, bellowing correct cards for sale, which he disposed of with great rapidity. Recognising Mr. Sparke, he came up to that gentleman and said—

"I'm doin' plummy, sir!"

"Good business, eh, Jack?" said Mr. Sparke.

"Rippin'!" was Jack's laconic answer.

"Oh, by-the-bye, Jack," said Mr. Sparke "this gentleman," indicating Denzil Raikes, "wants to have some talk with you privately. Where can he see you?"

Agony Jack looked scrutinizingly at Denzil Raikes, and then said, "Perhaps the genelman wont mind calling at my town residence;" and he laughed at Mr. Sparke as he said this.

"Certainly, I will call anywhere you please," said Denzil Raikes. "Where is it?"

"Lend me a pencil, sir," said Agony Jack; and Denzil Raikes complying with the request, Jack wrote on a dirty piece of paper an address, and handed it to Denzil Raikes.

"K'rect card — genelmen sportsmen, have a k'rect card! names, weights, and colours of the riders, and the winners spotted!" shouted Agony Jack, as he darted limpingly after the crowd that was taking its way up a narrow road towards the race-course. Outside the station Mr. Sparke found Mr. Boyton with a vehicle waiting, and into this vehicle Mr. Sparke and Denzil Raikes entered, and it drove off in the direction the crowd was taking.

"You've got it here, I see," said Mr. Sparke, looking down upon a square wooden box that was on the floor of the carriage.

"Yes, there it is!" said Mr. Boyton, his eyes glistening; "I don't mind showing it to you now;" and he unlocked the box, raised the lid, and disclosed a quantity of weights—half-hundred weights, quarters, and pounds.

"There they are!" exclaimed Mr. Boyton. "Now, you just pull that one out;" and he indicated a half-hundred weight.

Mr. Sparke did as he was directed, and without the slightest exertion he lifted the weight in question.

"Well, it is a splendid imitation!" exclaimed Mr. Sparke, laughing. "What do you think of this?" he inquired of Denzil Raikes, handing the weight to him. Denzil Raikes took it in his hand and exclaimed—

"Why, it's as light as cork!"

Both Mr. Sparke and Mr. Boyton laughed heartily as the latter put the apparent fifty-six pound weight into the box again.

"Now you quite understand," said Boyton. "You stands by the side of this 'ere box, and when they comes in to weigh, you hands me the weights; and when he comes in—"

"Now say no more about it," interrupted Mr. Sparke; "I know all about it, and what to do."

At this point the vehicle came to a walking pace, in consequence of an obstruction ahead in the shape of a four-in-hand drag.

"Why, it's the Earl of Sackville!" cried Mr. Sparke, looking over the seat of the driver.

And it was the Earl of Sackville, and on the box seat beside him sat Mr. Sheraton. The other seats were occupied by friends of the earl, displaying every variety of moustache and whisker from the incipient to the bushily-developed. Running by the side of the vehicle was Agony Jack, who was begging of the gentlemen and noble sportsmen to buy his cards, and see his faces. One of the gentlemen called out to him that if he could climb up behind and get on to the roof of the drag, they would do so. It was scarcely said before it was done, for Agony Jack ran to the back of the carriage, and, notwithstanding his lameness, he skipped up the springs and on to the roof with the agility of a monkey. Having disposed of his cards as stipulated, he seemed inclined to remain where he was, and to that end he comfortably seated himself on the roof of the drag—a striking contrast to the exquisites around him. And there he probably would have remained, but recognising Mr. Sparke in the carriage behind, he called out to that gentleman—

"Hallo! Mr. Sparke, sir, I'm a nobleman at last!"

This of course attracted the attention of the Earl of Sackville in front, and he turned round and angrily ordered Agony

Jack to descend. Jack laughed and hesitated.

"Get down, you scoundrel, or I'll knock you off with the whip!" cried the earl, turning round menacingly.

Agony Jack was down in the road again as quickly as he had ascended, and running to the horses' heads, he pulled a hideous face at the Earl of Sackville, for which that nobleman attempted to reward him with a cut of the whip; but Agony Jack was too wary, and kept beyond reach. Indulging in another facial contortion, with a shout something between a howl and the bray of a donkey, he went off amongst the crowd ahead. Just at this moment a lady, upon a high-spirited horse, dashed up, and for a moment stopped close to the Earl of Sackville's carriage. Only for a moment, however, for a passage being made, she cantered on again, and was soon lost in a bend of the road.

"What a magnificent woman!" exclaimed the Earl of Sackville, with more enthusiasm than might have been expected from one of his temperament.

"Why, it was the dark foreign beauty," replied Mr. Sheraton, "who has lately created such a mysterious sensation up in town."

The Earl of Sackville put the four horses into a sharper pace, as though he were seized with a sudden impulse.

We are on the steeple-chase course. It is situated in a beautiful locality, which in the summer time is beautiful enough to be the home of peris. It is winter time now, but still the scenery is beautiful and attractive. The course is situated in a kind of park, and is upon a gentle eminence, at the bottom of which is a stream of water of considerable breadth. The course is marked out by small red flags placed at intervals, and the whole of it is discernible from the stand, which is a movable wooden structure consisting of a long, broad flight of steps, surmounted by a tarpaulin roof.

The Earl of Sackville's drag takes its place opposite to the stand on the other side of the course, which is thronged with the country people from miles around.

Mr. Sparke and Mr. Boyton, with Denzil Raikes, drive up to the inclosure round the stand, and they alight at one corner, where there is a kind of hut, in which the scales are placed, and into the hut the box containing the weights is conveyed. In the inclosure they find John Busby, dressed out in holiday costume, and with him is Willum Sturk,

attire
one
chase
The
the p
and
in n
cante
is in
jacke
he is
bourl
been
groun
tain p
The
amon
ring,
strong
are ex
Spark
runni
ring,
mythi
to be,
being
and t
compa
into t
bell ri
And
hollow
sight
and to
they a
cluste
Willun
observ
neighb
Willun
their r
far sid
comes
jump t
bank,
of the
effectu
and hi
the sic
remou
lowed
the sta
pearan
laught
ing ch
It w
was pa
promin
that p
perfect
thunde

attired for riding, for he is going to ride one of the competitors in the steeple-chase.

The bell has rung for the saddling—the preliminaries have been got through, and now the competitors, about a dozen in number, are taking their preliminary canters down the course; Willum Sturk is in his glory, for he has got a bran-new jacket and new leather inexpressibles, and he is riding for a yeoman of the neighbourhood well known there. There has been a good deal of rain of late, and the ground is heavy and holding, and in certain portions exceedingly muddy.

There is the usual confusion of tongues amongst the betting fraternity in the ring, and it would seem that there is a strong favourite in the race, for the odds are exceedingly short against him. Mr. Sparke and John Busby may be observed running here and there in and out of the ring, like the proverbial dog at a fair—a mythical animal that is always, or ought to be, attendant upon that other mythical being, the oldest inhabitant. Every now and then they rush into a corner and compare notes, and then dash back again into the ring, and this they do until the bell rings for starting.

And there the horses are—down in the hollow—just started. It is a very pretty sight to see them come up the ascent, and top the first flight of hurdles, which they all do beautifully. They come in a cluster past the stand—the one that Willum is riding taking the lead; upon observing which the country folks of the neighbourhood cheer lustily, for both Willum and the owner are popular in their native district. In going down the far side of the course, however, Willum comes to grief, for in taking the water jump the horse makes a false step on the bank, and rolls over into the very centre of the stream, ducking Willum most effectually over head and ears. The horse and his rider, however, struggled out on the side, and Willum, nothing daunted, remounted, and a long way behind followed the other horses. When they passed the stand the second time, Willum's appearance was hailed with a burst of laughter from all sides, and by encouraging cheers from the country folks.

It was observed after the water jump was passed that one of the horses went prominently in front, and he maintained that position to the end, winning with perfect ease. The result came like thunder upon the betting ring, and there

were exclamations of—"What! the top weight won?" "Carry eleven stone, and win? Impossible!" and other ejaculations of a like nature. When the horse and his rider returned into the inclosure for the jockey to be weighed, one excited book-maker, who had laid heavily against him, exclaimed, "I'll go and see him weighed, blowed if I don't. He's never carried his weight, I'll swear!" and acting on the declaration, he preceded the jockey to the weighing booth. Mr. Boyton was at his post as clerk of the scales, and he very deliberately placed the weights in the scale, receiving them from Mr. Sparke for the purpose. The required weights were placed in the scale, and to the consternation of the betting fraternity the jockey drew the weight exactly. The betting men left the weighing booth dumb-founded, and so they did not observe the wink of Mr. Sparke, nor the chuckle of Mr. Boyton, nor had they the slightest suspicion that one of those fifty-six pound was hollow, and was merely made of block-tin; and they never have known it until now, when in these adventures the knowledge reaches them.

Agony Jack is getting in quite a harvest to-day. The faces he makes, and the frightful noises he can produce, have been the delight of all the country folks upon the course. Again he is at the side of the Earl of Sackville's drag, and while he goes through his exhibition—for such it is—a perfect circle of people is gathered round. Presently the lady in the riding-habit who had passed the drag in the narrow lane, canters up and stops to laugh at the contortions of Agony Jack, who essays a little dancing, notwithstanding his shortened leg.

The Earl of Sackville gazes intently upon Mdlle. d'Arlinecourt. There is something about her which seems to fascinate him; and as he gazes on her, Mr. Sheraton furtively gazes upon him.

The performance of Agony Jack has been addressed to the occupants of the Earl of Sackville's drag, but he has now caught sight of the lady on horseback, and with a whoop he jumps towards her so suddenly that the horse violently shies—rears up—and falls back upon the lady.

"Good heavens!" exclaims Mr. Sheraton, leaping from the drag, and rushing through the crowd to Mdlle. d'Arlinecourt. He is at her side in an instant, and as he picks her up she whispers in his ear, "There is nothing the matter, dear," and apparently falls into a swoon. By this

time the Earl of Sackville is at her side too.

"Carry her into the drag," he says to Mr. Sheraton, "and I will drive her at once to the hall."

Accordingly Mdlle. d'Arlincourt is conveyed into the carriage, and the earl mounting the box, exclaims, "Where is that ugly villain?"

But Agony Jack has vanished. He did not wait for one instant to see the damage he had caused.

The earl's friends descended from the drag to remain on the course for the rest of the sport, and Mr. Sheraton entered the carriage to attend upon Mdlle. d'Arlincourt. The earl then rapidly drove off the course, giving directions to a servant to bring the lady's horse at once to the hall.

As soon as they were off the course, and had got into the lane, which was quite quiet now, Mdlle. d'Arlincourt was perfectly recovered, and she said to Mr. Sheraton—

"Why, we might almost fancy that our good fortune had so arranged it."

"It was very remarkable, indeed," said Mr. Sheraton.

"I should like to meet with that monstrosity again," said Mdlle. d'Arlincourt.

"He at once vanished when he saw the supposed mischief he had caused," said Mr. Sheraton, laughing.

"Poor little mortal, the mischief was to him, I am afraid," said Mdlle. d'Arlincourt.

They speedily reached Sackville Hall, and then it was discovered by the earl and Mr. Sheraton that Mdlle. d'Arlincourt had sustained no injury, and was perfectly restored. The earl was gracious and complimentary; indeed he was perfectly enchanted with the lovely foreigner, and he would not hear of her going to town alone. He therefore commissioned Mr. Sheraton to accompany Mdlle. d'Arlincourt to London by the next train. Mr. Sheraton did so.

The sports at the steeple-chase in due course came to an end, and the crowd again thronged the lane that led down to the railway station. But Mr. Sparke and his party, consisting of Denzil Raikes, Willum Sturk (restored in his outward man), John Busby, Mr. Boyton, and one or two others, did not proceed at once to the railway, but took their way to Troutbrook and to the Sackville Arms. The quaint old house of entertainment was a scene of great bustle, not to say confu-

sion. All its apartments were occupied by a noisy company in each, who were vociferously discussing the events of the day. The room with the great chimney corner had its old occupants there, who were joined by Mr. Sparke and his party, with the exception of Mr. Boyton, who had gone to some obscure region of the house with the box containing the cunningly-devised false weights.

Mr. Sparke was generous, and declared that upon the success of his operations that day he intended to stand glasses all round.

"Hear, hear, hear!" vociferously exclaimed the sexton.

"Three times three!" cried the parish clerk.

And these cheers being given, Mr. Willum exclaimed, "And one cheer more!" which was at once responded to.

So "glasses round" were ordered in, and they were brought in by the little landlord himself, who was flushed with excitement, for the "Arms" had not had so much business in them for many a long day. In the midst of the hilarity consequent upon Mr. Sparke's treat, a head was put in at the door, and the lips of the head exclaimed—

"Hallo, Mr. Sparke, there you are then!"

Mr. Sparke turning to the door, cried—"What, Agony Jack! Come in."

"No—you don't mean that?" said John Busby.

"Agony Jack!" cried Willum, in the act of taking a pull at his glass, "blest if this ain't a rum start. Why so it is," he added, as he looked in the face of Agony Jack, who was now in the room.

"Give us thee fist, Jack," said John Busby; "I ain't seen thee this three year come next Leger."

Agony Jack had an anxious look, as though something was on his mind. Willum proffered him his glass, which he at once accepted.

"Well, how have you done to-day, Jack?" inquired Mr. Sparke.

"Rippin'!" replied Jack, laconically—it seemed to be a favourite expression of his.

"Cards went off well, did they?" said Mr. Sparke.

"Every one on 'em," said Jack, "and some on 'em at a bob apiece. But what about the lady?" anxiously inquired Agony Jack.

"What lady, Jack?" said Mr. Sparke. We should state that Mr. Sparke, being

busy a
heard
to him
that t
lady v
Londo
Jack's
full of
acceler
lum p
volunt

In con
their
facult
seclud
bosom
ance o
are to
ance p
make
the pr

Sele
parent
is ent
nessing
gurate
world
and in
tering
sex, a
with w
to fill

The
time o
first o
nessed
Their
lace, fi
book-c
and th
thank
less a
not wi
matrin

All
after-l
those
shared
tion fr
hood.
ceived
the ey

busy at the time of the accident, had not heard of it; and upon its being explained to him, one of the guests in the room said that there had been no harm done; the lady was all right, and gone home to London. Upon this information all Agony Jack's anxiety vanished, and he became full of animation and spirits, not a little accelerated as both John Busby and Wilum plied him with their glasses. He volunteered the song of the "Tout,"

which he gave standing in the middle of the room, and in the end he made a fair collection from the occupants of the parlour in the Sackville Arms.

Denzil Raikes had watched Agony Jack with a close scrutiny all the time he was in the room going through his antics, and when he left followed him out into the road, and there entered into conversation with him.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG LADY ON HER PREFERMENT.

IN consideration of the helplessness of their condition, and feebleness of their faculties, it is the custom in France to seclude young and tender females in the bosom of their families, under the guidance of those by whom their principles are to be perfected, till some fitting alliance presents itself, enabling them to make their appearance in society under the protection of a husband.

Selected by the prudence of affectionate parents, the man to whom their happiness is entrusted enjoys the pleasure of witnessing their girlish delight when inaugurated into the recreations of the great world; of suggesting their friendships, and instigating their intimacies; of ministering to the nascent vanities of their sex, and indicating elegant enjoyments, with which the fine arts and literature are to fill up their happy leisure.

They enter a ball-room for the first time on the arm of their husband. Their first opera is heard, their first ballet witnessed, by the side of their husband. Their first cachemire, first diamond necklace, first costly album, first well-stored book-case, is presented by their husband; and the smile with which "*mon ami*" is thanked for these trivial but not worthless adjuncts to the pleasures of life, is not without its charm in the category of matrimonial satisfactions.

All the impulses of a Frenchwoman's after-life are necessarily copartite with those of the first individual who has shared her intimacy or diverted her attention from the lessons and *ennuis* of girlhood. Uninfluenced by previously conceived opinions or projects, she sees with the eyes of one close at whose side she

was launched into the career of life. Her husband's friends, views, and expectations are exclusively hers. She has no leisure to look about and sigh after other modes of existence. From the moment of her competence to act, she was thrown into the movement and business of life. At eighteen she becomes a mother and the mistress of a family, surrounded by duties and pleasures; familiarized with the schemes and cares of her partner, participating in his recreations, and already framing with him projects of domestic happiness for the little creatures born to be their careful comfort.

Their son is to be a rich landowner; the pretty little daughter of their worthy neighbours, Monsieur and Madame so and so, will make him a suitable wife. Their daughter, sharing equally in their inheritance, is to have a fortune of twenty thousand pounds; the son of their relative, the Marquis de —, will (should he turn out according to his early promise, and the high reputation of his family) make her a suitable husband. At a more advanced period, proposals to this effect are made to the two families. It is agreed that, should the young people evince no disinclination, the future husband is to make his personal advances on attaining the age of twenty-one. After a sufficient intimacy to admit of mutual examination of temper and disposition, the project is to be abandoned, or the marriage concluded. A line of inheritance is thus secured; and the happiness of a happy *ménage* rendered still happier by cheering the maturer period of domestic life with the sports and beauties of a new generation. Such are the results of

that prudent and precautions measure, a *mariage de convenance*!

An English father, on the contrary, seems to bestow less care upon the training and engagements of his daughters than upon those of his race-horses. Instead of living in easy familiarity with their parents, the daughters of an English family of rank are confined in the school-room till an advanced period of girlhood; then suddenly snatched from the seclusion where they have been devoting four hours per diem to music, and as many more to accomplishments equally superficial, and plunged into the bustle of society to steer their way as they may.

The moment of their introduction is intimated to the world by presentation at court; after which, it is tacitly understood that they are to get married as soon and as advantageously as they can. No more reserve, no modest silence, no diffident retirement! They are to dress, dance, sing, play, ride, chatter, with a view to the grand object of inducing some gentleman of a condition superior to their own to make an offer of his hand.

At their father's country-seat they are at liberty to play billiards, stroll in the shrubberies, ride in green lanes, and join in tender duets with persons who were strangers to them the preceding week; and who entertain no more intention of becoming their husbands, than of suing for the hand of one of the Princesses of China. It may generally be observed, indeed, that the "agreeable young men," invited to assist in enlivening the dulness of an English country-house, are younger brothers, debarred by their social position from entering into the holy estate of matrimony.

Yet should the result of these strollings and duetings be a mutual attachment, the young people who have been flung into each other's arms, are reviled by their parents as rebellious, presumptuous, unprincipled, and unfeeling. The young lady is made a mark for the scorn of her wiser sisters, and the sermons of the village pastor; while the young gentleman is dismissed the house as ignominiously as a footman detected in purloining the family plate.

In London, the young lady on her preferment is exposed to trials still more alarming. Every night she accompanies her lady mamma to one or two brilliant assemblies or balls; and is under the necessity of dancing with any coxcomb

presented to her by any lady of her acquaintance. During the dance the gentleman is permitted, nay, *expected*, to pour into her ears a farrago of nonsense, known in society under the name of "flirting." When it concludes, she accepts (not the hand, but) the *arm* of the enterprising stranger; and, pressed to his side in the throng, proceeds to the refreshment-room, often on another floor; where, separated from her chaperon by a crowded staircase, she passes an hour in the most familiar intercourse with one, whose conduct, station, and views are perhaps wholly unknown to her family.

These hazards are nightly renewed for the space of three months. Every day, in the public promenades of Hyde Park, men may be seen "flirting" with young ladies in familiar and disrespectful attitudes through carriage windows, the mammas (overcome by the fatigue of supervising parties till six in the morning) being asleep in the opposite corner. At exhibitions, at *déjeûners*, they become their escort, and grow familiar with them as their glove. Admitted to enjoy their society without reserve, they are not tempted to incur the hazard of matrimony for the sake of obtaining their companionship. They wait, they deliberate, till a newer face attracts them elsewhere; and the same game is played over again, season after season, with *débutante* after *débutante*, creating in England a race of discontented old maids and dissipated "men about town."

The father meanwhile looks listlessly on, when the claims of clubs and divisions permit. Should his lady wife acquaint him that "Sir Robert or Captain Brown is making up to Sophy," he invites Sir Robert or Captain Brown to dinner; and if after a season's dangling, the young gentleman does not propose, most likely asks him down to his country seat for a week's shooting or hunting—an archery meeting or a race ball.

If even these baits fail to obtain a bite, some more promising pretendant is invited in Sir Robert's place. It is considered *infra dig.* to give him the slightest hint that his alliance would be agreeable to the family. It is thought more honourable to angle for him, to tickle the trout, or attempt to entangle him by a bold cast of the matrimonial net, than to come honestly to the point, saying: "You seem to prefer my daughter. Your position in life satisfies the expectations of her family. Her fortune is so much. Is

such a
happin

After
lady o
to the
dition
see he
and-t
them
back
who is
beard
in des
conce
party
candic
for th
face i
the P
has b
year.
famili
gaiety

Is
bride
fide t
him v
honor

Ne
the r
natio
such
wedde
life, v
have
fluen
preva
by re
to be
famil
life t
profe
lishm
such
feren
mer
prom
usual
with
merit
abuse
a sys

In
than
entit
girl
incan
back
ding
her r
table

such a marriage likely to promote your happiness?"

After half a dozen seasons, the young lady on preferment becomes as accessible to the acquaintance of all sorts and conditions of men as her lady mamma. You see her at balls shaking hands with five-and-twenty in succession; or nodding to them in the ring, as she ambles on horseback by the side of my lord her father, who is squabbling politics with some grey-beard companion. She has little scruple in despatching notes to her male friends concerning the arrangement of a water-party, to solicit their votes for a favourite candidate, or force them to buy tickets for the benefit of a favourite artist. Her face is as well known to the loungers in the Park as the statue of Achilles. She has been a fixture at the Opera year after year. The charm of her countenance is familiar to every eye, the sallies of her gaiety to every ear.

Is such a girl likely to be sought as a bride—as a pure being trembling to confide the secrets of her gentle mind even to him whom, at the altar, she has sworn to honour and obey?

Nevertheless, the force of habit so blinds the refined gentlemen of the most refined nation of Europe to the coarseness of such practices, that they often seek in wedlock women of their own condition in life, whom, for ten previous years, they have seen exposed to the corrupting influence of all this publicity! The cruel prevalence of the law of primogeniture, by reducing daughters and younger sons to beggary to pamper the head of the family, often defers till a late period of life the independence which, obtained by professional exertions, enables the Englishman to support a wife. Many, under such circumstances, recur to the preferences or fulfil the engagements of former days. But these, and the damsels promoted by unusual attractions, or unusual good fortune, to an early marriage with men of superior circumstances and merit, form happy exceptions. The abuses and miseries arising from so faulty a system are far more general.

In the first place, what greater calamity than what the parlance of the country entitles a love-match! Some soft-hearted girl of seventeen, released after ten years' incarceration in the school-room, from backboards, boiled mutton, and rice pudding, is transplanted as if by magic into her mother's brilliant drawing-room; the tables of which are covered with new

novels and the sentimentality of albums, all intimating the omniscience of the tender passion.

At her first ball she dances with a handsome cornet, the younger son of a younger brother, who falls in love with her ringlets and blonde lace, and whispers the secret in her ear, in the course of a week or two. At first she treats the matter as a jest; but before the close of the season he becomes so pressing, and has contrived to establish himself so familiarly in her father's house, that she considers it proper to disclose the matter to her parents. Mamma is in a state of frenzy. To think that *her* daughter should have been listening, night after night for months, to the protestations of a wretch—without a guinea in his pocket!

The young gentleman is warned off the premises; while the young lady, instead of being praised for her discretion, is informed that the offence could not have occurred without encouragement on her part. Vexed with herself for not having frowned away the poor young man without exposing herself and him to such an *éclat*, she determines to be more cautious next time; and, accordingly, Lionel Percy, who succeeds the cornet as her escort in the park and partner in the waltz, is allowed to make himself as agreeable as he pleases without a word of complaint to mamma; who has taken it into her head that Lionel, a man of first-rate connexions, must also be a man of fortune. At all events, it is a creditable thing for her daughter to have a partner at command so current in the fashionable circles; and Lionel and the young lady on her preferment are accordingly permitted to flirt through the season, till the young girl's affections become seriously engaged.

At length, she entitles her young admirer to make proposals for her hand.

"Your fortune, sir?"—"Ten thousand pounds."—"Your prospects?"—"A blank."

Instead of granting his petition, papa shows him the door, forbids all correspondence with Miss Emily; and the young people, who for months past have scarcely spent an hour apart, are condemned to see each other no more!

A letter is at length furtively addressed to poor Emily by her lover, and furtively answered. A discovery follows, and papa, who during the first five years of his marriage was a rigid locker-up of his wife, now takes to locking up his daughter. Irritated rather than subdued by this

violence, Emily contrives to receive further solicitations from one who, enamoured of her pretty face, and knowing little of her temper and disposition, is eager only to show the old folks how little he values their authority.

They clope. The papers paragraph,—the parents are inconsolable,—the world laughs in its sleeve;—and Lionel Percy's club proclaims that he is a very bold man.

The father, whose commands have been thus cruelly disobeyed, is of course justified in giving no fortune to his rebellious daughter. But Lionel has his ten thousand pounds, or rather the four hundred pounds per annum, which he receives as interest for the same;—and is not an income of four hundred pounds per annum an ample competence for Love in a Cottage?

In such terms, at least, Emily writes to her young friends; whose answers to her letters, perhaps through care for her pocket, which they will not attack by expense of postage, wax few and far between.

Nevertheless she is not discouraged. Lionel, still the most adoring of men, takes care (unshackled by a marriage settlement) to supply from his principal all deficiencies of income, that the idol of his soul may continue to eat mutton-cutlets instead of mutton-chops, and enjoy

the pony-chaise, the legitimate car of Cupid whenever he assumes the character of Love in a Cottage. It is not till four years of married life have enriched the Percys with two squalling children and the immediate prospect of a third, that Emily is reluctantly informed by her husband that their hitherto inadequate income is diminished to two hundred and fifty pounds!

Love in a Cottage now assumes the less euphonious denomination of Love in Lodgings. The pony-chaise is exchanged for an occasional cab, the washing is done at home, the wages of the sulky maid-of-all-work are often in arrear. All the miseries of a necessitous household pour down upon the despairing couple.

Emily, hitherto a dawdle, is fretted into a scold; and Lionel, heretofore a blockhead, becomes a brute. The evils which would have been foreseen by French parents ere they admitted a handsome young man to uncontrolled intimacy with their daughter, are fully realized; and poor Emily, worn down by privation and trouble, and discarded by her friends, droops in premature old age, and dies broken-hearted; accusing her own folly in place of the erroneous system which governs the conduct and mars the happiness of many a YOUNG LADY ON HER PREFERMENT.

RINGSTE
BO
OF
CES
OF

ABOUT
lage c
which
towers
crossed
the de
so says
in the
tory.
is, wit
severa
best o
church
merian
around
admir
and p
died,
came
where
the fl
memo
else.
splen
Menv
remain
now c
posed
awhi
and
that
white
On t
cond
as c
durin
Erik
const
"Est
his
reign
His

* I
battl
dead
ship,
and s
load
and
his s
was

A TRIP TO DENMARK.

V.

RINGSTED, THE WESTMINSTER OF THE VALDEMARS—SEPULCHRAL BRASS OF ERIK AND INGEBORG—TOMBS OF QUEENS DAGMAR AND BERENGARIA—ROESKELE (ROE'S WELL)—STORY OF BISHOP WILLIAM AND KING SVEND—TOMBS OF QUEEN MARGARET AND HER SUCCESSORS—DOROTHEA, WIFE OF TWO KINGS—QUEEN JULIANA OF BRUNSWICK—PILGRIMAGE OF JAMES THE FIRST TO ROESKILDE—CHRISTIAN V.'S SWORD.

ABOUT half-a-mile from Soro is the village church of Fenneslov, the same to which the story of Sir Asser Ryg's twin-towers attaches itself, and beyond this we crossed a green field before arriving at the deserted city of Ringsted, founded, so says tradition, by a certain King Ring,* in the darker period of Scandinavian history. A grass-grown miserable place it is, with a barrack-like hotel; but we have several hours to wait, so must make the best of it. To the left stands the convent-church—the Westminster of the Valdemerian dynasty—so we enter and look around us, but there is little to see and admire; for though twenty kings, queens, and princes here sleep in peace, they all died, unfortunately, before monuments came into vogue, were bricked up somewhere in the vaults below, and except for the flat stone-slabs which record their memory, might just as well be anywhere else. Let me except, however, the splendid sepulchral brass of King Erik Menved and his queen Ingeborg, the sole remaining specimen of the engraver's art now extant in Denmark, and this is supposed to be of Flemish workmanship. By a whimsical fancy, the faces of the monarch and his queen are, or rather were—for that of the king is wanting—formed of white marble, overlaid with plates of silver. On the whole, these brasses are in good condition, minus some pieces broken off, as curiosities, by the English soldiers during their occupation of the abbey. This Erik Menved, as he was called from his constant reply of "Certainly"—like the "*Est-il possible?*" of our Prince George, his descendant—was an unlucky sovereign, though not a bad one as times went. His wife was a Princess of Sweden; and

* King Ring, when wounded severely in battle, determined to die; so he ordered the dead bodies of his warriors to be placed in a ship, together with that of his queen, Alpol, and seated himself at the stern. The ship was loaded with pitch and sulphur, and set on fire, and so he sailed out to sea. Then he plunged his sword into his body, and perished. A hoï was raised in his honour.

great was the joy at their marriage, bearing peace, as the people imagined, to the tormented country:—

"They blessed God—both queans and men,
Many times—that Ingeborg had come to this
land!"

The relics of St. Erik were carried from Slesvig to Ringsted, and the English soldiers destroyed his coffin and scattered the bones; but it was not of much consequence, for, on examination, two which remained proved to be those of an ox. The monks of Slesvig were too wily to part with relics of so great a value.

For a place of such historic interest, I know no duller one than Ringsted. When tired of the brasses, I was reduced to admire the bier of elaborately-carved oak which has borne the deceased inhabitants to their last resting-place for some centuries.

By whom the convent of Ringsted was founded would be a matter of small import to us, had it not been by a party of English Benedictine friars brought over by our Canute the Great.

It was in the year 1131 that Duke Knud Lavard was murdered in the forest of Haraldsted, hard by, by his cousin Magnus, son of King Niels. Now, this duke enjoyed so great a popularity that, to avenge his death, his murderer was straightway banished from the kingdom, and never ascended the throne. The people had decreed that the body of Knud should be interred in the cathedral of Roeskilde; but King Niels, fearing a mutiny, refused. He was, therefore, buried without pomp in the adjoining church of Ringsted. Before long stories grew rife, how a spring of pure water had sprung forth from the place where the duke was murdered, as well as where his body had rested but one moment on its way to the church. Here was founded a chapel; and King Erik Emun gave later large estates to the convent in honour of his murdered brother.

Passing over the puzzling and troublous

times of the disputed succession, we find King Valdemar I., son of the as yet uncanonized saint, causing his father's body to be exposed, by way of exciting the people in his favour; and in the year 1169 Stephen, Bishop of Upsala, being at Rome, procured his canonization from Pope Alexander III., at the request of Valdemar, who, with all speed, placed his father's body in a shrine of great magnificence; and, when times became more tranquil, the ceremony of his canonization took place. King Valdemar appeared surrounded by all that was greatest in the land; and, the enshrinement once over, the history of his sanctification was read aloud; after which the people sang with great joy, "Praise to the Lord, who has ordained St. Knud to be the patron of Zealand!" And the king, by way of killing two birds with one stone, caused his son Knud, a child six years old, having first arrayed him in purple robes, to be at the same time elected his successor.

The convent assumed the title of the abbey church of St. Knud of Ringsted, and from this period became the favourite burial-place of the Valdemerian dynasty. So great was the success of the sainted shrine that Bishop Absalon, jealous of the increasing prosperity of the convent-church, by way of making a diversion, caused an old cousin of his own—who had been assassinated by her husband, nothing more—to be routed out from her grave, and canonized (not at Rome) by the name of St. Margaret, and placed in a shrine in the chapel of Our Lady at Roeskilde.

Some few years since, at the restoration of the church, the tombs of the early sovereigns were opened in the presence of his present Majesty, and a long account has been published by Professor Worsæ of the discoveries made; the skeletons were measured from head to foot, and—the fingers, the skulls—nothing escaped the observation of the learned antiquaries.

When the tomb of Valdemar the Great was first uncovered he was still perfect, but immediately crumbled to dust—so I was since told by an eye-witness: the measure of the body answered well to the description given by the chroniclers of his time, when the Germans cried—"He is a real king, worthy to possess an empire; but our emperor is a princeling and a mannikin." They were splendid men these Valdemerians; and it was not until the marriage of the second of his name with Berengaria, Princess of Portugal, that the race began to degenerate.

In earlier days the bodies of the departed great were enveloped in leather shrouds, as we constantly find mentioned in the ancient ballads. Indeed, sometimes the ghosts make their appearance fresh from the churchyard, bearing their coffins on their backs by way of a covering, because they had no "skin." In later days silk was adopted as preferable. No description of Skanderborg would be complete without the history of Queen Dagmar—"Joy of the Danes," as she was termed, for her real name was Margaret. She was a princess of Bohemia, daughter of King Ottocar. You recollect the old ballad—

"In Ringsted reposes Queen Dagmar."

We left King Valdemar riding off post haste to Ribe; he arrives in time before she died, and is met at the palace-gate by little Kirsten, "sister of Sir Charles of Rise."

"Now hear you, gracious lord and king;
You must neither grieve nor lament;
For to you this day a son is born,
Cut from Dagmar's side."

Dagmar is made to prophesy all sorts of evils, which later occurred to the realm after the king's second marriage with Berengaria; but as the ballad was composed for her, we may believe as much as we please on the subject.

Christian humility was not the fashion of the day; for when the dying queen saw her attendants shedding tears around her couch, she consoles them with the following words:—

"Let no man dare have fear for me;
I have no bad things done,
Save that I my small silken sleeves
Have laced upon a Sunday."

A lucky woman was Queen Dagmar, who could say so much for herself. A saying of this queen to a messenger who brought tidings of the cessation of a bloody war is still remembered:—"How beautiful are thy feet which announce the glad tidings of peace!" The memory of Berengaria, on the other hand, is as much execrated as that of her predecessor is revered. They sleep side by side; and so great was the hatred of the people, that after death they severed Berengaria's head from her body, and when her coffin was opened a large round stone was found in its place on her shoulders. She, too, was the first of the whole party whose body was found enveloped in silk. But if Berengaria, or Bengjerd, as she was called—the term is now synonymous for a bad woman, as we ourselves derive an

opprob
Conqu
detest
skelet
hands
mical
Strang
old cu
machin
has do
the re
his ti
refrain
"Sham
king

And i
friend
when
abbey
peasan
to dro
at the
with a
turne
and s
which
give m
the cu

The
of De
charm
Copen
memo
tains
limpic
natur
capita
city o
its th
but o
cath

Wi
of Ro
broth
struc
which
and i
son, a
was e
Lucie
still p
of Co
dedic
Trini
times
a ho
coun
maid
the T
to g
fiord

opprobrious epithet from the name of the Conqueror's mother—if Berengaria was detested in her lifetime, the beauty of her skeleton, the exquisite smallness of her hands and feet, sent the whole of anatomical Denmark into a frenzy of delight. Strange it is how in this traditionary land old customs are handed down, and, like a machine, the peasant does what his father has done before him, without even asking the reason why. Hvitfeld relates how in his time the people still sang a song the refrain of which ran—

"Shame be to Bengjerd, and honour to the king."

And in much more modern days my old friend Professor Thomsen told me that, when a young man, while lingering in the abbey-church of Ringsted, he observed a peasant, on entering the sacred building, to drop on one knee and murmur a prayer at the tomb of Dagmar; and then, rising with a "God bless you, good queen!" he turned sharply round to the other side, and spat on the sepulchral stone under which Berengaria slumbers. He could give no explanation, he said; he followed the custom of his forefathers.

The real Westminster and St. Denis of Denmark is, however, Roeskilde—a charming site a little further on towards Copenhagen, where King Roe, of fabulous memory, attracted by the gushing fountains of pure crystal water which rise, limpid and plentiful, on all sides from their natural sources, founded the ancient capital of Denmark, the time-honoured city of Roeskilde, which once boasted of its thirty churches and thirty convents, but of all the past glory of which the cathedral alone remains.

William, an Englishman by birth, Bishop of Roeskilde in the days of King Harold, brother of Canute the Great, first constructed here a small wooden church, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity; and in the time of Sweyn—Svend Estridson, as the Danes call him—one of stone was erected in honour of St. Luce, or St. Lucius, pope and martyr, whose skull is still preserved in the Scandinavian museum of Copenhagen. How the church became dedicated to St. Luce instead of the Holy Trinity I will now explain. In those early times there dwelt in the fiord of Roeskilde a horrible sea-monster, who ravaged the country, feeding on mariners and young maidens. In vain the holy brethren of the Trinity implored him to depart, only to go just a little higher up some other fiord—a change of air might be of service

to him. He resisted all entreaties, all conjurations of bell, book, and candle—declared he would remain there in *sæcula sæculorum*, and gobble them up into the bargain, unless he were straightway gratified with the head of St. Luce the martyr, for which he felt himself seized with a most uncommon "longing." The monks, not relishing the idea of being devoured, at once despatched an embassy to Rome to implore the loan or gift of the holy relic, to deliver them from their pain and terror. Their request was granted, and permission given to retain it. The monks, not too much at their ease, in grave procession bore the skull to the banks of the fiord, and placing it on board a boat, left it to the sea-monster, and then, taking to their heels, scampered off to their convent as fast as their legs could carry them. The precious relic had the desired effect—the monster was never heard of more; but, strange to say, he went off on his travels leaving the head behind him. So you now see why St. Luce became the patron of the cathedral church of Roeskilde.

Within the walls of this stone church was interred the body of King Svend, and Bishop William himself slept near his friend and master. In process of time the church was enlarged by a succeeding bishop; and when the new building was well nigh finished, the tomb of Bishop William was removed to make room for the columns of the choir. Now the prelate waxed wroth in his cerecloth at this indignity put upon him, the founder of the sacred edifice; but he remained quiet until night, when he appeared arrayed in his robes before the sacristan, who slept within the building. "The bishop might well have contented himself with the honour of building the choir," exclaimed he, "without disturbing my bones, and removing me from the neighbourhood of my beloved friend and companion King Svend. On account of his piety I refrain to avenge myself on him, but the church shall feel the effect of my wrath." So saying, he struck the walls with his crozier, and down they fell about the ears of the alarmed sacristan, who escaped, by a miracle no doubt, scatheless from among the ruins. Sceptical people pretended the walls were badly constructed, while others laid the blame on the impiety of the architect, who had neglected to bury a living lamb beneath the altar-stone, without which, as all men in Zealand well knew, the building was sure to sink.

But whether it was the fault of the bishop or the lamb, the choir had to be built up again. All Bishop William required was to be left alone, and ill came on those who interfered with him. When in the sixteenth century Bishop Urne, a most meddling prelate, caused his bones to be disinterred and placed in a pewter coffin in a hole of a pillar of the choir, over which his portrait was painted in fresco (you can see them there now through the grating), the workmen deposited his remains profanely in a corner. Then suddenly there exuded from the relics a smell—not of old bones, but a perfume so divine, all men declared it was too delicious. They snuffed at his skull, they smelt his cross-bones—it was a fascination too powerful. Strange to say, wash, scrub, do what they would, the perfume clung to their hands—impossible to free themselves from it; and now commenced the punishment of their audacity. One of the offenders became dumb, and died at the end of three days in exquisite torment, of a malady which commenced by his nose; another in vain did penance, and publicly confessed his fault—none of the offenders escaped; the last died after three months' unheard-of suffering. So you see Bishop William, friend of the good King Svend, was not a person to be trifled with.

We have all read the story of the sacrilege committed by the above-mentioned monarch—how, enraged at the harmless jest of his courtiers at a banquet, he caused them to be slain next morning before the altar during the performance of matin-song; how Bishop William, horror-struck at this iniquity, publicly excommunicated the king at the church-door as he was about to enter; how the officers of the king would have slain the bishop, but Svend, seized with remorse, forbade the deed, and, retiring home to his palace, clad himself in rags, and returned next day to the church, humbly demanding permission to enter therein, kissing the very steps of the holy edifice; how Bishop William wept at his pitiable state, and went out to meet him, and after a public confession, and the payment of a large sum of money, absolved him from his sin, and from that time a great friendship was struck up between the two, and the bishop vowed he would never survive the death of his friend and sovereign; and when the news of King Svend's death reached his ears, and the body was on its road from Jutland, he went forth to meet it; and

when he came nigh, he left the carriage and gave up the ghost on the wayside. No wonder, after such a proof of affection, Bishop William did not like being removed from the neighbourhood of his ancient companion.

Roeskilde, after a period, succeeded the abbey of Ringsted as the royal place of sepulture, and has so continued ever since. The reason given for this change is simple. After the time of the second Valdemar alabaster monuments came into vogue, instead of the brick sepulchres of the earlier ages, and the church of St. Knud was found too small to contain them; added to which the Abbot of Ringsted, in the time of Christopher II., took part with the rival, Duke Valdemar, in consequence of which he and his queen were buried at Soro, where Olaf lies also: Queen Margaret herself was, by order of her successor, removed to Roeskilde. Still there was for some time a feeling in favour of St. Knud on the part of the monarchs, and Valdemar himself bequeathed a sum of ten marks in white metal to say a daily mass and to keep his annual festival, on which day the monks of the cloister were to be regaled with a tun of German (Rostock) beer and three "strong flesh repasts."

The whole length of the building is uninterrupted, except by the altar, which stands under the centre of the farther transept, which adds much to the general effect; carved stalls of great originality and quaintness, put up by Queen Margaret, on each side of the choir, displaying the proportions of the cathedral to the greatest advantage.

Passing behind the altar of rich Dutch workmanship, we come to a marble sarcophagus, on which lies extended the effigy of the great Queen Margaret, who first united under one sceptre the three Scandinavian kingdoms, the most interesting monument of the royal series, erected to her memory by her nephew and successor, Erik. Over the tomb of Queen Margaret hangs the hook from which was suspended the stone sent by Albert, King of Sweden, to that queen to sharpen her scissors. This was removed by the Swedes in 1659. Margaret lies extended on her back, her hands meekly folded across her bosom. At her feet are placed a skull and cross-bones. Her features are regular and of great beauty; the compressed lip expressive of determination of character. She is small in stature, somewhat below the middle height. On her head she wears the regal

circle
gold,
broug
long
massi
and s
cious
from
poma
other
figur
of L
unrep
He is
of a
in a
certa
witten
the e

Th
hang
lies i
King
widow
make
joint
Some
folks
wher
him,
prese
teeth
skull
"Th
savan
three
Brun

Th
Chris
Quee
of A
Fran
but a
IV. a
Gerke
of C
the a
effect
ludic
a mo
from
the
black
crow
Thor
been
fine
chisel
the g
and
Day

circlet; a rouleau of hair, twisted with gold, binds her brow; two short bandeaux, brought down on each side of her face; a long veil hangs pendant from the circlet; massive gold bracelets adorn her wrists, and she wears a girdle of the same precious metal, with five pendant chains, from each of which is suspended a ball, or pomander-box, to contain perfumes and other matters. The broken alabaster figure of her brother, Duke Christopher of Lolland, only son of Valdemar, lies unrepaired in one of the adjoining chapels. He is said to have died from the effects of a wound in the head from a Lombard in a naval engagement in 1359, but it is certain he lived some years later, half-witted: his brain never recovered from the effects of the injury.

The sword of King Christian I. still hangs in the chapel of the Elephant. He lies interred by the side of his predecessor, King Christopher the Bavarian, whose widow Dorothea he had espoused "to make matters right," thereby saving a jointure to the crown lands of Denmark. Some years later his coffin was opened: folks were not quite certain as to his whereabouts, or whether it really was him, when a learned historian who was present exclaimed, "Are three of the front teeth wanting?" On examination of the skull such was found to be the case. "That will be the mark!" exclaimed the savant; "King Christian the First lost three of his front teeth in the battle of Brunkeberg."

The splendid monumental tombs of Christian III. and Frederick II., father of Queen Anne, wife of James I., by Floris of Antwerp, resemble much those of Francis I. and Louis XII. at St. Denis, but are finer still; and that of Frederick IV. and his queen is by a sculptor named Gerken. This monument, as well as that of Christian V., are florid specimens of the allegoric taste of the last century—effective as a whole, but as a composition ludicrous. Our own Queen Louisa has a monument executed by Stanley; and from that time the coffins stand ranged in the chapels, covered with mouldering black velvet, powdered over with the crowns of Scandinavia. A statue by Thorvaldsen, cast in bronze, has lately been erected to Christian IV. It is a fine work of that illustrious sculptor's chisel, but ill adapted for a church. While the great Margaret lies with closed eyes and meekly-clasped hands awaiting the Day of Judgment, Christian stands look-

ing thunderbolts around, with one leg stuck out, as if about to stamp from sheer impatience. It is characteristic of the man, but better suited for a public place or bridge. Many are the Northmen who lie here interred—Saxo Grammaticus among the number, old monk of Soro, chronicler of the Valdemars. When I visited Roeskilde I found Professor Worsæ and a knot of savants busily engaged in grubbing for his tomb, but without success; the coffin of the humble monk had in earlier days given place to some later comer.

Before leaving the cathedral the guide will lead you down the steps into a vault below, and display to your view the six coffins of the infant children of King Frederic VI.; and some bystander will look mysterious, and declare how they all met an untimely end through the intrigues of Juliana of Brunswick, the widowed queen of King Frederick V., she who caused the disgrace and fall of Caroline Matilda. They will tell you—some, that the children were changed; others, that they were put an end to; how the ambitious queen, desirous to secure the succession for the offspring of her own son, having already failed in her endeavours to destroy King Frederick himself in his childhood, gained the lady of honour of the crown-princess and others, and so attained her object. They will relate to you that the Frue von Munster—this same lady—lately committed suicide (which is true) by hanging herself in the corridor by the chapel of Frederiksborg; that the midwife and the physician also both came to an untimely end by their own hands; and then tell you a story of a pretender who arose and proclaimed himself King Frederick's son, changed at nurse. They will relate to you all this and a great deal more, as they have already to me, and I, for my part, believe not one word of the story. The youngest son of King Frederick VI., who lies in the little coffin here before you, was born one year after the decease of the dowager-queen herself. Children, if not well cared for, did—even in the earlier part of this present century, as we all know, before calomel was invented—drop off like flies; and if you look at the genealogy of the house of Oldenburg, you will find that the three eldest offspring of Juliana's own son, the Arve Prinds, died when infants also.

No; Juliana has enough to answer for without adding the crime of child-murder

to the list. Still you will find many people who yet credit the assertion and will relate it as a fact; myself, after having studied the question pretty deeply, dismiss it as unworthy of belief.

When James I. of England visited Copenhagen, he made a special pilgrimage to Roeskilde, in order to converse on matters of theological doctrine with Nicholas Hemming, a celebrated theologian, who, on account of his Calvinistic tendencies, had been removed from his office of Professor of the University of Copenhagen. Then Bishop Paul Matthias preached before him a learned discourse in Latin, with which, as well as with the assemblage of priests of the diocese, who came to do him honour, King James expressed himself much gratified.

The bishopric or stift of Roeskilde was suppressed at the Reformation, and later a Bishop of Zealand appointed. This city—in old books written Rothschild—furnishes a patronymic to the Rothschild family, who, in the last century, emigrated from Denmark. A Jew, on going to another land, where Solomons and Levis were plentiful as strawberries in June, was called, to distinguish himself, Solomon of Bamberg, Levi of Frankfort, and so on, till he ended by assuming as a surname the birthplace of his ancestors.

Ferguson in his *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*, p. 930, says of the original church, completed in the year 1076, under Svend Estridsen, whose predecessor, Canute the Great, had richly endowed it, to atone for the murder of his brother-in-law, Ulf Jarl, who had taken sanctuary there, and was slain in the choir in 1027:—

“It was apparently circular, and of the same dimensions with the east end of the present edifice. This latter was commenced after the middle of the twelfth century, and probably not completed as we now see it till towards the end of the thirteenth. The east end is probably one half of the old round church rebuilt, the required enlargement of space having been obtained by a considerable extension of width towards the west.”

A Danish writer, speaking of the warlike emblem that decorates the coffin of Christian IV., says, “That sword with which he so valiantly secured the peace of Denmark; a far more honourable ornament to the hero's grave than the costly mausoleum of many an unworthy prince, where the Sculptor has placed the genius of his country weeping, not for his death,

but for the misfortunes which his folly or vices brought upon his native land.” However, Denmark has thought its well-beloved king worthy of a more pompous monument; and shortly before his death, Thorwaldsen completed a fine statue of this monarch, which, cast in bronze, is now placed in one of the chapels of the cathedral, bearing the name of Christian IV., and in which are at present deposited the remains of Christian VII. and of Frederick VI., the two last deceased kings of Denmark, and of several other members of the royal family. The simple, velvet-covered coffins in this chapel form a striking contrast to the costly marble mausoleums and sarcophagi in Christian I. and Frederick V.'s chapels, and tell a tale of the declining finances of the country.

The incident which is at once so illustrative of the edifice, and of the mingled piety and ferocity of the Danes of old, as narrated by Marryat, is given in a simpler form in Dunham's *History of Denmark* (vol. ii., p. 180).

In 1070 a scene occurred in this cathedral, strongly resembling that which took place at Milan in the fourth century, between St. Ambrose and the Emperor Theodosius. King Sweyn II. (son of Ulf Jarl, who was murdered in the choir), upon some remarks being reported to him which had been made upon his conduct the night before, by some of his guests when heated with wine, in the irritation of the moment ordered them to be slain, though they were then at mass in the cathedral. An Anglo-Saxon, named William, and who had been Secretary to Canute the Great, was then Bishop of Roeskilde. On the day following this dreadful tragedy, the king proceeded to the cathedral. He was met by the bishop, who, elevating his crozier, commanded him to retire, and not to pollute with his presence the house of God—that house which he had desecrated with blood. The king's attendants drew their swords, but he forbade them to exercise any violence towards a man who, in the discharge of his duty, defied even kings. Retiring mournfully to his palace, he assumed the garb of penance, wept, and prayed, and lamented his crime during three days. He then presented himself, in the same mean apparel, before the gates of the cathedral. The bishop was in the midst of the service; the “Kyrie Eleison” had been chanted, and the “Gloria” about to commence, when he was informed that

the roy
Leavin
raised t
him wi
ing hi
confess

COPENH
CAT
MA
OF
TH

We le
sunset,
sunrise
as it w
spot w
centuri
Babylon
rusalem
in mo
Rome,
Paris,
and ma
risen in
their a
passion
like Co
ground
present
the mo
Europe
is a cit
in the
Scandin
capital,
Slavoni

If yo
of Cop
than s
station
of the
of elm
memor
tude by

On e
Tivolis
amusem
delight
abound

We
the mo
and ent
bridge

But
vent di

the royal penitent was outside the gates. Leaving the altar he repaired to the spot, raised the suppliant monarch, and greeted him with the kiss of peace. Then, bringing him into the church, he heard his confession, removed the excommunica-

tion, and allowed him to join in the service. Soon afterwards, in this cathedral, the king made a public confession of his crime, asked pardon alike of God and man, was allowed to resume his royal apparel, and solemnly absolved.

VI.

COPENHAGEN—SLAGBECK, THE BARBER ARCHBISHOP—SIGBRIT, THE MAITRESSE MERE—EDUCATION OF CHRISTIAN II.—YULE PIG, OR MONEY-BOX—FOUNDATION OF COPENHAGEN—MARRIAGE OF QUEEN MARGARET—HER GOVERNESS AND CASTIGATRIX—QUEEN PHILIPPA OF ENGLAND—HER GALLANT DEFENCE OF THE CITY—PALACE OF CHRISTIANSBORG—THE EXCHANGE.

WE left the Westminster of the Danes by sunset, and we hailed Copenhagen by sunrise. There are certain cities marked, as it were, with the finger of God, on the spot which they shall occupy for many centuries. Such, in olden times, were Babylon, Nineveh, Memphis, Thebes, Jerusalem, Athens, and Alexandria; such, in modern times, are Constantinople, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Lisbon, Paris, London, Naples, Venice, Genoa, and many others; some, as it were, fresh risen in the New World, and already, like their ancestors, torn by the convulsive passions of mankind; others constituting, like Constantinople and Rome, a common ground where the past has passed into present. Of all cities, Constantinople is the most fortunately placed in regard to Europe, Asia, and Africa. Copenhagen is a city just as privileged by its position in the north; and of this, a future Scandinavia, it will assuredly be its capital, as Pesth will be of a future Slavonia.

If you be desirous to explore the town of Copenhagen, you cannot do better than start direct from the railway-station, and proceeding towards the gates of the city, pass through a double avenue of elms by the obelisk erected to commemorate the abolition of feudal servitude by King Christian VII.

On either side of the way stand the Tivolis, Alhambras, and various places of amusement in which the Danes so dearly delight in the summer season, and which abound in the suburbs of Copenhagen.

We now traverse the Vesterbro, across the moat which surrounds the ramparts, and enter the city, passing under a swing bridge which connects the fortifications.

But before continuing our walk, to prevent disappointment, let me put you on

your guard not to expect too much, nor be guided by your first impression of Copenhagen. Few houses of ancient date remain, and it was not until I grew acquainted with the city in detail that I discovered how really picturesque it was, with its misshapen Places (*Pladser*), its spires, and its canals alive with shipping running up into its very heart. We pass down the Frederiksborg-street—a bad approach; but Copenhagen, like all fortified towns, boasts of no handsome entry. The pavement, you will have already found out, is atrocious, and such an apology for a *trottoir*—a narrow strip of flag inserted among the rougher stones. A *droit du pavé* exists here as in other places; I never could understand it myself; the whole etiquette appeared to consist in shoving me into the adjoining gutter. We now pass through the old market (*Gammeltorv*), where once stood the small but quaint Raadhuus destroyed in one of the numerous conflagrations from which the town has suffered. In the centre stands a fountain in metal, which now no longer plays, and though allegorical—I forget the subject—is neither imposing nor beautiful.

It was on this Gammeltorv that took place the execution of the well-known Dietrick Slagheck, Archbishop of Lund, Christian II.'s most unworthy minister. Strangers in all ages have risen to the highest posts in Denmark, and Dietrick, a barber's boy, by backstairs influence—for he was cousin to Sigbrit—soon, like Olivier le Dain, rose to power. A dangerous councillor he proved; but he suffered for it later, and was made the scapegoat of his master. When on his way to the place of execution, he met, on the Hoibro bridge, Master Jasper Brachman, one of the council, to whom he ex-

claimed, in the Latin tongue, "Farewell, Master Jasper! such are the rewards of our labours." "No, no," replied the chamberlain, horrified at the idea of being associated with the condemned archbishop, "No, no! the punishment of your sins—the punishment of your sins." If he began life as a barber, he died like a prelate, clad in robes of velvet and scarlet hose. On mounting the scaffold he was fastened to a ladder, and then turned off into the flames. King Christian, not quite at his ease as regards the justice of the sentence, drove out of town for a day's change of air, and Sigbrit herself never opened her window during the whole day, which made folks remark, "It was queer she, who had been brought up to fried herrings, salt fish, and such like, should be squeamish concerning the smell of a roasted archbishop."

On we continue, down a street gayer and more frequented than the last, till we arrive at the Hoibroplads, commonly called Amagertorv, where the vegetable market is held, and the Amak and Zealand peasants may be seen in their pretty costumes—some at their stalls, others mounted on their rustic carts.

The shops are in no way remarkable; but you will admire the poulterers' cellars, hung with a grand display of stag, chevreuil, black game, and capercaillie.

The lofty embattled tower of St. Nicholas overlooks this square. On it the watchmen keep nightly guard, and give the alarm in case of fire; nor is this service a sinecure, for scarce three days elapse without a conflagration breaking out in some quarter of the town or other, and oft in the dead of night the slumberers are awakened by a loud, shrill whistle, and the repeated cry of "Brand! brand! brand!" along the street. Then each window opens in succession, and people inquire "Where?" and if in the neighbourhood, they turn out of bed and place a tub of water before their doors: if the answer be Vesterbro, or Norrebro, or some place far away, they close their casements and quietly resume their sleep, unless curiosity lead them to visit the scene of the conflagration. These watchmen were first established by King Frederic II., and the song they chant the night long was composed by Bishop Kingo.

The Amagertorv is picturesque as a whole, and you must not fail to remark a gabled renaissance dwelling-house, with the date 1616, built by a burgomaster of

Copenhagen, called by the common people the House of Dyvecke; or rather that of her mother Sigbrit, Christian II.'s prime minister. Curious rise that of a huckster (*hugerske*), as she is termed by the historians of Amsterdam, in which city she first sold apples and vegetable roots. And queerer, still, it must have been to have seen the nobles of the realm standing bareheaded in the snow, outside her house, on this very Plads, waiting their turn to gain an audience. A clever woman was Madame Sigbrit, as the Danes call her, suppressing her Dutch patronymic of Willums; for she not only reigned supreme over the king, but was also much thought of by his consort, Queen Elizabeth, who appreciated her devotion to the royal family. Then, too, she was a Dutchwoman, a nation for which the queen always showed a great preference. To her care they confided the education of their eldest son, Prince John. But if she was liked by the royal family and toadied by the officers of state, she was detested by the people, who, after the manner of the day, looked upon her as a witch. They declared how one day her young charge Prince John, out of curiosity, took a bottle which stood on the window, in order to examine its contents, when it fell out of his hand and broke; the devil flew out of it, and a storm of thunder burst over the whole city. Her great unpopularity was caused by the "rumpe" tax, placed, by her advice, on the head of every living person (a somewhat Irish proceeding); added to which, she cleared the town of Copenhagen of the "poor scholars"—a set of mendicants who attended the schools. They wore a coat or cloak, open at one side, and bore so bad a reputation, the proverb went, "So many coats, so many thieves." The king, by her advice, issued an ordinance by which no boy was allowed to attend school who could not pay his own expenses, and had all the others driven out of the town.

When, in the year 1522, the Lubeckers appeared before Copenhagen, Sigbrit, in the absence of the king, went out with her maid to see the fleet; but when by the water-side she met two drunken countrymen, who fell upon her, beat her black and blue, and, reproaching her for having misled the king, got her out to sea and ducked her well. Luckily, the king passed by on his return from Solberg, and saved her; but on entering the gates of the city several men of Roeskilde, who

lay in
escape
peasan

Who
carried
ornam
Sigbrit
the pe
in a w
out of
affairs,
can no
make
a fine
his chr

Who
she di
history
the ci
from t
inhabi
there.

troubl
and no

To

Bond-
leave

course

at a w

ears,

klæde

till it

our l

ments

It

Chris

and a

displa

At

John

and t

in th

whos

looke

comf

canon

"A

obser

from

be fo

royal

It

about

the s

the c

mati

in th

king

Whe

his s

othe

lay in wait, fired at her; however, she escaped without damage, and the drunken peasants were beheaded.

When the king went to Norway he carried off everything, even to the copper ornaments on the spire of the palace. Sigbrit, to avoid being torn to pieces by the people, was conveyed on board ship in a wooden chest. Christian appearing out of spirits at the ugly state of his affairs, she consoled him, saying, "If you can no longer be King of Denmark, I will make you burgomaster of Amsterdam"—a fine promotion, remarks Hvitsfeldt in his chronicle.

What became of her none can say—she disappears entirely from the face of history; but when Frederic I. besieged the city of Malmo, he excepted Sigbrit from the general pardon conferred on the inhabitants, in case she should be still there. He might have saved himself the trouble, for she had long since escaped, and no one could tell of her whereabouts.

To the left runs the Ostergade—the Bond-street of Copenhagen; but we will leave it to its flaneurs and continue our course, first starting with astonishment at a well-known sound whispered in our ears, very like "Old clo," "Gammel kløder:" it is shortened and compressed, till it resembles the well-known cry of our London dealers in discarded vestments.

It was in this Hoibroplads that Christian II. received his early education, and an odd one it was and curious, as displaying the simplicity of the times.

At an early age a canon of Copenhagen, John Hyndze, was appointed his tutor, and the prince himself was sent to lodge in the house of Hans the bookbinder, whose wife, Bridget, a worthy old soul, looked after his health and personal comforts, and here he was visited by the canon daily.

"A strange education for a king's son," observes Hvitsfeldt, "and very different from that of our day, when nothing can be found good enough for the offspring of royal parents."

It appears the young prince played about with the other boys of his age in the streets; so to keep him out of mischief the canon made him accompany him to matins and evensong, and there he stood in the choir, he the heir to three mighty kingdoms, along with the poor children. When it came to King John's ears that his son stood and sang in the choir with others as a "fattig Pebling," he waxed

wroth, and a short time later the prince is handed over to a new tutor, furnished by his brother-in-law, Joachim of Brandenburg, who terms him "a beautiful learned man." The boy would climb up to the roofs of the houses and over the highest walls. In vain his tutor bade him "take care; he who climbs the highest will fall the lowest." He replied, "Low places only suit low people, but high places are for the high." When he was eighteen years of age the prince declared himself quite sick of learning, and we find him "bribing the palace guard" to leave open doors at night, whilst, like our own Prince Hal, he went knocking about in the burghers' houses, wherever he could find "the best wine and the prettiest girls to talk to." When this came to his father's ears, he summoned the young scapegrace before him, and administered him such a dose of good advice, followed up by a severe flogging with whips, that the prince fell down "paa bare knæ," and, imploring pardon for his offences, declared himself reformed for ever.

But we approach the Slotsholm or "Ile du Château." On either side of the bridge the fishwives hold their court, and gossip and squabble, much like their sisterhood of other lands. The boats crowd up to the very bridge, some laden with sand, some with salmon fresh from the coast of Sweden, the former an untidy commodity to sell so near a royal residence; others again with pottery, common pottery for household use, from the Island of Bornholm, the darker kind the produce of Jutland. Two little children, satchel on back, descend the steps of the quay, enter the boat, and timidly announce their wants to the owner of the wares. The man points to a basket in the corner of the vessel; they investigate its contents, and, after much hesitation, return, each triumphantly bearing a "juul sviin" (yule pig), as it is called, with a slit down the middle of his back; this unclean beast serves as a money-box, but the money once deposited therein cannot be recovered without its destruction.

Before us rises the palace of Christianborg (Christianborg Slot), a vast, heavy, unsightly pile of buildings, flanked on one side by the Thorvaldsen Museum; to the left of the palace stands the Chancellerie, and beyond the Exchange, with its quaint spire of twisted dragons, the pride of the capital. But we are going too fast, and before proceeding further it

is as well you should learn something of the early history of the town you are now visiting. We stand on classic ground; and if you do not mind resting on the banks of the quay, I will endeavour, while you repose, to give you some slight information as to the origin and foundation of the capital of Denmark.

On the island where we now stand, in the year 1168, our old friend Archbishop Absolan constructed a fortress, which bore the name of Axelhuus in compliment to its founder. It was later changed to that of Steileborg, or Wheel Castle, from the fact of the strand before its gates being selected as the place of execution—breaking on the wheel, or some such pleasant operation—of the pirates from Rugen and elsewhere, who infested the northern seas, and laid waste the Danish Archipelago. One of the towers of the original building existed in the earlier part of the last century, and served as the royal kitchen previous to the destruction of the palace by King Christian VI. and his Queen Sophia Madalena. By degrees a flourishing village arose round the fortress, which, in the year 1254, received extensive privileges from Christopher I., and was erected into a city; but Roeskilde continued the capital of the Island of Zealand until the reign of Christopher the Bavarian. This sovereign exchanged certain lands with the bishop of that diocese, and, considering the locality admirably adapted for the interests of shipping and commerce, he established himself there with his court, made it his capital, and from that period it has been called Kjobenhavn, or the Merchant's Haven. Her ancient rival gradually declined, the whirlwind of the Reformation giving a *coup de grâce* to her existence.

Among the earlier events of interest which took place at Copenhagen, I find mentioned how, in 1363, there was a "right goodly royal party of prindsen, kings and illustrious princes, as well as nobles from all parts, assembled to witness the nuptials of the Princess Margaret, daughter of King Valdemar Atterdag, with Hakon, King of Norway." Swedish historians declare Margaret to have been of a dark complexion, by no means well-looking. After her marriage she went, accompanied by her husband, to Norway, where, on account of her tender years, a governess was placed over her, the Lady Martha, daughter of St. Bridget; very strict, too, she was, and often made Margaret, a married queen,

smart under the rod. In after life a steady affection continued to exist between the queen and her early castigatrix.

Of the endless and innumerable sieges this devoted city has undergone, I will merely call to mind that which took place in the days of Philippa of England, worthy sister of the hero of Agincourt. Philippa was second daughter of our English sovereign, Henry of Lancaster, and was married to Erik the Pomeranian, a match which Queen Margaret gave herself much trouble to bring about.

Copenhagen was attacked by the Hanseatic League, and the town would have fallen had it not been for the courage of Philippa. "Queen Philippa," says the chronicles, "held Princes' Day at Copenhagen, and invited to the castle the soldiers and young men of the city, who had fought against the Wends and Hanseaticers, and, after counselling them to render good service to the lord their king, dismissed them to enjoy something which we cannot find in the dictionary, but imagine to be a "regular good blow-out." Her conduct inspired the citizens with such enthusiasm, the enemy were compelled to retire. Joyful at her success (Erik was then absent in Sweden, or, as Swedish historians assert, lying concealed in the convent of Soro), Philippa invested Stralsund with a fleet of seventy-five ships; fortune declared against her; after a hard-fought battle she returned to Copenhagen, her squadron destroyed; and now it is related how Erik, unmindful of her former success, in his rage struck the queen, at that time advanced in pregnancy. Indignant at this treatment, she retired to the convent of Vadstena, where she died some few months after, and was buried in the chapel of St. Anne, which she herself had founded, and where her sepulchral slab may still be seen.

Erik caused a Domkirke to be built at Vadstena in her honour, and gave one thousand one hundred nobles towards the expenses of its erection, with particular directions for masses to be said and sung for her "soul's weal," to say nothing of psalms selected by himself, about *Regina cæli*. The way of the world, nothing more. The worse a man treats his wife in this life, the finer the monument set up to her memory after death.

Some historians affect to deny this story, or urge in Erik's defence the Jutland law, by virtue of which a man was authorized to flog his wife and children

with his
Philippa
after a
herited
long si

No
Queen
appear
terms

sent a
William
John

tiary p
vembe
signed

Englan
little g
the K

by it
talks a
high-b

friend
sides,

again
the la
fished

with
land,
Denm

to the
plaint
cause

which
—pou
equal

to th
summ
217,3

the
liquid
howe

allian
of De
on bo

neith
Bu
in spe

except
IV.'s
work,

palac
world
it wa

to th
const
old c

the s
the a
1720

Fred
raise

with his hands, but not with weapons. As Philippa left no heirs, King Christian I., after a lapse of nearly twenty years, inherited the remains of the "rose noble," long since converted into small change.

Notwithstanding the ill treatment of Queen Philippa, the English Government appears to have continued on comfortable terms with Erik. In 1431, Henry VI. sent an embassy to Denmark—Master William Spreen, doctor of both laws; Sir John Grimsby, Knight: the plenipotentiary powers are dated Westminster, November 27th, ninth year of the reign, and signed by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, England's "custos." There was some little grievance to settle, but I don't see the King of England got much advantage by it; for though he is very civil, and talks about the relationship through the high-born Philippa, consort of his "good friend" King Erik, and a lot more besides, he is met by a storm of complaints against the English shipowners, who, for the last twenty years, have sailed and fished in unlawful seas, and trafficked with the islands—Iceland, Faroe, Shetland, Orkney, Greenland, &c.—Fancy Denmark forbidding us to sail and trade to the Orkneys, or anywhere!—The complaint ended in a *summariun* of the damage caused during the said twenty years, which amounts to 2329 "løster fisk"—pounds of fish—each pound being equal to sixteen of the present day; add to this a few more "damages," and the *summa summarium* of the bill presented is 217,348 rose nobles. Strange to relate, the English Government declined to liquidate the debt. Some two years later, however, Henry VI. forms a treaty of alliance with "his dearest uncle, the King of Denmark;" no end of matters promised on both sides, to which, in all probability, neither paid the slightest attention.

But to return to the Slot. Molesworth, in speaking of Copenhagen, says, with the exception of the buildings of Christian IV.'s time, they are all mean and of "cage work," half timber, half plaster. The palace he describes as the worst in the world, inferior to those of the nobility; it was a fine old feudal schloss, adapted to the troublous times in which it was constructed, as you may still see by the old engravings, though certainly not in the style of Sir Christopher Wren, then the architect par excellence. In the year 1720, the old edifice was demolished by Frederic IV., and while yet scarcely raised from its ruins, was again laid low

to satisfy the craving for magnificence and luxury, the besetting sin of Queen Sophia Madalena. That this fair princess lavished the public money with a reckless hand no one can deny, but it should be borne in mind that she was not only the wife of an absolute sovereign, but also the wife of one of the most consummate bores that ever existed. The queen from very weariness launched out into extravagance; palaces of unprecedented grandeur rose at her beck and nod; she did too much, but all she did was well done and in good taste, and, in this particular, it is to be regretted that later monarchs have not followed her example.

The palace of Madalena was completed and taken possession of by the court in 1740, amidst the greatest possible rejoicings of the people (so at least asserts the Danish Virtruvius), and medals were struck in honour of the event. This palace also was consumed by fire in the year 1794, and for some time remained a heap of ashes. It has often caused much astonishment how Frederic VI., considering the dilapidated state of his finances, should have rebuilt this edifice in so costly a style, too large for the necessities of his court and kingdom. He had much better have reconstructed it after the earlier design of his fair predecessor; it would have then still remained an ornament to the city and a credit to the architect; it is now neither one nor the other. But Frederic VI., it appears, had received a promise from the Emperor Napoleon, that in reward for his so-called neutrality he should receive the kingdom of Sweden, and be crowned king of all Scandinavia. "King of Scandinavia!" exclaimed his Majesty, "and no palace to live in! send for the court architect at once." His orders were obeyed; they planned and planned, and the present unsightly Palace of Christiansborg is the result of their consultations. Lucky had it been for King Frederic if Mrs. Glasse's well-known recipe had been then published, or at least translated into Danish; he would have saved a mint of money to the country, and the pangs of disappointed ambition to himself. The crown of Scandinavia was never fated to rest on his royal brow. The elected house of Bernadotte reign supreme in Sweden; and Norway, after an union of more than 400 years, was wrested from the Danish crown, and handed over to the possession of her rival. But I must not be unjust to the memory of Frederic: to him the peasants

of Denmark owe their emancipation from feudal servitude. Like many others, he was ambitious in early life, and suffered from it: he lived much among his people, and retained their affection to the last. From what I have heard related, he resembled much his maternal uncle, George III. of England, in character, amiable and kind in disposition, with a certain touch of his Britannic Majesty's obstinacy.

Do not, however, imagine the Palace of Christiansborg to be a building as useless as it is ugly. Besides the state apartments, not often occupied by the royal family, it harbours within its walls the two Chambers of Parliament, the Gallery of Pictures, and, in a building apart, the Royal Library. As we are here, you may as well pass through the great court of the palace, heavy, cumbrous, and ungraceful. The outer court, circular in form, is the remains of the earlier edifice of Madalena. You can visit the royal stables and inspect the white horses, true albinos, with roseate eyes and ears, used by the king on state occasions. When these cream-coloured horses came into fashion I cannot say; Christian V. drove light iron-greys, with black heads, tails, and manes. To the right lies the splendid riding-school. This court is muddy in winter and dusty in summer, always untidy; it is used, I believe, for exercising the royal stud. The Danes do not understand the adaptation of unoccupied space to the ornamentation of their capital. A fountain, however, has lately been erected in the centre, and cut limes have been planted round the edge, which, after a time, will take away from the deserted look of this dreary waste, and give even the palace a more habitable appearance.

A bridge across the Frederiksholm canal connects the Ile du Château with the town; and, turning to the right, we arrive at the Prindsens Palais, a handsome edifice, now the receptacle of the numerous museums—ethnographic among the rest, the finest in Europe; the dresses, &c., of the Greenland and northern tribes are especially worth visiting—under the direction of Professor Thomsen, who, with other learned men, has apartments allotted to him within its walls. This palace was erected for Christian VI. when Crown Prince, and it was here that Queen Madalena must have planned and dreamed the future magnificence which she so well

understood to put into execution. In the adjoining Storm Gade is situated the British church, hired or borrowed from the Moravian brothers; and opposite to it, in the old hotel of the Counts of Holstein Ledreborg, is preserved the Museum of Natural History, now about to be joined with that of the University. The collection of Northern birds, of the various species of the grouse tribe, in their summer and winter plumage, as well as the ducks from the islands, are interesting to the sportsman or one learned in ornithology.

Let us now return to the Bourse. Stop first and admire its graceful twisted spire, unique in Europe. Tradition relates how Christian brought over—some say the four dragons, others the stone ornamental copings of the building, from Calmar; but tradition is apt to embellish, and I am always sceptical as regards Danish legends about Swedish affairs, and *vice versa*. The building, however, is a glorious memento of the era of Christian IV. Well did that monarch understand the style of architecture adapted to the climate of his country; he built for posterity, and his works have lasted, and will last for ages to come, when those of more modern architects have long since passed away.

But before we enter, notice how well the spire of St. Saviour's, with its twining external staircase, stands out in the background of Christianshavn. The Exchange was purchased in 1858 from the Government by the merchants of Copenhagen, with the express condition that they should place it in a thorough state of repair, and never make any alteration which should detract from the character of the edifice, and well they have redeemed their pledge. The great hall has been admirably restored in the style of the period; over the fireplace stands a bronze statue of King Christian himself, similar to that in the cathedral church of Roeskilde; here it is well placed, and in keeping with the building. The panels of the walls are being gradually filled with well-executed frescoes, two of which were completed when I last visited the interior of the building—one an allegory, Justice, scales, &c.; the second, a mining scene, with workmen, imps, and trolles, all labouring hard at work together—"Archi-Scandinavian."

(To be continued.)

"THAT WOMAN!"

"Now, don't tell me you only go there as a doctor, because old Mrs. Lawton is so anxious about her daughter. I know better. The old woman was never anxious about anything but herself, and as long as that pale-faced, limp daughter of hers will maintain her, she will only call a doctor for herself."

"I assure you, Arabella, dear, that I have *never* called on Miss Lawton, except as a physician, though at those calls I have given her some advice and instruction in her music. That girl might be a prima donna, and with my taste for music, I cannot pass by its professors because they are ladies. All ladydom is a sealed book to me, you know very well, except the one who is my other half—the one with whom I hope to spend time and eternity."

"Now, don't be making out such a long spell for us to get tired of one another in," said Arabella, slightly conciliated.

"Would I weary of my heart's blood, of my life's delight, of the crowning joy of a never-ending existence?" said the gentleman, with a somewhat theatrical manner.

"Well, I dun know what you would do," said Arabella, "but I want to go to that stuck-up Mrs. Travers' party. Five years since have we moved to the Fifth Avenue, and I have not been to a single party of the big bugs yet. Now I am a-goin' to tell you something. If you are as fond of me as you tell for, you ought to know it. Do you see my ring?"

"The presence of the sun hides the stars, still your ring is such a flash of beauty and brightness—such a gem of Paradise—that, sunny as you are yourself, I always see it."

"I thought as much," said Arabella—with a curl of her lip—"you can't gammon me. I've seen you look lovingly at it dozens of times, and I made up my mind, if you turned out honest, I'd give it to you, and tell pa I'd lost it, and when we was merried, I'd tell him 'twas found."

"You are too good," said the gentleman, applying his handkerchief to the corners of his eyes.

"You need not cry for joy. You hain't got it yet. And you shan't have it, unless you do something I want you to."

"I can wait, and have my sun and the

stars together," said the lover of Arabella Matilda.

"But you don't want to wait. You like putty things better than I do. And I don't want to wait till we are merried to go into company. I don't know what pa will do. He may plague me about getting merried, and I'm fond of him. I never was fond of anybody but him and you, for ma died before I can remember. Now, you get me an invitation to Mrs. Travers' party, and you shall have the ring, if you will promise not to go near that Lil Lawton any more."

"I cannot give up my profession, or my artistic tastes," said the gentleman, gravely.

"Well, if you will promise not to care anything about her, I'll let you doctor her."

"Surely Arabella can trust her Agamemnon," said the gentleman, as if he were talking molasses candy.

"But about the party?" said she.

"Of course, Mrs. Travers will give me an invitation to bring any ladies I may desire to introduce to her. Miss Lawton will go as a musician, and I could see you both there, and home again also, as Miss Lawton lives on the west side of the town."

"No, you don't," said Arabella. "I'd scratch her eyes out before you should do any such thing. If I go to that party, I shall go A No. 1. I shan't go with the music, nor on one of your arms, when somebody else is on t'other. I never see a man that was big enough to divide between two women. I would not have a man that was a widower, for fear he'd think of old times. Do you think, then, that I'd look at a man that would go gallivantin' other girls, and right under my nose, too?"

"Are you not just a little *exigéant*?" said the doctor, smiling.

"Ex *what*?" said Arabella.

"I used a French word that means exacting," said the gentleman.

"Why did you not speak English the first time to me—I know English—I was brought up with it. I don't know any goose-gabbling nor frog-peeping French. Is it a bargain about the party? Will you take me, and not speak to that girl that never spoke to me if she could help it, though I've seen her times enough

before her father failed and died—before she had to sing in St——s for a living. Remember, I'm partic'ler about some things. If you get me to the party, and treat me right, I shan't begrudge my ring, no more than a shilling, though it cost five hundred dollars. But I ain't a-goin' to give somethin' for nothin'."

"My dear," said the doctor, very gravely, and yet with honeyed sweetness, "bargain and sale are not for us." And he put his arm gently around the fat Arabella's waist.

"Well, if you behave yourself, I suppose you will have me and my diamonds, and a good many other things by and by. But pa must git to like you first; for remember, I'm fond of pa. Now, you go and get me an invite to that party, and I'll have a new green moiré antique made a purpose to wear. You shan't be ashamed of your Arabella."

Arabella Matilda Podgers was the worthy daughter of her pa, Dr. Peter Podgers, who had made a fortune by his great medical discovery, the immortal Polyglot Pills. These celebrated edibles had been consumed so liberally that Dr. Podgers found himself able to leave his somewhat confined home in the Bowery, for a spacious residence in the Fifth Avenue. Arabella Matilda had been a dutiful daughter, and had reached the rather mature age of thirty, and the rather mature weight of a hundred and seventy, before her translation to upper-tendom.

As she expressed it, she was rather "fond of pa, and a little scary of him sometimes."

The fact was, Dr. Podgers had a proper estimate of his daughter, and his dollars; and he did not wish to bestow either on a worthless fellow. Then he had somehow a prejudice against doctors. He thought they were impostors, and he had no doubt that the health of mankind, in general, would be excellent, if everybody took Podgers' Polyglot Pills.

Dr. Agamemnon Van Skampe had made the fair Arabella's acquaintance at a course of lectures delivered by himself on Magnetism, Psychology, Eclecticism, Idiosyncrasy, Petticotometry, and all kindred sciences. In making some elective petticotometrical experiments after lecture one day, the doctor discovered, in holding the ungloved thumbs of Miss Arabella's hands, that there was a psychological, idiosyncratical, elective-omatical affinity between their palms. Whether the light of Arabella's ring had enlightened his in-

vestigations, I am unable to say; but he followed them professionally, till they resulted in the degree of friendly intimacy intimated in the opening of our story.

The doctor had various cases that demanded his professional skill. He was supposed to be a German from his name, and some peculiarities of Platonic philosophy, which he fortified and defended by quotations from Goethe, Swedenborg, and George Sand; all of whom, he said, were mystical and Germanic in their tendencies.

Mrs. Travers was a patient of Dr. Agamemnon's from an excessive amount of mentality, that, together with late hours and strong coffee, had fastened on her nerves, given her a headache, and hurt her complexion. The doctor was great for the complexion.

Miss Lilian Lawton's mother had insisted on her daughter's consulting Dr. Agamemnon, as he delighted to be called, for a disease of the throat, brought on by exposure, late hours, and hard work in her profession, as vocalist for S——s church, and all the parties where the best music was wanted. Poor Lily had been tenderly reared, and at the time her father failed she had just "come out." Her wonderful voice, and her fine training and touch as a pianist, were all that her mother had to depend upon for a maintenance and the supply of those comforts that long use had made a necessity to Mrs. Lawton.

Lilian had a good salary for singing in church, and she attended parties for a "consideration," more or less delicately offered. Dr. Agamemnon Van Skampe had set himself the kindly task of forwarding Lilian's fortune. She was a delicately charming girl, aside from her gifts as a musician, and the doctor immediately conceived a great many 'ological and 'omatical affinities for Miss Lawton.

"My beautiful friend," said he, after feeling her pulse for the fiftieth time, "the elective affinities never err. We love poetry and flowers, beauty, fragrance, and music, with an irresistible affinity; and all these unities are a source of power. I can give you strength for your work by the magnetic passes, and by my magnetic remedies; and all oy a law as plain and irresistible as the law of the gravitation which brings a common ball to the ground, however high it may be thrown into the air."

Lilian cleared her husky throat, and

expect
and tu
"I
for my
She
eyes f
"H
mem
shine
will b
for th
you a
fixed
It do
be an
good
giving
of my
been
have

A pur
heart
to m
not c
I are
Lil
for fr
city—
Her
had l
absor
done,
very f
lones
the u
laurel
green
The
the fi
tende
It is
one h
mirin
And v
and c
siona
Maur
thing
was e
in he
fifth
Her
night
with
"Y
said
"P
"I
entir

expectorated a little blood. She trembled and turned pale.

"If you can help me I shall be so glad, for my work's sake!" said she.

She thought of her mother, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Help you, my child!" said Dr. Agamemnon; "indeed I shall. The sun will shine brighter and warmer, the flowers will bloom with more beauty and fragrance, for the good we shall do each other; for you are as important to my happiness, by fixed psychological law, as I am to yours. It does you good to know that you can be an inspiration to me, as it does me good to know that I can be a health-giving Esculapius to you. Since the death of my beloved wife," said he, "I have been a lone man. I am happy to say I have lived above the world—

'Above life's weakness,
And its comforts too.'

A pure Platonic friendship has been my heart's desire, until I could lay up enough to marry. I see, Miss—Lilian—may I not call you? Lilian, I see that you and I are to be friends, life-long friends!"

Lilian had no time and no opportunities for friendship. She was alone in the great city—alone with her duty and her work. Her mother was her duty, though they had little sympathy. Her music was an absorbing work. Duty and work, well done, are very praiseworthy, but often very fatiguing, and they leave one terribly lonesome at intervals. Lilian was like the unwise lamb in spring, who eats the laurel, or kill-lamb, because it is the first green thing that springs in the pasture. The words of Doctor Van Skampe were the first words of masculine sympathy and tenderness that had ever fallen on her ear. It is true that on her entrance into society one had followed her everywhere with admiring respect, but he had never spoken. And when Lilian lost her place in society, and only saw former friends as a professional musician sees them, she shunned Maurice Vane as if he had been an evil thing. She had lost her father when she was eighteen; for six years she had toiled in her profession; and now, in her twenty-fifth year, she felt that the end was nigh. Her throat bled after every exertion, and night and day she suffered excruciatingly with it.

"You must rest your throat entirely," said the doctor.

"How is that possible?" said Lilian.

"It must be possible. You must rest entirely for two weeks."

"How, then, can I sing at Mrs. Travers' party, as I promised you I would, next Thursday week? That is only ten days."

"You must give up the party, Lilian," said the doctor, tenderly.

"But you thought Mrs. Travers would be of much use to me professionally?"

"She will be of use to you, from what I shall say to her, whether you sing or not."

Lilian's pale face flushed crimson. Maurice Vane was the young brother of Mrs. Travers, and it struck her that Doctor Van Skampe was about to represent her to Mrs. Travers as a case demanding charity.

"I shall have no relation to Mrs. Travers but that of an artist to her patron," said she, proudly.

"And what other could you possibly have?" said the doctor. "She is not high-minded enough to receive you as a friend, unless," said he, "you should marry some one who could give you an assured place in society. It is dreadful to think how false and heartless society is! You, who are so greatly Mrs. Travers' superior, in all things except wealth, can only meet her professionally."

"Cannot I venture to sing at this party, after ten days' rest?" said Lilian, thinking only of her mother, and her mother's wants, now.

"No, my child," said the doctor, with professional gravity. "I shall not dare to entertain your case, unless you implicitly obey my directions."

"And you will go to the party?" said Lilian, really, in her soul-hunger, coveting his company, if she could not be employed there.

"A party is of no moment to me," said he, "unless I can do good by means of it. If I could have introduced my wonderful nightingale to Mrs. Travers I might have gone. Without this happiness, I shall beg to be allowed to come and sit with you."

Lilian's face brightened.

"If misfortune had not dogged my steps, for all my years," said the doctor, "you would rest from your labours now and always."

And then he said tender things of elective affinities, of irrepressible sympathies, and of hard human conditions, till Lilian was very thoroughly mystified.

She thought over the conversation after the doctor was gone, and came to the conclusion that he was poor and a widower;

that he had a very loving heart, and did not allow himself the luxury of friendship or love. She pitied him very deeply, and perhaps she pitied herself also.

Doctor Agamemnon Van Skampe returned to his hotel to meet some very real difficulties. His expenditure for the last three weeks had exceeded his income. He owed one hundred and fifty dollars at the hotel; he owed his "agent," or man-of-all-work, his entire wages for the last month, and the man had a family in the country dependent on what he earned; he owed several others, whose sublime trust in promises had induced them to give him credit. He was getting practice amongst the "upper ten," but it did not pay as yet. He counted much on Mrs. Travers' influence, and more on his presence at her party, for he fully intended to go, though it was wormwood and gall to introduce Arabella Matilda Podgers instead of Lilian Lawton.

He went to his hotel. The fire in his private parlour was out, and he did not dare to ring for coals. It was nine o'clock in the evening. His calls on Lilian Lawton were always at proper hours. He thought and thought. What should he do? He made up his mind, and forthwith proceeded to act out his idea. He went directly to Mrs. Travers.

"My dear lady," said he, "I could not rest without seeing how you were. I have left a dozen dear good ladies neglected, because my affinity—as irresistible as it is delightful—forced me to come here."

Mrs. Travers expressed her sense of the high honour done her case, and her deep obligation to the doctor; and then she said:—

"Have you had the good fortune to engage the nightingale of New York for my party? I am dying to hear her. Oh! won't it be charming to have such a miracle of music, to surprise all my friends, and bear away the palm from them all!"

"I have engaged the lady," said the doctor, exultingly.

"And can you bring her to rehearse an evening before the party?"

"That, I am sorry to say, is impossible, from her numerous and pressing engagements. But I assure you it will not be necessary."

Just as the doctor, in great haste, was bowing himself out, he said—

"I have a friend in Fifth Avenue that I would like to bring on the eventful evening; she is a lady of great wealth

and sterling goodness; and so very particular, that she seldom honours any party with her presence; but I wish to convince her that nothing in Paris can surpass the *ton* of society in your house, my dear Mrs. Travers."

"You are very kind, doctor. You can ask her to come, as a favour to yourself."

"That is precisely what I wish," said the doctor.

And then he said "good evening," and went straight to Arabella. The lady was alone, and delighted to see him.

"I have brought you the invitation," said he, in his warmest manner; "and I will take care that you do not see Miss Lawton there, either. Their music will be very complete without her."

"O you dear, good old thing!" said Arabella. "Now, see if you can take off my ring. Stop—you hurt my finger!" and she carefully removed the ring from her fat hand, and placed it on the doctor's stumpy little finger.

"Now, don't you ever let me see you without that ring on," said she.

Doctor Agamemnon was already indulging visions of the pawnbroker, and peace at his hotel and elsewhere.

"You look as if you wanted to pawn it," said Arabella, "and I shall see that you don't."

She took from her pocket a roll of bills.

"Now," said Arabella, "I am a good calculator; I know how to keep house, and how to save something. Pa gives me so much a week for my housekeeping, and so much for myself. I have saved all this in three months out of the house-keeping. I have done it by taking care of things, and not by being stingy. I have a right to give it to you; for it would have gone to the servants, the soap-grease man, and so on, if I had not a took care of things."

She pressed the money into the doctor's hand. He fell on his knees.

"My angelic benefactress!" said he, "may you never know such trouble as this saves your poor Agamemnon from!"

He buried his face in his hands with genuine emotion, while Arabella exclaimed—

"There, now, you get up; your knees will ache; and I don't like to see you eat humble pie."

Doctor Agamemnon Van Skampe kissed Arabella Matilda very heartily. It was the least he could do. And then he went to his hotel and counted his money. He

had three hundred dollars. He paid his bill, and ordered a bottle of sherry and some other creature comforts; and then he went to bed to dream of the Podgers, and the party, and Lilian Lawton, and some other matters that we will not mention now.

In the morning he gave his agent some money to send to his wife; and he gave others enough to raise their hopes, and make them content to be his creditors.

Maurice Vane was passionately fond of music; and his heart beat with a double emotion when he found that his sister had engaged Lilian Lawton to be at her party.

"I will speak to her now," said he, mentally. "I will stand beside her, and turn over her music, and she can't help it."

How he had longed for such a privilege; but she had always been so proud, and cold, and unapproachable, that he had been obliged to give her up. Now, his heart beat high with love, if not with hope.

The morning before the party, Maurice, having ascertained from the sexton of S—s church where Miss Lawton lived, proceeded to call on her to consult her about the music. As he rang at the door, a gentleman came out. Maurice did not notice him particularly; but Doctor Agamemnon—for it was him—took an inventory of his appearance, that he might know him, if they ever met again. The doctor had called to insure himself that Lilian should not be at the party.

"I am so well," said she. "My throat has not bled at all for three days."

"You see that I was entirely right," said the doctor. "You must continue this enforced beneficence to your poor throat."

"I should certainly go, if you were not coming to spend the evening with me."

"It is just possible that I may be kept from you, my dear friend—my child," said the doctor, "by professional engagements. But I trust not."

He was afraid that Arabella would insist on his dining with her, and staying till time for the party.

Lilian pouted.

"I will not have any sick folks to-night," said she; and then she laughed, and said: "If you are not here by nine o'clock, you may expect that I have ran off to the party."

"Remember, I have my Lilian's promise," said the doctor, very tenderly.

And he went away, and brushed against Maurice Vane as he went out.

Maurice and Lilian met as lovers in their hearts. It was a joy to both inexpressible, but not the less delightful, that they were again in the presence of each other.

Maurice spoke of the party at first, and made that his excuse for calling, but his pent-up feeling broke forth before he had been long alone with his beloved.

"I have so wished to see you, and speak to you," said he; "could you think I had forgotten?"

Lilian murmured something of changed fortunes.

"Your sorrows have made me sure of my love, Lilian. Can I ever hope to win any return?"

He poured forth his love, a molten stream; and the weary and lonely heart that had for years enshrined his image, swelled as it were to bursting with its answering affection. All differences of fortune, all time, and all trials were forgotten. They sat together, as if they had been one, and as if the moments were arrested in their ceaseless flight. In an hour they had lived an age—an age of love, and trust, and truth. Mrs. Lawton's return from a shopping excursion aroused Lilian to a sense of the realities of this world, and then Maurice told her that he would come early for her this evening, and sit with her, and let the carriage wait for them. And then he thought of her throat; for when he first came, she had spoken of it—and he said he feared she ought not to sing. She overruled his judgment, and he contented himself by bringing her a splendid fur cloak in the evening, what ladies call "a love of a cloak." And he wrapped it about her so lovingly, and said, "You will never sing again, darling, only when you wish to, above all things."

It was late, we may be sure, when Maurice and Lilian entered Mrs. Travers' parlours.

The first persons, after the hostess, that Lilian saw were Dr. Agamemnon Van Skampe and the fat Miss Arabella. She was hanging on his arm, like a bale of cotton on a pair of old-fashioned steelyards; he could not for one moment get free from her. She was dressed in green *moiré antique*, which enclosed, but did not fit, her large proportions. Her arms were bare, or would have been, only that she

seemed to have bracelets enough to be a walking advertisement for the Bowery and Broadway. Her lace berthe made her look hump-shouldered; and altogether she was a heavy incumbrance to a man of some taste and illimitable pretence.

The party progressed through the exquisite music that had been provided for the delectation of people who could afford such regal delights. Lilian seemed inspired by the very angel of song. Her deep and pervading love found voice, and all wondered, and many worshipped, but the happiest of all who heard her was Maurice Vane.

"Mine—mine for ever!" was his joyous thought. Ah, what would love be if it did not assert its own everlastingness?

Just before the hour for supper, a servant-girl called Maurice Vane out into the hall.

"Och, sir," said Norah, frightened into the brogue of earlier years, "there's a murtherin' woman down stairs. Will you ust go and see till her?"

Vane proceeded to the basement. In the dining-room there stood a thin woman, with a sharp nose, a yellow complexion, and the snappingest black eyes. She was dressed in rusty black, a faded red shawl was wrapped around her narrow shoulders, and she had on an old black bonnet of some sort, with a veil that had originally been green. There was a sad and miserable harmony between the worn and faded garments of the woman and her worn, faded, and very vinegary self. In each hand she held a little boy, rather better dressed than herself. The boys were about ten years old, and evidently twins.

"I called here to see my husband," said the woman. "I heard at the hotel that he was here."

"What is his name?" said Vane, knowingly.

"Dr. Van Skampe is his name at home," said the woman, sharply.

"I think he is above," said Vane, and then he begged the poor woman to be seated, and he went for the doctor.

"Will you come with me for a moment?" said Maurice, gently. "Leave this lady here; there is a person wishes to speak with you."

The doctor hastily deposited Arabella Matilda on a sofa, and followed Vane.

When he stood in the presence of his wife and her twins, his staring eyes, his pale-blue, collapsed complexion, and his

shaking limbs, told his terror, as he exclaimed—

"That woman!"

"A pretty father of a family you are!" began the sharp woman.

"Wait a minute, Polly," said he, "and then you may pour on to me, scalding hot."

He followed Vane from the room.

"Will you do me a favour?" said he to Maurice.

"Certainly, if I can, doctor."

"I want you to tell the lady you saw with me, Miss Podgers, that a great misfortune has befallen me. Put her into her carriage, and tell her I shall never forget her kindness."

"I will do as you request," said Vane.

Doctor Van Skampe returned to the mother of his twins. The lady had a tongue as sharp as the rest of her visage, and she proceeded to give her liege lord "a talking to," while he passed with his family out of the basement-door of Mrs. Travers' mansion, and, in delicate pumps, trod the wet and muddy sidewalk, looking for an omnibus. It was too late, and they walked a mile to the hotel; and the only enlivenment of the walk was the lady's gift of tongue.

Maurice Vane returned to Miss Podgers, and gave the doctor's message. She cloaked and hooded herself immediately; and when Vane put her into her carriage, she looked at him with such utter misery as would have moved a heart of stone.

"Will you go with me to — Hotel?" said she.

"It is not best for you to go there. I will come into your carriage, and convince you," said he, stepping out of the mud and slop of the sidewalk.

"Maybe he is in debt, and I want to help him," said she.

"It is not that," said Vane.

She gave the order, "Home," and then she said—

"Oh! do tell me what it is."

Vane reflected a moment. He was sure that the poor girl had accepted this man as a lover, and he thought it best to tell her the truth. He said—

"His wife has come."

"The viper!" said she. "He told me he never was married. He is a liar, and a scamp, and I am well rid of him. I am much obliged to you, sir." When she was at home, she said again: "I am much obliged to you, sir:" and then she told the driver to set him down again at Mr. Travers', and she sought her own room. She went to bed, and cried herself to

sleep. She cared little for her money, or her ring, but her only romance had found a bad end, almost in its beginning. She cried heartily; and I am not able to tell whether she ever comforted herself with a rich butcher or tallow-chandler, or a poor doctor or minister. This episode in Arabella's history is all I know of her.

How Doctor Agamemnon Van Skampe escaped from his wife I do not know, but escape he did; for he has been perambulating the country for years, with no hindrance to his magnetizing or making love, and the lady with the twins has left off following him about. Indeed, I have an

impression that she has obtained a divorce.

Maurice Vane and Lilian Lawton are married, and happy. His friends were somewhat opposed to the marriage at first, but Vane was not to be dictated to, and they consoled themselves with the consideration that Lilian Lawton was born and bred a lady, and they forgot her poverty and her profession in her beauty and her gifts.

Lilian, Mrs. Travers, and others, were very glad that the career of Dr. Agamemnon Van Skampe had been brought to a close in New York by "that woman."

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;

All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play
In the bright and merry May,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,

Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;

For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,

To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

When you're number'd with the
dead,

In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come,
And deck your silent home,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

My humble song of praise
Most gratefully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,

Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

STOCKINGS, AND THEIR ANTIQUITY.

IN the most ancient delineations which the Anglo-Saxons have left us of themselves (though the poorer folks went naked-legged and bare-footed), we find the men of the richer classes wearing a straight stocking which reached above the knee, while others have the leg covered half-way with a kind of bandage bound round it, or crossed diagonally with bands of cloth; so that the cloth hose of the Normans were by no means a novel introduction, though the short ones, worn by the eldest son of the Conqueror, and which procured him the *sobriquet* of Robert *Court-hose*, might have been.

In the representation of Canute, copied by Fairholt from the MS. register of Hyde Abbey, formerly in the collection at Stow, and which was executed in the 11th century, we find that monarch wearing stockings which nearly reach the knees, and which appear to be of two colours, horizontally striped, and finished with a band at the top, not unlike the fashion of those worn by Highlanders. These stockings are shaped to the limbs, but in general the Saxon hose sat loose upon the leg, like a groom's buskin, while the *chaussés* of the Normans (which had the advantage of being hose and drawers in one), were tight; and over these they wore the cross garters of various colours with which our Saxon ancestors had previously adorned the naked limb.

In one instance William himself is represented wearing red *chaussés*, with blue garters and gold tassels; a fashion which had prevailed in France ever since the reign of Charlemagne, who appears in Herbe's *Costumes François* wearing this portion of his dress identical with the above description, save that his cross-garters are of gold.

When Henry I. dubbed Geoffrey of Anjou a knight at Rouen, velvet hose were worn; for Dugdale quotes the ceremony from a monkish historian of the period, and Strutt gives the knight's dress in his *Manners and Customs of the English*. Upon coming out of the bath he was clothed in fine linen, over which he wore a gown of gold tissue, with a tunic of purple upon that, furred with furs of a blood-colour, with velvet hose, and shoes wrought with gold upon his feet; and henceforth we find that hose of this rich material were frequently worn on occasions of state and ceremony.

Scarlet *chaussés* appear to have continued in favour with the Plantagenets, as well as garters of gold stuff; though these last articles were worn of whatever colours best contrasted with the stocking beneath.

Nor was this fashion, which Shakespeare subsequently made Malvolio re-introduce (for all ages), wholly abandoned till after the reign of Charles the Wise in France, the exquisites of whose court, not content with wearing a red stocking on one leg and a white or blue one on the other, further distinguished the right from the left by encircling it spirally with a garter of quite an opposite colour.

We find no mention of this extraordinary fashion with ourselves till the reign of the effeminate and foppish Richard II., when the churchmen and wits at once assailed it; and Stow, amongst other articles of dress, inveighs against the "party-coloured *hosen*, white and red, and red and black, and so forth;" and by this we are not to imagine chequered stockings, but the singular contrast presented by a pair of odd ones (if we may be allowed the use of so palpable an Irishism), one leg appearing in blue, while its fellow was cased in white; or it might be that one wore black and the other yellow.

All this while we have been wondering how these harlequin stockings, which appear to have fitted the limbs as closely as the spangled suit of that prince of pantomime, were put on, composed as they were of cloth, silk, velvet, and other stuffs; they must have wanted all the elasticity of modern hose; but the author of the *Book of Kervyng* in the office of the Chamberlyne, "has outlined the manner of this procedure."

"First," says this authority, "warm your soverayne hys pettycoate, hys doublet, and hys stomachere, and then put on hys hosen, and then hys schoone, or slypers, then stryke up his hosen mannerly, and tye them," &c.; directions which give a pretty clear idea that the stockings of those days, in their clumsy magnificence, were neither laced nor buttoned to the shape of the limb, but put on exactly as they are at present.

In the reign of Edward I. we find the fashion of embroidering the stocking in coloured silk, and threads of gold and silver, first introduced; but at the gorgeous, though fantastic court of Edward

III.
Hail
agai
stra
ridic
desc
a fu
wea
torn
anot
affec
the
or, a
fire.
O
trem
thos
tatio
ings
they
also.
W
chan
once
whit
not
All t
be m
haut
but
bega
uppe
made
stock
Th
confi
ject
intro
of w
said
Stow
Mon
knit
whic
few
neve
"for
Henr
or h
by g
pair
tory
one
toget
gold
with
one o
Milan
and

III., and the fair, brave Philippa of Hainault, the vary-coloured stocking again called forth the severe remonstrances of the clergy and the bitter ridicule of the satirists. One writer, describing the dress of the period, finishes a furious philippic by declaring that the wearers of it look more like devils and tormentors than men and women; and another, that the red side of a gentleman affects him uncomfortably, and gives him the idea of his being either half roasted, or, at least, a sufferer from St. Anthony's fire.

One would have thought that the extreme length of the ladies' dresses in those days would have left them no temptation for indulging in the vanity of stockings of different colours; but we find that they not only wore them, but cross-garters also.

With the accession of Henry IV. a change of fashion followed, and hose were once more made to match; then came the white ones of the time of Henry IV., but not to the exclusion of other colours. All this while stockings had continued to be made on the old Norman type, the *haute chaussés* of William the Conqueror; but in the reign of Henry VII. they began to form a separate article from the upper garment of which they had hitherto made a part, and were designated nether-stocks and stockings.

This separation has possibly caused the confusion we find with regard to our subject in the next reign, in reference to the introduction of silk-stockings,—the first of which are commonly, but erroneously, said to have been worn by Elizabeth. Stow, indeed, who tells the story of Mrs. Montague's New Year's gift of a pair of knit silk stockings to her royal mistress, which pleased her so much that, after a few days' wear, she declared she would never more wear cloth hose, continues, "for you shall understand that King Henry VIII. did wear only cloth hose, or hose cut out of ell broad taffaty,* or by great chance there came from Spain a pair of silk stockings;" but in the inventory of that monarch's wardrobe we find one pair of black silk and gold woven together, one of purple silk and Venice gold woven like unto a cawl, and lined with blue sarcenet, edged with *pasement*; one of purple silk and gold, wrought at Milan; one of white and gold hose, knit; and six pair of black silk knit. And

* A thin kind of silk.

earlier we find hose of velvet and satin mentioned; so that, if we take the word hose in the sense of stockings, the chances Stow talks of must have been of pretty frequent occurrence. But some authors imagine that this list refers to the upper covering of the leg, and not to the stocking.

In the mean time this latter article was worn of various colours, in the richest materials, often of gold and silver stuffs, and attached by points or laces to the upper part of the dress; thus John Newchombe, the famous clothier of Newby, in the reign of Henry VIII., is described, when he went forth to meet the king, wearing stockings of the same piece sewed to his slops; and a law enacted by this monarch (a tyrant even in the article of dress) ordains that no shepherd or husbandman, or common labourer to any artificer, having no goods of his own above the value of 10*l.*, were to wear any hose above the price of twelve pence the yard, upon pain of imprisonment in the stocks for three days!

The reign of Elizabeth brought about a perfect revolution in the make and material of our subject; the silk stockings of Mrs. Montague—copied, no doubt, from a pair of Spanish or Italian hose—were soon followed by worsted ones, knitted by "one William Rider, near the foot of London-bridge,"—some say a city apprentice, but from the above address, and his interest with the Mantuan merchant from whom he borrowed the worsted hose which served him for a model, we are fain to imagine him a craftsman on his own account, perhaps one of the Company of Cappers, whose knitted woollen head-coverings every person above seven years of age was compelled to wear (by law) on Sundays; except women, "lords, knights, and gentlemen of twenty marks of land, or such as had borne office of worship in any city, town, or place, and the wardens of the London Companies."

The experience of lady knitters will prove how easily the art of shaping a stocking is acquired by any one conversant with the use of knitting-needles, so that the first pair fashioned became the type of thousands; and while the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke, who is said to have been the first individual who wore worsted stockings in England, brought them into fashion with noblemen, the commoners so much approved of them that their sale became very great, and in a short time spread all over the kingdom. A portrait

of Sir William Russell represents him wearing knitted stockings of black yarn; and the visitors to Penshurst will remember one of the favourite Leicester, which exhibits him wearing them of a bright scarlet.

With these stockings came the necessity for garters; and in the time of Elizabeth, How, in his continuation of Stow's *Chronicle*, tells us that no person whatsoever wore them above the price of six shillings a pair, but that in the next reign men of rank wore garters and shoe-roses at more than 5*l.* each! An old play of 1616, speaks of garters at four-score pounds a pair! and in the curious ballad of "Green Sleeves,"—the air of which was so popular when Shakspeare wrote that he mentions it twice in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and which contains many curious particulars of female dress in the sixteenth century,—we find the slighted lover reminding the lady, who appears to have accepted his gifts, though indifferent to the giver, amongst many other things, of

"Crimson stockings all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee."

And immediately afterwards, referring thus to the former article—

"Thy garters fringed with the gold
And silver aiglets* hanging by,
Which made thee blythe for to behold,
And yet thou wouldest not love me."

It is hardly possible that in the reign of Elizabeth—that patroness of starched ruffs, stomachers that look like breast-plates, and petticoats resembling towers—that the end of the garter should have appeared beneath the dress, as it does in that of an Andalusian; and yet the verse above quoted seems to have reference to some such fashion.

This ballad seconds the assertion of Stubbes, that in this reign "nether-stocks" of Grenada silk were worn, curiously knitted, with open seams down the leg, with quirks and clocks about the ankle, and sometimes interlaced with silver and gold thread.

From these luxurious innovations, the melancholy prophets of the period took occasion to prognosticate the downfall of England, whose ruin seemed to them a natural result of these silken elegances; and from the lamentations of one of these, who seems to regard knitted stockings as webs of destruction, and silken garters as

* Tags.

bonds and chains, we learn that previous to the introduction of silk and worsted stockings, black kersey* had been women's wear, and that those who now affected silk garters had formerly been content with list. Shakspeare has left us some curious particulars connected with our subject. In the *Taming of the Shrew*, we learn that even in his days serving-men wore white stockings, possibly of linen, like the odd one Biondello speaks of in his description of the appearance of Petruchio's lackey, "with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list."

Grumio speaks of the wife-breaker's servants wearing garters of "indifferent knit;" so that in all probability these articles in the Elizabethan period, whether of silk or worsted, were similar to those on which aspirants in the art of knitting generally make their first essay in the present, but that the ends were vary-coloured, or finished, like those of the lady "Green Sleeves" (before alluded to), with a fringe of gold or bunch of aiglets.

Vincentio, in the same play, speaks of velvet hose as a piece of extravagance on the part of his son; so that the wearing of them was still fashionable.

Ben Jonson, too, abounds in allusions to our theme, in the play of *Every Man out of his Humour*. Fastidio, the beau, describing the disasters which had befallen his dress in a duel between him and another, observes, that not having time to take off his silver spurs, "one of the rowels caught hold of the ruffle of my boot, which being of Spanish leather, and subject to tear, overthrew me, and rends me two pair of silk stockings which I had put on (being a raw morning), of a peach-colour and another." And Bobadil, in the same comedy, takes off his silk stockings to pawn them, for the payment of a warrant against Downright. This play was acted in 1599; so that one scarcely understands why Sir Thomas Gresham's gift of a pair of long Spanish silk stockings to Edward VI. should have been so much noticed, as it is remarked they were, unless there was some peculiarity in this length to distinguish them from ordinary silk hose, of which Fastidio wears two pairs.

Nothing (considering how generally they were worn by ladies and courtiers)

* A woollen manufacture between cloth and stuff.

gives us a more perfect conception of the poverty of James I.'s wardrobe, than the anecdote of his borrowing a pair from one of the gentlemen of his court, and finding them such marvellously pleasant wear that he danced them into holes. But this was on his accession to the throne; a little later in his reign, the wearing of silk hose had become so common that no one pretending to gentility could make a decent appearance without them.

In the meantime the manufacture of worsted stockings was no longer confined to the knitters. William Lee, M.A., of Cambridge, had constructed his ingenious frame for weaving them, some say from the unworthy motive of injuring a townswoman, a native of Woodbourne, in Nottinghamshire, whom he loved, but who discarded him; while the more poetical version is, that having married the fair knitter against the rules of his College, and being expelled—poverty, that pale, fierce, famished goddess, whom the ancients worshipped (but so as to discover more fear than love or reverence), because they regarded her as the mother of industry and the useful arts, became in his case his inspiration; and while watching the busy fingers of his wife, unequal, with all her industry, to the task of their support, he is said to have conceived the stocking-frame.

Nearly three hundred years have passed, but Nottingham still continues to be famous for the manufacture of stockings; and thousands of families are maintained, and half the world supplied with them, by the application of the poor clergyman's invention.

In the time of the Commonwealth, the coloured and embroidered stockings of the two previous reigns were replaced by hose of sober black; but on the restoration of the "man, Charles Stuart," the laxity of morals had its type in the dress, and loose stockings came into vogue. These were worn in folds upon the leg, and were gartered below the knee with silken scarfs, tied behind or at the side

in a bow, with flowing ends finished with fringe or embroidery.

In the autumn of the same year 1658, men wore what were called stirrup-hose, two yards round at the top, and fastened to the petticoat breeches by points of ribbon, with another pair drawn over them to the bottom of the knee, which were worn either bagging over the garter, or fell down like a flounce, in which case the top was usually ornamented with embroidery or some fanciful pattern. All we learn from these absurd and unbecoming modes, is the fact that Charles possessed a very ill-shaped leg, and sought by these contrivances to hide it.

After this period we find the stocking in its natural shape—which, indeed, the Roundheads had never abandoned, so that tight hose were one of their distinguishing peculiarities; and except as regards material and quality, with certain improvements in the shaping, no alteration has occurred in the fashion of them since. In William III. and George II.'s time, silk stockings with gold clocks were worn, as well as those wrought with silks of various colours; a fashion which obtained even as late as 1777, when gold and silver threads wrought into clocks and staring flowers were very much affected by the beaux.

Ladies' stockings were also adorned in the same manner; and this tradition of a past mode lingers with us, but in very modest guise, at the present, the better class of hosiery being generally ornamented with an open-work or silken clock. The introduction of cotton into this country, and its application to the manufacture of stockings, has been of important benefit both to the vendors and wearers of this article; previously no choice existed between the expense of silk and the (to many) discomfort of worsted hose, but at present this material affords every shade of fineness and price, from the exquisite fabric at a guinea a pair to full-sized stockings at one shilling.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF MARIE DE MEDICIS,
CONSORT OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

SURELY it was a goodly spectacle, when, in the presence of assembled thousands, the beautiful Marie de Medicis, the affianced of Henry IV., embarked at Livonia in the state galley of the Duke her uncle, than which a more magnificent vessel never floated on the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

Henry and Marie met at Lyons, and lavish were the encomiums publicly expressed by the monarch on the grace and beauty of his wife; and happy would have been their wedded days if the French monarch had remembered the sacred vows by which he bound himself to love, and cherish, and protect the fair young creature who confided her all of happiness to him. But it was not so; and scarcely had two days elapsed before the king announced his intention of travelling post to Paris, and of leaving his bride to follow at her leisure.

Marie deeply felt the abrupt abandonment to which she was subjected; nor was the desertion of her husband the only slight which the ill-fated princess had to endure, from the malevolence of an unworthy favourite. Madame de Verneuil caused him to involve her onward journey to the capital in the greatest possible delay, and hence it was that nearly two months elapsed before Marie de Medicis reached Paris; and even then, when the civic authorities were preparing to give their queen a magnificent state reception, the king positively negatived their doing so.

Yet still, in after years, somewhat of domestic happiness might have been possessed by the queen, if, mindful of the advice of the Duc de Sully, she had dismissed her Italian attendants, who continually brought before her the derelictions of the king. But whenever the duke ventured to repeat his salutary counsels, Marie did not conceal from him that the desolation of her married life caused her to cling tenaciously to those who had known and loved her from early life, and who spoke the language of her own cherished Florence. All this was true, and no one could appreciate the dreariness of heart, and the blighting of her fondest hopes, which this unhappy queen was destined to experience; perhaps, even,

it was hardly possible for her to merge the feelings of her youth in her queenly station, or to regard compliance with the wishes of her neglectful husband as really conducive to her own peace of mind.

Who has not read concerning the assassination of Henry IV. by Ravallac, and the bitter grief which his death occasioned among all classes?

On the day succeeding his embalmment, and while as yet the royal corpse remained unveiled, his young son, a timid, trembling boy, whose pale and melancholy face was half concealed in a mourning hood, attended by his two young brothers, each grasping a fold of his heavy cloak, stood beside the coffin. Right and left, and immediately behind, waited the highest nobles in church and state; and scarcely had the young king performed the last religious duties which of right pertained to him, than the widowed queen advanced towards her children, clad in the deepest mourning, and having her head uncovered.

"Pray for me, my son!" she exclaimed, with streaming eyes, and a voice scarcely audible. "The stately tree has fallen, while the saplings are yet weak and frail. The mission of the mighty Henry is accomplished, and the weight of sovereignty is transferred to your brow. And you, also, my beloved ones," she continued, looking to her younger sons, "come nearer to me, and let us kneel beside the body of your august and lamented father."

Chroniclers state that tears coursed down many a stern visage; that the royal children relaxed their hold of their brother's mantle, and that the widowed mother, with her fatherless ones, sunk upon their knees, and continued for some time in profound silence, broken only by sobs, which seemed uncontrollable. Then came the last, long, and agonized look upon the face of him whom she had once loved with all the intensity of her nature, next the sprinkling of the body with consecrated water, and the reverent bending of his mother to her weeping son; another moment, and the queen withdrew with her train of ladies.

Years passed on, and pageants and splendid entertainments mingled with state affairs. Salutary edicts, bearing on the happiness of her people and the well-

bein
arre
unpa
were
gam
duel
Hun
in co
by J
proj
once
of he
rous
othe
equa
acte
state
ment
whos
were
appa
affair
stric
to re
even
to th
who
led
injus
Marc
prom
and
and f
this
the
whom
of th
woul
court
M
view
stern
of th
the a
up th
his o
she o
bitter
queen
Louis
tated
with
the e
conce
bent
her fa
bing
sciou
more,
the g
queen

being of society, were successively issued; arrears of taxes, which had remained unpaid during the previous eight years, were remitted by the queen mother; gaming academies were abolished, and duelling was put down with a high hand. Hundreds of workmen found employment in completing public edifices commenced by Henry IV., and many which he had projected; and by such acts the Regent at once evinced her respect for the memory of her husband, and gave bread to a numerous class of the community, who would otherwise have suffered deeply. With equal dignity and conscious rectitude acted the queenly regent in all affairs of state; yet not so wisely as regarded the mental education of her wayward son, whose conceptions of right and wrong were equally confused and unstable. His apparent incapacity to manage pecuniary affairs caused his allowance to be restricted; and hence it was that he began to regard his mother with indifference—even with dislike—and that he listened to the artful suggestions of De Luignes, who flattered his childish propensities, and led him by insensible degrees to acts of injustice and oppression. The murder of Maréchal d'Ancre, whom the queen had promoted to a place of the highest trust, and whose wife was her especial friend and foster-sister, was decided on; and to this succeeded the public execution of the Marchioness,—that gifted woman, whom a few days previously not a princess of the blood, nor a duchess of the realm, would have passed without a smile, or courtesy, or eager word.

Marie de Medicis implored an interview with the young king, but was sternly refused, although the footsteps of the stripling monarch were heard in the apartment of his mother, as he passed up the staircase past her door, or paced his own room immediately above the one she occupied. At length they met, and bitter tears were shed by the ill-fated queen; but when the cold, stern eyes of Louis were no longer fixed on her agitated countenance, and he turned away with a sullen bow, Marie gave vent to the emotion which she vainly sought to conceal. Nobles of the court successively bent before her, but she remained with her face buried in her handkerchief, sobbing bitterly, and apparently unconscious of their homage. A few moments more, and a crowd of ladies descended the great staircase, and accompanied the queen to the city gates; and right and

left of the cavalcade were collected an immense crowd, who looked on with mingled feelings of awe and commiseration. The procession might be termed a gorgeous one, for the widowed queen rode in a superb carriage, and for the princesses and noble ladies there was no lack of splendid equipages; but the lookers-on could not forget that such a spectacle seemed rather an insult than an homage. And piteous it was to contemplate the widowed queen, about to be exiled from her home to a secondary fortress. Low murmurs were heard on the quay of the Louvre, and stern countenances were seen lowering in all directions; but the king did not heed them. He looked gaily from the balcony of his mother's apartment, and when the last equipage had disappeared, he hastened back into the room, exclaiming to his attendants—

“Now, then, gentlemen, we start for Vincennes.”

Far more strange than the most eventful scenes of a shifting drama are the dissolving views in the life of Marie de Medicis. At one time an exile, or rather prisoner, in the fortress of Blois; at another invited by her son to return to Paris, where she obtained a share in the Government. Court intrigues, domestic incidents of joy or sorrow, and struggles for pre-eminence appear and disappear in the dim perspective of past ages; till at length three individuals stand forth in bold relief, surrounded with shadowy forms, prominent, or scarcely seen, but all and each performing some important part in the drama of their eventful history.

Wrapped in purple and fine linen, ever dreading the blade of the assassin and the pen of the satirist, insatiable in his love of wealth and power, appears Cardinal Richelieu, with fixed determination to undermine the influence of the queen mother over the mind of her weak and vacillating son. True it is that the king fears the cardinal as much as he dislikes him; but like a struggling bird upon whom the eye of a snake is fixed, he becomes every moment more unequal to extricate himself. Had the unhappy queen been permitted only a few hours of undisturbed communion with her son, she might have awakened even in his selfish bosom other and better feelings; she might have taught him to listen to the dictates of nature and of conscience; but no, the evil genius of Louis XIII. is ever present. Richelieu has even intruded into the private cabinet of the monarch, where the

queen mother lays before the king the base and ambitious conduct of the cardinal, and presses upon him the need of an immediate dismissal. The heavy drapery by which the door is veiled is pushed aside, and the sound of voices in earnest discourse falls upon his ear; he distinguishes those of the queen and his mother, and being unable to effect an entrance, as the door is barred, he proceeds along the corridor, till, having met with one of the waiting-women, he persuades her, by means of a heavy bribe, to admit him through a private entrance.

Louis is seated in a huge chair of crimson velvet, with a parchment scroll, containing the dismissal of the cardinal, spread before him: the pen is already in his hand, and on his right stands the queen, tears coursing each other down her cheeks, and trembling with excitement. The intruder well knows how to profit by the irresolution of the king, who at one moment listens to the indignant remonstrances of the queen; at another leans with pusillanimous weakness on the man who saves him the trouble of governing: till, suddenly arising, he starts off for Versailles, whither he is speedily followed by Richelieu.

The ruin of Marie is complete. He who gazes thoughtfully on old historic records, since the period of their first enrolment, may not see inscribed such a strange anomaly as that which is presented by the reigning monarch, Louis XIII., the queen mother, and Cardinal Richelieu. The first, feeling in his better moments all the enormity of his conduct towards his mother, now fast sinking beneath the weight of years and of suffering, but yet without sufficient energy to assert his kingly dignity, or to act rightly as a son; the second, the widow of Henry the Great, mother of the reigning monarch, and of the Queens of England and of Spain; the third, once an obscure priest, owing all his fortune to the noble-minded woman whom he seeks, with unprecedented baseness, to alienate from the affections of her son, in order to retain his own unprecedented power.

Richelieu triumphs, and Marie de Medicis is banished the realm. Long and weary are her wanderings, till, having rested for a brief space at Antwerp, she remains secluded in the house of Rubens—that prince of painters, who never ceased to remember the munificence with which the queen mother had rewarded his

transcendent talents in her day of power. Rubens kneels before her, and presses her thin hand reverently to his lips; the eyes of Marie brighten, and a faint flush rises on her wasted cheeks. For a time she forgets her desolate condition, and they converse together of days long past, when she delighted to embellish her beloved city; and when she summoned Rubens to the Luxembourg, where a magnificent series of paintings attested her munificence and his unrivalled talents.

Rubens charges himself with a letter from the queen mother to her son, when a stern answer banishes her from Antwerp, and commands that she shall abide at Cologne.

“You have no time to lose, Madam!” exclaimed the artist. “The spies of the Cardinal have tracked you hither, and you must quit without delay. Dare I to hope, that in this emergency your majesty will deign to occupy a house which I possess at Cologne until my return from Paris?”

Two carriages drive from the courtyard of the painter’s residence: the first, containing Marie de Medicis and two of her ladies, hastens towards Cologne; the other, occupied by Rubens, is on its way to Paris.

A gothic house in one of the most ancient and gloomy streets of Cologne received the ill-fated queen, and the apartment assigned for her use is the one where Rubens first saw the light. Up and down the old-fashioned apartment, with its high-backed leather chairs and antique ornaments, paces oftentimes the queen, with sanguine hopes of the ultimate success of Rubens; inspired by his well-known ability, and by reports which reach her concerning the rapidly-declining health of her bitter enemy the cardinal.

Unhappy queen! never again may you behold the generous-hearted Rubens. Through the machinations of Richelieu, he is constrained to visit Madrid, and becomes a temporary prisoner to its monarch; and thus are you deprived of the last friend on earth who has the courage to defend your cause.

The same old room in which Rubens first drew breath, within whose precincts the banished queen paced up and down, witnesses her last sighs. The sacrament is being administered, and tenderly does she embrace her weeping ladies and attendants, for a few cling to her fallen fortunes. Prayer is her sole occupation while life still lingers; and, mingled with

the p
spirit
bed
In a
move
is go
Wo
aband
look
lie th
Every
broke

PRA

SIR T
Epid
receiv
Truth
respe
“But
ledge
great
a per
and r
our b
For (c
men
do loc
of the
other
remov
which
troule
media
of the
remov
ceived
itself
festly
out o
On
which
is, wh
wisdo
of age
in our
scienc
legisl
moder
dom o
it fost
and o
Galile

the pious outpourings of her departing spirit, those who watch around her dying bed distinguish the name of her son. In a moment the lips of Marie cease to move, her breath suddenly fails, and she is gone.

Would that the unnatural son, who abandoned his mother to penury, could look into the old room at Cologne, where lie the remains of his august parent. Every article of furniture has been broken up for fuel, and the few sticks

which remain unburnt were reserved to prepare a scanty meal for the dying queen. All else is gone—not even a footstool is left; nought except the humble bed on which her last prayer was breathed. But it matters not; the career of the widowed queen is ended—fruitful indeed in misery; but we may humbly trust that the purpose for which her sorrows were permitted is fulfilled, and that the widow of Henry IV. rests in peace.

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

No. 14.—THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, in his *Pseudoxia Epidemica*, or, *Enquiries into very many received Tenets and commonly presumed Truths*, speaks thus of our immoderate respect for “venerable antiquity:”—“But the mortallest enemy unto knowledge, and that which hath done the greatest execution upon truth, hath been a peremptory adhesion unto authority, and more especially the establishing of our belief upon the dictates of antiquity. For (as every capacity may observe) most men of ages present, so superstitiously do look on ages past, that the authorities of the one do exceed the reasons of the other. Whose persons indeed being farre removed from our times, their works, which seldome with us passe uncontrouled, either by contemporaries or immediate successors, are now become out of the distance of envies: and the farther removed from present times, are conceived to approach the nearer unto truth itself. Now, hereby, methinks we manifestly delude ourselves, and widely walk out of the track of truth.”

One of the most mischievous forms which this reverence for authority assumes is, when what we are pleased to call “the wisdom of our ancestors,” “the wisdom of ages,” “venerable antiquity,” is thrown in our teeth to prevent any discovery in science or in art, in philosophy or in legislation, from being adopted by us in modern times. This phrase, “the wisdom of our ancestors,” and the prejudices it fosters, has sent some men to the stake, and others to the dungeon: it brought on Galileo the vengeance of the Inquisition;

it called Harvey a dreamer, and Jenner an innovator; it mocked at Adam Smith, and sneered at Bentham; but the very phrase itself contains a fallacy as false as it is mischievous. To speak of the early days of the world as its old days, is the same as if in speaking of an individual man we were to dilate on the venerable antiquity of his babyhood, and yield with deference to his wisdom while yet in long-clothes and the full enjoyment of the pap-spoon. What is called “venerable antiquity” was, in truth, the young days of the world; the days of its inexperience and ignorance, full of error and credulity. We, in this present age, are far older than they; more experienced, less credulous. We possess not only such knowledge and experience as our ancestors possessed, but also the accumulated knowledge and experience of all thinkers from the very earliest ages of the world. Whatever advance in human thought or in human knowledge any individual man of past times has made, has come down to us. Whatever errors the ignorance or credulity of past times has fostered, are gradually disappearing before an older experience. The facts of the past times are valuable, the more valuable often, as teaching us what to avoid. The opinions of the past ages are frequently worthless, from the insufficiency of the facts upon which those opinions were founded. To apply those opinions to events of the present time, would be like pronouncing judgment without evidence: for the circumstances under which the opinion was formed, the habits of life, the wants and

requirements of the age, are totally different and distinct from what they are when the opinion is to be acted on; and to prefer the "wisdom of our ancestors" to the knowledge of the present day, is wilfully to close our eyes against evidence, to shut out that which is complete and efficient, and to adopt that which is vague, imperfect, and null.

If the "wisdom of our ancestors" is implicitly to be relied on, to what age of the world would they refer us for perfect wisdom? Would it be enough, or too far, to go back to the times of the Ancient Britons? Would they wish us to dwell in wattled huts, and walk about with painted bodies and skin coats? Would they have us change our steam-boats for coracles, and our locomotives for war-chariots? Would they convert our Bishops into Druids—and send out the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a golden knife, to cut the sacred mistletoe; and the Bishop of Exeter to preside over the human sacrifice? Yet such was the "wisdom of our ancestors" in those days.—But, perhaps, as the "laudatores temporis acti," the great upholders of the "wisdom of our ancestors," are deeply enamoured of feudalism and its accompaniments, they may wish to stop at that period, ignore all its antecedents, and find true wisdom in the mail-clad knights whose pen was the pommel of their sword, who were innocent of all learning; when every house was a fortress, where "power dwelt amidst its passions;" when force was the sole guarantee for safety; when superstition, credulity, and ignorance filled the land; when the nobles were highwaymen and the people were slaves. This period seems to have been thought, by many of our writers, the golden age of England, venerable from its antiquity, wise beyond all comparison, and not only wise, but merry; for to those days we are constantly sent back when they would impress us with a notion of "merrie England." But let us look for a minute at the means of acquiring wisdom which existed even long after the time of the knights, when feudalism was drawing to its close, and printing was beginning to scatter the seeds of information about the world. A few meagre chronicles, the songs and romances of the troubadours, comprised almost entirely the literary food of the people. The *Nuremberg Chronicle* contains all that was then known of the history and geography of the world; and there we are told of

sundry races of men then inhabiting the world, some with the horns and hoofs of goats; others with the heads of dogs, whose language is a perpetual bark; some with four eyes, others with but one, and that, like the Cyclops, in the middle of their forehead; others again with no heads, or rather, as Shakspeare has it, "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," the eyes being in the shoulders, and the nose and mouth in the breast; others again have necks as long as swans, with the beak of an eagle in the place of a mouth, and a nose like Lord Brougham's above it. Then some have a mouth so small that they are obliged to suck in all their nutriment through a reed; while others have the upper lip so large that it covers all their face like a screen. Others again have only one leg, and a foot so enormous in size, that they stick it up in the air like an umbrella, and go to sleep under its shade, and are withal so swift with this one foot, that they easily run down the fleetest animal of the forest. Others wrap themselves up in their own ears, which are drawn in shape like those of a lop-eared rabbit, only large enough to cover the whole body of a man. Some had six hands, others six fingers, and others eight toes: all kinds of monstrosities are figured as representing the inhabitants of different parts of the earth; centaurs and pigmies are about the least outrageous of these conceptions, while the battle of the Pigmies and the Cranes is accepted as true history. And in the earliest travels that we have, the travellers confirm all these stories; there is not one of the monstrosities of the *Nuremberg Chronicle* that is not confirmed by Sir John Mandeville, a learned knight and physician, who spent thirty-four years in travelling through foreign lands. In fact, they all of them take the old stories of Pliny, and repeat them without examination.

The description of the hippopotamus, from Sir J. Mandeville, will give us some idea of the manner in which the "wisdom of our ancestors" looked at nature. "In that contree ben many *Ipotanes*, that dwellen sometye in the Watre, and sometye on the Lond: and thei ben half Man and half Hors, as I have sed before; and thei eten men whan thei may take hem." But it is not to the human and the animal creation alone that these wonders are confined: Sir John Mandeville on his own experience gives us an account of the Well of Youth, which he

tells
wate
"
fayr
odou
ever
odou
dry
Wat
man
And
ofte
ness
have
(tim
bett
Wel
ofte
zon
men
Par
Sir
in l
Cru
chiv
the
mos
ceiv
trav
form
"w
to v
upo
I
the
ther
stir
glor
Pro
the
or t
wh
sat
prin
cau
did
the
the
the
fine
cest
lust
dim
una
of
look
con
wh
esti
hob
con

tells us he visited and drank of its waters.

"And at the foot of that Mount, is a fayr Welle and a gret that hathe the odour and savour of alle Spices; and at every hour of the day, he chaungethe his odour and savour dyversely. And whoso drynkethe three tymes fasting of that Watre of that Welle, he is hool of all manner of Sycknesse that he hathe. And thei that dwellen there and drynken often of that Welle, thei never hav Sikness, and thei semen alle weys zonge. I have dronken there of three or four sithes (times); and zit methinkethe, I fare the better. Sum men clepen (call) it the Welle of Zouth (youth); for thei that often drynken there of, semen alle weys zongly and lyzen without Sykness. And men seyn that that Welle cometh out of Paradys, and therefore it is so vertuous." Sir J. Mandeville set out on his travels in 1322, not long after the close of the Crusades, when the gallant knights of chivalry were in their full vigour. From the nature of the stories which one of the most learned of their body, who had received all the advantages of foreign travel, has handed down to us, we may form a tolerably accurate opinion on the "wisdom of our ancestors" in those days, to which we are now so continually called upon to do homage.

If they will not go back quite so far as the feudal times, perhaps they might find their days of perfect wisdom in the stirring times of "bluff King Hal"—the glorious days of fire and faggot, when Protestant and Catholic were burnt at the same stake for deviating on one side or the other from the king's rule of faith; when queens' heads were not adhesive, but sat uneasily upon their shoulders; and princesses refused to become queens because they had only one neck, which they did not like to trust within the reach of the most amatory of kings. Or, perhaps, they might deem the awakening light of the reign of "good Queen Bess" the finest sample of the "wisdom of our ancestors," when many bright spirits shed a lustre around which has descended undiminished to our days, but which was unable to penetrate the dense blackness of those times—when Shakespere was looked upon as a deer-stealer, and Spenser condemned "in sueing long to bide"—when bear-baiting was held in higher estimation than the noblest poetry, and hobby-horses and tomfoolery were not confined to the Lord Mayor's day—when

queens rode in state upon a pillion, and maids-of-honour breakfasted upon salt beef and strong beer. Or, let us come down to the next reign, after Bacon had propounded the foundations of modern philosophy, and see the learned monarch of those times—the Solomon of his age—disputing on his two favourite themes of kingcraft and witchcraft; one moment laying down maxims for despotic rule, and the next teaching us how to discover a witch: one moment maundering over the divine right of kings, and the next drivelling over the eternal rule of dæmons. Under his sway old women by scores and hundreds were hanged, and burned, and drowned for riding through the air on broomsticks, whisking up chimneys, tormenting cattle, and giving fits to children. And even so lately as the reign of Charles the Second we find that very learned judge Sir Matthew Hale, giving as a reason for believing in the existence of witches, the very fallacy that we have placed at the head of this article. "The wisdom of all nations had provided laws against all such persons, which is an argument of their confidence of such a crime." Laws and punishments, judges and juries, priests and exorcists, could not banish witchcraft from the thoughts and opinions of our wise ancestors; but in these modern times a few drops of printer's ink have sunk the whole brood into the Red Sea, never to rise again until an ignorance as dark as the "wisdom of our ancestors" shall spread itself over the earth.

By the "wisdom of our ancestors" credit was given to the existence of witchcraft, sorcerers, and ghosts, and judicial decisions were grounded on evidence attesting or supposing the existence of such facts. We have many stories relating the appearance of ghosts in courts of justice, which of course no one believes; but we have many trials in which the witnesses depose to facts which they allege they have received from apparitions. In 1754, Duncan Terig, *alias* Clerk, and Alexander Bane Macdonald, were tried for the murder of Arthur Davis, sergeant in General Guise's regiment. The principal witness against the prisoners was a Highlander, who gave a distinct narrative of the appearance of the sergeant's ghost, which gave a very lucid account of the murder, and described the spot where the body was concealed. The jury did not convict on this testimony, for although they might have believed in the ghost, they could not reconcile themselves to

this discrepancy, that the ghost of the sergeant, who had known no Gaelic in his lifetime, was obliged to use that language to be intelligible to the witness! Even so lately as 1832, we have evidence given in a trial, in the Highlands of Scotland, founded on a dream. A pedlar had been murdered, and his pack concealed. An individual took the officers of justice to a spot where he said a voice had told him in a dream, in Gaelic, that the pack would be found; and it was there discovered accordingly. Suspicion was naturally roused against the witness, but all attempts to discover the real ground of his knowledge were baffled. The accused was found guilty and executed. The last two examples of this kind of evidence are found in the most remote and ignorant part of Scotland. To use the language of Mr. Bentham, we may say, "In effect, remote times are virtually present to us in remote places. The different generations of mankind, at their different stages of civilisation, are at once present to our eyes. We may view our ancestors in our antipodes. In Japan sorcerers are still seen riding in the clouds. In Negroland witchcraft is even now the most common of all crimes. Half a century is scarce past since Hungary has been cleared of vampires. Wherever the ignorance is deepest, there we may see the reflex of the "wisdom of our ancestors."

Sir Thomas Browne, in the folio volume which we quoted at the beginning of this paper, published in the time of the Commonwealth, brought an immense mass of learning to bear on many vulgar errors which had passed for truth in the "wisdom of his ancestors;" and he gravely combats the opinions "that the sun danceth on Easter-day," that "crystal is nothing else but ice strongly con-

gealed," that "a diamond is made soft or broke by the blood of a goat;" together with many others of like nature. The errors which Sir Thomas Browne exposed were for the most part physical and superstitious. The whole tribe of these might have been greatly increased, but these have long since disappeared: observation and science have so fully disclosed that the "wisdom of our ancestors" on these points was mere folly, that no one now-a-days sends us back to that wisdom for instruction. Authority and antiquity have yielded to reason and experience. "By no gentleman, honourable or right honourable, are we sent at this time of day to the 'wisdom of our ancestors' for the best mode of marshalling armies, navigating ships, or attacking or defending towns; for the best modes of cultivating and improving land, and preparing and preserving its products for the purposes of food, clothing, artificial light and heat; for the promptest and most commodious means of conveyance of ourselves and goods from one portion of the earth's surface to another; for the best modes of curing, alleviating, or preventing disorders in our own bodies, and those of the animals which we contrive to apply to our use."

In all matters of physical science the fallacy has been exploded. It is only when we come to matters of legislation that we find grave men gravely affirming that such and such an improvement must not be made because "the wisdom of our ancestors" had decided against it—because it was unknown to "venerable antiquity,"—because "the authority of the past" was opposed to it. They cast aside the unquestionable maxim, that reason and not authority should decide the judgment.

FLORENCE DE ROHAN,

A FRAGMENT FROM THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.

Of the many dark events in connexion with Napoleon's wonderful career, there is none on which the historian has so often been called to ponder as that of the death of the Duke d'Enghien.

The death of the Duke d'Enghien was as undeserved as it was sudden and violent; the most subtle ingenuity has been continually baffled in the endeavour to provide for this act a solution that may not conflict with the most boundless admiration for the hero. The common judgment of mankind, which seldom for any length of time can err, has finally referred the most efficient cause of this deed to Napoleon's fear that the duke might ultimately thwart his imperial projects. The connexion that the life of the duke had with Napoleon's fortunes, Napoleon himself best could tell.

We will trace in outline the historical position of the event before bringing into view, and into as orderly arrangement as possible, its concurrent incidents and circumstances. We can do no more: these incidents, these circumstances, can by no possibility be *blent*—they possess neither unity nor fitness. The unchecked development of a wicked and powerful heart, like the flowing of a heated volcano, can make only waste and desolation; all that is good it isolates. Yet is its work not wholly uninteresting; affection, love, devotion, lifted high above its power, resembling in this the scattered stars of verdure on the pale steep of Etna, bloom on it with an almost unearthly beauty—the preachers of mortal constancy and of spiritual immortality. Alas! as we gaze the stems are scorched, the flowers fall, their fragrance ascends to heaven, and their dust is scattered!

The time of the mournful tragedy which constitutes this fragment was when France, by the success of her arms, was executing plans unprecedented in their character. The magnitude, together with the atrociousness of the deed, may be estimated by the fact that though Europe at the period of its occurrence had become inured to scenes of blood, and could hear without emotion of armies being swept away in fewer days than had been required to collect and equip them, yet, limited almost personally as it was, it sent a thrill of horror through all the veins of European

society, and effected a revulsion of feeling that has no parallel in the moral annals of mankind.

In this issue it was that Napoleon's character shone out boldly and confessedly as the enemy of mankind. The steel-written declaration that no innocence, no rank, no sanctity could render life inviolable, dismayed even the most active promoters of the revolution, who till now had imagined that the French nation had recovered at last the long-lost right of freedom; and that the system of government, framed according to their wishes, was surely tending to secure their happiness.

The tale of sorrow now to be opened out cannot, therefore, want a background—a background, the sombre hue of which is only illuminated by the startled enthusiasm of those who could offer to Napoleon the highest worship that man can give his fellow; those with whom—and it is no rare creed—

“One murder makes a villain,
Millions a hero!”

Just within the boundary-line of Austria—whose populous and fertile provinces had excited at once the envy and jealousy of Napoleon—and on a sloping plain, hemmed in by wooded plantations and dotted by a few straggling cottages, he and his great army halted, immediately after engagement in one of the most brilliant battles that history has recorded. Brilliant, but inglorious! Austria had presented a noble though useless opposition. The French army, inspired by an almost supernatural excitement, and aided by local circumstances, had fully evinced its own superiority. There was an advantage of another kind on which Napoleon had well and safely calculated: the dominions of the house of Austria being unconnectedly situated, a long time was necessary for the march of Austrian levies from one extremity of the empire to another. These battalions, too, being composed of a variety of nations, differing in manner and opposed in interest, it was frequently as difficult a matter to unite as to collect them. The resources of France, on the contrary, were immediately at hand; its soldiers were united in one compact body, so closely concentrated as to admit of no embarrassment. As it was, the

genius of Napoleon was adjudged to have won the day; and from all the clamour and confusion common to a noisy and reckless army there arose from this place of encampment, clear and distinct, those ascriptions of praise on which Napoleon was wont to set so high a value.

It was evening as the division sent in pursuit of straggling parties of the enemy drew itself up above the base of the broad hill. As twilight deepened, the battlefield close by faded gradually from every eye, till the lighted camp-fires brought portions into view, tenfold more horrible by the heavy crimson mist that hung around the flames, now made fantastic by sudden and furious gusts of wind. The officers of the army, elated by a success that promised a speedy advancement in their respective ranks, had relaxed a good deal of their usual discipline, the extreme severity of which was, perhaps, the only expressed cause of discontent on the part of Napoleon's soldiers—soldiers who followed him with a half-inspired devotion, ready at any moment to sacrifice life, if they might enhance his fame.

As though fierce passion in all its varieties had been completely expended, the merry flow of mirth was to be heard in every division of the camp. The men, assembled in little bands, drank heartily to the health of their comrades. As night wore on, the best and idlest tales were told—the most wonderful feats were alluded to, each recital being occasionally heightened by a few fictitious touches; while all the meritorious deeds of the dead—who, alas! could never contradict them—were credited to their own individual selves. It was no time for those gentle thoughts which no deeds of blood can ever effectually eradicate from the human heart, and which, however pressed down, will yet always bloom again, giving to the oppressed a respite, and to the tyrant a season for repentance. Now and then a few of the loquacious and excited multitude would look sad and grave, rather perhaps from the undefined apprehension of retribution than from the workings of remorse. Each one needed rest; scarce one but felt too excited to wish repose. One regiment after another, however, dropped down exhausted, yet not to sleep; for from where they lay were heard wide-awake expressions—the language of men wholly wrought upon by their inflamed senses. The officers of the army took good care to ensconce themselves in the private dwellings which happened to be situated

at convenient distances on the slope. The best one of these was of course reserved for their commander.

We have little to do with the external aspect of the French commander's headquarters. It was simply a pile of stone, of no describable shape or form, but bearing marks of age in the ivy that clung about it. Its inhabitants had fled the previous night, and probably were not so much as thought of in this summary action of possession. The light in the second storey flashed down on two sentinels engaged in the mechanical operation of pacing to and fro as guardians of the hallowed precincts. The interior of that apartment, only made noticeable by the presence of its transient guest, exhibited an extreme paucity of furniture—furniture, however, a memento of better and richer times.

A high mantelpiece, rudely carved, extended over a fire made up of every burnable material that could be laid hold of. The flames of this fire employed themselves in multiplying the shadows of three antique chairs; while, on an oaken table, a lamp burned with a quiet and contented air, despite the gambols of the shadows on the floor and on the walls. Close by sat Napoleon, dictating a series of despatches to his private secretary—a task that was no sooner got through than the secretary was dismissed. Napoleon, now rising up, threw off the greater part of his military dress, and commenced pacing up and down this large chamber with a restless and unsatisfied air—a mood to be remarked in a man whose placidity the most alarming incidents could hardly ruffle. At intervals his hand passed rapidly over his brow, his lips were compressed, his countenance lost its meaning, and his eyes their animation.

It was at this time that one of his marshals, *sans ceremonie*, entered the apartment, and referred to the advantages sure to recur from the late conflict. His companion, with that ready command of thought that he possessed in so wonderful a degree, entered warmly into topics as diverse from his former meditations as possible. His remarks went to show how long he had resolved the conquest of Austria in his mind, and with how clear a foresight he had formed his plans of policy respecting it. It was thus an hour passed away, and the visit terminated with mutual expressions of satisfaction. On the comparison of opinions, both had satisfied themselves that, though the territories

of Austria were disadvantageously situated in respect to foreign trade, its robust and hardy population would enable France to levy numerous armies, on which they might depend for conquest, whenever the enthusiasm that characterised the French nation should by any accident subside.

Truly, there was that which lay heavy on Napoleon's heart, for no sooner had the door of his apartment closed than his broad chest heaved like the motion of the sea at the approach of storms; his eyes, too, resumed their former dulness. Ah! had he felt for those who lay stiffened in death beneath the open sky, this might well have been. No; only of himself thought Napoleon, and of his destiny. He remembered that no purple robes had yet fallen on his shoulders; he had not yet touched the diadem he coveted, and had pressed but the lower steps of that throne which he afterwards ascended. Had his final greatness been clear that night, with all its sequence of unutterable misery, the prospect might well have tortured him. It was not so; and yet his limbs shook at intervals, whilst, apparently unconscious of the act, he would take up and throw down the military cap that he had worn during the day, and continually loosen and refasten the button of his grey surtout. These incidents are not wanting in significancy, for Napoleon was wont to assume on almost all occasions a reposeful manner. His present mood, if like the inroad of a sullen tide over golden sands, like a tide went as quickly down, giving way to that rejoicing expression which feeds on bright anticipation. A disposition to cheerfulness was scarce ever absent from Napoleon, and when his career as conqueror of nations for ever terminated, his buoyant mind brought round him at fitful seasons, in strengthening splendour, the charmed imaginings of youthful days. With such a man was cheerfulness to be wondered at on the eve of a victory that made more tangible the object of his ambition? The wildest aspirations that can enter a mortal heart were about being fulfilled; France would recognise him as her most successful general; and what was more, his sagacity and intelligence had enabled him to estimate the extent of his power.

Hitherto France had exhibited the unpromising spectacle of a nation divided into a number of discordant factions; its military force in a disorganised state, without an army capable of looking the enemy in the face, and without any general

in whom the nation could place confidence. The armies of the confederates at the same time were numerous and well disciplined, flushed by expectation, and encouraged by the most probable appearance of success—a condition met by defeat and disaster. As a statesman, Napoleon had reason to feel proud; for not only did he perceive the most successful method of subjugating mankind, but knew himself able to prepossess their minds in favour of any yoke he chose to impose. He had adopted a matchless system of proselytism, and one most easy to carry out. The minds of all classes in France had been put in a state of delusion from visionary theories, or become corrupted by the expectation of advancing their private interests in the bustle of innovation, and amidst the vicissitudes of political confusion. Austria had always been able to present a formidable front, affording an apparently insurmountable obstacle to the extension of French dominion and power in that quarter. Napoleon remembered this and rejoiced; and, as he pondered in that empty room, he inwardly determined to assume a more dictatorial tone. He could not forbear from picturing his next return to France—to that people whose interests had now become identified with his own. It was no *dream*; but again a shadow fell over the beaming pathway. His step became less rapid, and at intervals he gave utterance to sentences abrupt, impassioned, but almost meaningless. A calm and quiet gravity succeeded; and, seating himself upon a chair, he fixed his eyes on the fire, which an attendant, who had just entered the apartment, was piling up. In a short while, and probably without intention, he bent over the outspread map that lay on the table at his side; but, strangely enough, a roll of parchment rolled down upon it: the sight did not please Napoleon, and again he relapsed into his former listless mood. That parchment was the undespached order for the immediate execution of the Duke d'Enghien, and lay here awaiting his signature. God alone knows the unbidden thoughts that pressed round Napoleon during that inward conflict of conscience with the darkest passions. A moment more, and smiles of mockery were traced on his stern features, as if at his own imagined weakness. Napoleon was forgetful that his hesitation sprung from the very humanity of the nature that he wore, vindicating itself, despoiled and dimmed in glory as it was.

"This must not be!" he exclaimed, at length; "time flies, and —. Why do I hesitate? Let this man be weighed against the millions that have perished, and what is his worth?"

In an instant more the scroll was opened, but ere the pen could touch the document a loud challenge of the guards without arrested his attention.

"A friend," was the reply.

At that late hour the rejoinder was perfectly audible to Napoleon, who, glad of interruption, rose from his chair and walked towards the window. It was a night as beautiful with moon and stars as ever blessed the earth. His quick sight detected a lady, together with two attendants. The appearance of the three strangers he could not but regard as somewhat curious; the circumstance, at least, was sufficiently surprising to raise many a head from its uneasy pillow, and fix many a roving eye that fain would have caught a glimpse of the intruders. Napoleon, at a loss to understand the object of the visit, stood motionless, until an aide-de-camp opened the door of the chamber to request permission, on behalf of the visitant, for an interview.

Napoleon directed the immediate admission of the applicant.

In a few moments a lady arrayed in deep mourning was ushered in. Her dress was evidently assumed for disguise, and the observant general discovered at a glance — what indeed no disguise could conceal — that she was of rank and station. The first sensation of the stranger, on finding herself in the presence of Napoleon and his aide, appeared to be that of shrinking delicacy; but, quickly recovering her accustomed air of quiet dignity, she took an offered seat near the fire. After a most embarrassing pause, Napoleon abruptly broke the silence.

"To what, madam, am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"General Bonaparte," was the reply, in a voice sweetly clear, "I wish to speak to you in private for a few moments."

"We will retire," said Dupont, with courtesy.

As the last footsteps of the officer became inaudible the lady threw aside her cloak and hood, which had effectually concealed her features. Her companion started in amazement; he could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses when he saw before him the lady with whom the Duke d'Enghien was known to have exchanged vows of affection, the consum-

mation of which had been suspended by the duke's untimely arrest. Napoleon's ultimate design had plainly been anticipated. To conceal a momentary surprise the perturbed warrior crossed the room and closed the door, which was still ajar. Returning to his seat, he said coldly:—

"I know not whether to censure or admire the energy that has led the daughter of a Bourbon to enter my camp at this unseasonable time, although not unaware of the motives by which you may seek to justify this act."

The intruder instantly rose from her chair, dismayed at these sarcastic tones, so foreign to human feeling and sympathy. Astonishment seemed to grow upon her, till she looked more like a beautiful statue than a living being. As she sank down, her face buried in her hands, tears—those most eloquent of witnesses to the heart's sorrow—flowed abundantly; but quickly recovering that dignity which never long forsakes a noble woman, she replied:—

"It is not necessary to tell General Bonaparte that no trifling errand would tempt me to such a venturesome act." The speaker hesitated, and with difficulty added:—"I believe that my person is known to you."

"Undoubtedly," returned Napoleon, who had the faculty of remembering all whom he had once seen; "you are the betrothed bride of the Duke d'Enghien."

"If, then, you know of my engagement, you will at once acknowledge strong cause for my interest in his welfare. There was a time when I should have shrunk as from death from such an avowal, but now I hesitate not to own my love for him."

A quick and restless motion of the man whom she confronted followed this appeal, and she looked into his face as if to gather some sign of mercy. Rigid as ever were those features, and yet she was speaking to one who held in his hands the destiny of her lover—whose one word could restore him from the gloom of a prison to the liberty of life!

"The Duke d'Enghien," replied Napoleon, "is my prisoner, under the charge of the heavy crime of treason. He has incurred its penalty by acting as spy of the enemies of France."

This was not without its effect upon the listener. She exclaimed:—

"This charge is false! Could I forget my position and my sex for one so unworthy of his country's regard? But even if he has erred, give him the advantage of a fair trial."

Napoleon's eye rested with a gentler expression upon her glowing face.

"The Duke d'Enghien," he replied, "ought indeed to value an affection which can dare all things, but I cannot allow it to interfere with my duty to my country."

She grew paler as she whispered, with an earnestness that rendered the soft tones of her voice doubly impressive—

"I have come here to learn the truth, General Bonaparte, and it would be cruel in you to conceal your intention."

Napoleon gazed on the feminine loveliness of the beautiful creature before him, and at the suspended animation on her countenance; but the beholding her had no influence to turn him from his firm purpose, for he said coldly:—

"I shall not conceal anything. I will allow that you possess the fullest right to learn everything connected with one so nearly related. His is no ordinary crime, mademoiselle; but it becomes my painful duty——"

He paused.

"Proceed!" cried the excited girl, nearly ceasing to breathe in the intensity of her interest.

Napoleon, without trusting himself to any utterance, drew forth the death-warrant, and placed it in her hands. She took it with a sort of charmed submission; but the instant her eye fell on the engrossing, formulary words, an absorbing curiosity concentrated every feeling. The reader read the roll a second time, from the first to the last letter, before it produced any clear impression on her mind. She could not bring home to herself the possibility that her lover was immediately to be consigned to death. There must be some mistake, she thought; it could not be that he to whom she had united every thought of earthly happiness was thus to die. This was truly a happy doubt, but for which the shock of that sudden blow might have proved fatal. When she had a third time read the scroll, her looks turned eagerly to her companion, anxious to detect signs of mercy in his countenance. But Napoleon's intention was too plain to be long misunderstood; and when by degrees this painful dream became a conviction, her whole frame seemed giving way. Yet she continued in full consciousness; the very imminence of the danger endued her with strength to embrace it in its most disheartening aspects; and as she closed her eyes, and leaned back wearily in the chair, she tried to collect some sustaining con-

sideration; but, no! her lover's death appeared inevitable.

As Napoleon stood watching her in silence, she suddenly raised herself from her posture of grief, and in a voice so low that her lips scarcely moved with the utterance, she whispered—"General Bonaparte, you have doomed an innocent man to die—to die without guilt. Yes," she added, with a look of touching anguish, "you have destroyed my last hope! and yet—oh! what is this strange impulse of prophecy!—an inward voice whispers to me that, as surely as I shall see perish from before my eyes all that I love on earth, for want of a fellow-being's mercy, so will it be with you!"

The speaker paused; her feelings, excited as they were, could sustain her physical frame no longer; and before Napoleon could reply, she became insensible. On recovery from her swoon, she was seated in a chair, her dress damp with the water that had been sprinkled in her face; and in that moment of illusion she fondly trusted that the impression on her mind had been all a dream. The sight of Napoleon, who still supported her, dispelled the fancy; and instantly withdrawing herself from his encircling arms, she walked to the door, descended the solitary stairway, and recrossed the threshold.

The sentinels dropped their arms and interchanged expressive glances, as if seeking in the countenances of each other some solution of the interview. Several officers, with an air of the deepest respect, pressed forward to accompany the mysterious stranger to the extremity of the camp.

Napoleon, after her abrupt and sudden departure, turned with a look of chagrin towards the yet unsigned death-warrant, and again his gaze recoiled quickly, with the air of one not sufficiently at ease to feel any desire for repose. For an hour he did no more than watch the motions of his time-piece—motions that increased, in place of lessening, his own impatience. Once more he sought employment for his mind in looking on the lifeless moon—pale and sorrowful as the face he had just seen—moving in the tranquil heavens, without voice or sound to soothe his troubled spirit. As he pursued the current of his thoughts, he became himself appalled at his meditated purpose, and a virtuous indignation was about frustrating the intention, when his ambition once more sprung up to cancel the resolution.

The master of armies took up the fatal document for the third time—reperused it this time with less reflection. Seizing his pen, and thrusting open the recoiling parchment, he wrote—*Napoleon*—and all was over! All over? Nay, not so! The cloud of doom rose in that moment unperceived, and began to overshadow him. He felt, scarce knowing it, a sad regret at the quick departure of the midnight visitor, who, at the eleventh hour, had preached to him repentance. What, if the prophecy should be fulfilled! the prophecy of his fall from that towering height to which arms were pledged to raise him! It was a solemn and a gloomy thought.

* * * *

The last shades of night were fading, when orders were issued to the army to put itself again in motion. As the soldiers sprang from their brief rest, and cast looks towards the scene of their late warfare, they uttered the most extravagant expressions of delight. The very horrors of that warfare had made every heart more sensible to the quiet loveliness of nature, exhibiting—how truly—that the fiercest passions cannot entirely efface the heart's tenderest sentiments. Forests, valleys, and gushing streamlets were lit up by the rising sun; a warm southern wind blew sweetly over, and the sky above bore only those light, fleecy clouds that sweep in the higher altitudes. Though the eventful night was long since over, and, in the memory of the roving legions, was no more than a recollection, the dark act which ere this had consigned a living being to the grave, still darkened one spirit with an aspect of malignity. The bugle sounded shrill and clear, inspiring a spirit of exultation in every soldier's breast; but without the camp, far away, was one who could never hope again.

An hour after the orders had been given, every piece of artillery, every baggage-waggon, was in motion. The straggling houses on the slope, and the hamlets that dotted the vast surrounding plains, were once more left to their old sweet quiet; and the reassured villagers, now creeping from their hiding-places, felt the joy of the condemned on receiving a sudden reprieve.

During the march now commenced, the officers of Napoleon made various attempts to introduce to his attention the subject of the last night's adventure, little deeming how gladly he would have forgotten it. A severe reproof was the only

answer to these vain endeavours, so that all expressions of curiosity were very readily suppressed, under fear of exciting his displeasure.

Through all Europe, and along the peopled borders of Asia, flew the tidings that Napoleon, the Lieutenant, the General, the Consul, was to receive as his gift—the crown of France. Yet so great had been the slaughter, so many the hearths endangered or bereft, as seriously to check that hilarity which a triumph scarce ever fails to excite in a victorious nation. Through blood Napoleon had marched onward to the goal of his ambition; and the evening of the 2nd of December found him Emperor of France. In spite of the distresses of war, the common people had by this time been in a great measure restored to former comfort; and, sharing in one common and united hope, they enjoyed heartily the day of pomp, the like of which had not been witnessed since the time of Charlemagne. Every public place was crowded with the gay Parisians, while shouts of *Vive Napoleon!* in every direction rent the air. From the suburbs of Paris to the waters of the Seine, snatches of popular songs were constantly mingling in the shouts of the gay revelers. But not alone for Paris was this time eventful; the country from every nook poured in her artisans and labourers, to pay homage to the meteor which blazed so brightly. Yes; the lofty pinnacle was won. That day witnessed ambassadors from every city in Europe, bearing tokens of favour and distinction.

As night drew on, the interior of the palace of the Tuileries became illumined with a splendour which made every stone of that magnificent and ancient pile, and every slate of the high-slanting roof, clear to the shining multitudes who thronged the gardens round. In their midst, breast-high in foliage, and canopied by rustling boughs, rose the white marble forms that Italy had loved; while towards the Elysian Fields, the bright watery columns of a fountain sustained themselves almost as tranquilly. Beneath the central arch, and at the foot of the grand staircase leading to the reception-rooms, stern sentinels were stationed; these, however, challenged none. So there went up whoever listed—the young to see something new; the old to revive their faded dreams of royalty, both alike feverish with an undefined expectancy. It seemed as though all the world that night would welcome its oppressor.

Surrounded by his brave marshals—a chief amidst chiefs—Napoleon suffered group after group to gather before him, reading by short and piercing glances the character of each individual, and with a wonderful aptitude suiting his words to the capacities of whomsoever he addressed. Early in the evening he withdrew; yet not till a triumphant shout had risen from the dense mass that still heaved, billow-like, without—a shout taken up and repeated over and over by thousands yet beyond.

Napoleon, satiated with the glories of the day, repaired at an early hour to his own room—not, however, to rest. When midnight came, he was still sitting pensive and alone. He noted not that the illumination was fading away—that activity and merriment were being changed to silence and forgetfulness.

The room he occupied was furnished in a style that, if not suitable to a soldier, or remarkably adapted for the president of a republic, was at least worthy of an emperor. To look on Napoleon himself, his visage was strikingly altered since the midnight interview with the betrothed of his murdered victim; the lines about his mouth were deeper, and constant exposure to unkindly climates had darkened his complexion. His pallid features told not only of months of hardship, but nights of wakefulness. The proportions of his frame, too, were enlarged. These outward changes had been observed by the least observing; but the most shrewd could have detected more than one cause—incessant labours and watching—for so striking a change. The posthumous journals of Napoleon discover the fact, that recollections which had lain torpid under the excitement of successive triumphs, now sprang up within him with severe fidelity. Each particular event in his life seemed, with wonderful distinctness, to stride forward into the present.

He remembered, as it were but yesterday, the joyous season of his youth; the fostering hands which caressed him, the nursery on the floor of which he had once so demurely played. Again he sat within the charmed circle of youthful hearts, and heard merry voices and noisy laughter, or stood hand in hand with loved companions. His mother, too, appeared to rise out of the grave, like one who had not seen corruption, and to pass before him in all the beauty and sanctity of love. The innocent passion, the guileless serenity of

those days, seemed revived. Prattling voices, and the voices of the wind, the vision of green fields, and the fragrance of fresh flowers, came over him; and then, *suddenly*, the whole scene died off, and wretchedness was in their stead.

What, after all, had power and fame brought him? Nothing but inquietude.

In bitterness of heart he started up, and paced the room with hurried steps. As he did this, the very atmosphere seemed to teem with unnatural life. A mist came gradually up, and a thousand living shapes were in it. He saw forms and faces that he knew were amidst the dead, and heard the moans of the dying, and the supplications of the lost. His eye wandered round with a vague gaze, as if following some imaginary form. Amidst those dreadful gazers was the noble victim to his late revenge, the Duke d'Enghien, in the pangs of dissolution. In vain he willed the apparition to be gone; there it was, and would abide—its sad, reproachful look growing more reproachful still.

Napoleon now resorted to the excitement of stimulants to support his spirits. Approaching a side-table, he filled a goblet with the sparkling fluid, and swallowed its contents. When in the act of replacing the glass, a distant clock tolled out with a piercing distinctness the hour of ONE. The tones, aided by the lateness of the night, fell mournfully upon his ear, and as the echo ceased, he started, hearing a footstep on the stairs. To his surprise the steps neared his own door. A moment after, one of his body-guards stepped in. The entire expression of his countenance underwent an instant change, and he completely recovered the stern manner so habitual to him—a manner to which may perhaps be ascribed no small part of the influence he exercised at will over inferior minds.

The man handed to Napoleon a note from the court physician. He snapped the seal asunder, and read as follows:—

“SIRE—I have been called to attend a lady of distinction, who suffers from a lingering illness that must very soon prove fatal. It is her request that your Majesty come to her immediately after this intimation is received.

“MONTESQUIEU.”

Napoleon ordered out his carriage, and a few minutes afterwards he descended the grand stairway, on the steps of which lay scattered a few sleepy guards. The coachman in waiting had already re-

ceived his directions, and as quickly as Napoleon entered, drove towards the "Pont Royal," and thence along the broad road that runs parallel with the Seine.

There was that in the appearance of the night—the plunging of the moon amidst sombre clouds, the plash of the water of that shallow and untranquil river, and in the fresh breathings of the air destined to feed the life of the morrow—that was grateful to his feelings. Nature is ever refreshful after being shut out from the heart, and her voice is ten thousand times sweeter to the wearied mind than the attuned symphonies of the most gifted minstrels, charm they never so wisely.

Napoleon, nevertheless, could not avoid dwelling on the singular message he had received; that mystery might soon be unravelled. He was able to trace by his eagle glance some connexion between his recent feelings and the object of his present visit. What this distinctly was, he knew not. His surmises brought no satisfactory conclusion. Suddenly his carriage rolled beneath a massive arch, and a side-door opened on the lighted interior of a mansion, the outward appearance of which was one of age and gloom. Napoleon, as he set his feet on the steep and narrow steps, felt for the first time a surprise at the alacrity and readiness with which he had obeyed the summons. Still, he had no misgivings, and passed in. Without making or receiving an inquiry, he was ushered through a long, narrow hall, and up a flight of stairs. "I may advance no farther," said the domestic, pointing expressively to a chamber door. Napoleon, at the page's pause, imagined that he heard the suppressed sound which usually precedes a visit of death to the chambers of the sick; and so softly did he step, and unclosethe door pointed out to him, as to enter without apparent notice.

The scene that presented itself was a strange one, and to his mind—not yet relieved from the active terrors of the imagination—an awfully impressive one. On a bed, propped up by cushions, lay the emaciated figure of a young female. The Emperor, almost shrouded in the gloom of curtains, advanced to the bedside. The very first glance was enough to show him that, in the midst of suffering and death, he saw Florence de Rohan, the betrothed of the Duke d'Enghien, from whom he last parted in the pride of health. There was a fearful history in those sunken

temples and wasted features—a change which told Napoleon, in startling accents, what mental suffering had been compressed into that interval of time. He stood with arms folded across his breast, and gazed upon the altered face of that dying girl. The heart-rending appeal on that eventful night, his signing of the death-warrant, and her words at parting—words so fearfully prophetic—all these were traced with indescribable rapidity on his mind.

The hollow eyes of the invalid at length unclosed, and, strange to say, lighted up with a ray of joy as they rested upon the Emperor. This smile might be compared to that which illumines the ocean in the pauses of its storms—sad and unattractive in its sweetness. Presently the low voice of Florence was heard, and Napoleon bent forward to listen.

"Pardon me, sire! if on the verge of the grave I have so far forgotten the prerogatives of royalty as to sink for a moment the subject in the emperor. It needs not that I repeat to you what I have suffered since our interview, for I will soon be in a land where the weary are at rest."

This, from one so frail and yet so resigned, served as a crowning stroke to the remorseful feelings of Napoleon, whose sinking head and continued silence told the working at his heart. The sufferer's face was suffused with a more life-like tint as she witnessed Napoleon's relenting manner, and she spoke again with a sudden strength that apparently contradicted the professional knowledge of her medical attendant. As her tears fell softly upon Napoleon's hand, she said—"It is the living, not the dead, who need our grief and ask for sympathy. Support from above has enabled me to meet death with composure, and before I depart from earth, *receive my forgiveness*. I shall not have lived in vain, if you bear this lesson of ambition's doings to your royal home. It may serve, perhaps, to curb you for the future, and to instruct you that conscience is ever true to her trust. Remorse must visit the heart which yields itself to unrighteous dictates."

As she paused, and leant back child-like on her mother's bosom, a faint but beautiful smile rested on her features, as though of satisfaction at this interview with her destroyer. Her respiration grew fainter and fainter, and her visitor felt the damp chill hand relax its hold.

Silently turning away, Napoleon left the room.

We have seen how futile was the supplicating anguish of Florence de Rohan on that eventful night, when her devoted affection drove her to the French camp on a vain errand of mercy. She had accompanied her attendant, on leaving his presence, almost without consciousness; but from the moment that she reached her own home, amidst its many comforts, she pined rapidly away, disappearing without whisper of complaint. Yet over her deathbed hovered a glorious and assured hope—the hope of being united to that one spirit that had animated for her every earthly prospect.

It was amidst the festivities that filled up the week of Napoleon's coronation, that the ancient vault of the De Rohan family, situate in the cemetery of "Père la Chaise," was opened, and from one of the most magnificent mansions in Paris issued a coffin. This was laid upon a plumed hearse, and preceded by a long train of carriages, amidst the emblazoned arms of which could be distinguished those of the French Emperor. Various causes were assigned to account for its presence at the interment of a member of the House of Bourbon; the most general conjecture being, that he had overlooked political animosities in his desire to do honour to so much loveliness and goodness.

It remains but to be added that the deathbed scene, with whatever had concerned it, never passed from the memory of the emperor; that by his private confession, recently disclosed, it served to cloud his most glorious prospects of ambition, and to stir a baneful poison with every political triumph; and when all his brilliant achievements came to nought—himself a prisoner, restlessly pacing the barren summits of St. Helena—it dwelt with the gloom of all his terrible remembrances. Not for any mortal pen is given the task to recount its still torturing signs in the hour of death, or for any

mortal mind to anticipate in its full reality the tribunal at which every secret work will be revealed—

"Days are gone, by many a token
Long foretold, but slighted yet;
Now the seventh last seal is broken,
And the sun in blood hath set."

While from the eye of the reader all record of this story fades away, may not his heart treasure up its simple lesson—a lesson to warn us that human happiness comes neither from splendid talents nor brilliant achievements; that intellect, however exalted, unless sanctified by pure and lofty purposes, does little more than prepare for its possessor a wretched fate.

With every right judgment of events, the mind improves; and it is something to become free from those prejudices which have warped at times the best balanced minds, when such have had occasion to pass judgment on the prominent names delivered up by history from her great treasury of wrecks. Through the same gate—the gate whose portals stand by the grave of all things earthly—have gone the victor and his victims. The gates again close, and we see nothing, hear nothing. On the bright pathway, illumined by the flames of vast cities and the burning torches of unnumbered soldiery, darkness closes, and night is come. Oh! if we would pierce that heavy veil, let us image in the sky of celestial azure a martyr's bright crown—a re-union of those whom mortal love was fit to gladden, but who, called hence find themselves thrice and inseparably blessed. The love of Heaven, continuous and unalloyed, is the oil which hope pours on the flickering flame that glimmers amidst this low terrestrial air—faith pointing to the time when all the lamps of God's kindling shall be lifted up beyond the firmament of stars, and hung amidst the changeless beauty of the heaven of heavens.

SHAKSPEARE AND SHEEP-SHEARING.

"When my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcomed all, served
all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now
here
At the upper end o' the table; now i' the
middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench
it,
She would to each one sip."

SHAKSPEARE'S *Winter's Tale*.

THE most beautiful description that we can recollect of a sheep-shearing feast is in the *Winter's Tale*: it may be somewhat too poetical for the generality of readers; but, amid all the flow and inspiration of its delicious poetry, there is the stamp of living and homely truth. It shows that the great Shakspeare was once a Warwickshire lad, that he mingled amid the rural merry-makings of his hobnailed neighbours, that he was fond of wardenpies, and knew the best ingredients for making custards and cheesecakes. Look at the motto at the head of our chapter—was there ever a painting to equal its simple truthfulness? What busy, bustling, good-natured farmer's wife stood before him for this picture? What life, what stir, what happiness, what a hearty welcome does she give her guests! We see her moving about, "now here at the upper end of the table, now in the middle; on his shoulder, then on his." We hear her talking,—“Why, neighbour, you eat nothing; do try this ham: that beef lay in corn for a fortnight; I cured it myself. And how does my god-daughter, Margery; why did you not bring her? And so poor neighbour Hathaway is no better? Well-a-day! last sheep-shearing feast we danced ‘Green Sleeves’ together. That pie is overmuch baked; try the cheesecake: neighbour, I drink to thee. But I must go peep at the fowls I left roasting. Just a small glass to cool me; a welcome to you all.” Then she is lost for a few moments, for she was cook, butler, dame, servant. No doubt she was well known about Stratford, and that, on a future day, when the Warwickshire lad's works were printed, some old man, as he stumbled upon the passage, would exclaim—“Why, that was old Dame So-and-so; I knew her well; her daughter was Billy's sweetening when he was a boy. Hey, he's right.

'She was the prettiest lowborn lass
That ever ran on the green sward.'

I've seen her dance with Master William, as we used to call him, many a time.” For we can scarcely think otherwise, than that Perdita was some beautiful rustic maiden; or, it might be, one of the proud daughters from the hall, who had for once descended from her dignity to play the “queen of the feast:” for we have seen such condescension in our day at a pastoral May-day game. It might be that her image became clothed in after years with the matured richness and immortal poetry which he has thrown around her; and from her he shadowed forth a form too pure, and too ethereal, to belong to earth, and threw around the memory of his youth a divinity that belongs to heaven.

He might have heard the busy housewife give her orders to some country lout; and, listening behind a shading hedge, overheard the Clown talking to himself, and saying—“Let me see, what I am to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants—rice. What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers; three-man song-men all, and very good ones. . . . I must have saffron to colour the wardenpies; mace, dates, none; that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.” This also must have been a copy from the life. Then the Clown “cannot reckon without counters.” How often have we seen an illiterate countryman sitting by the roadside, with the contents of his basket emptied upon the ground, and a number of pebbles for “counters” placed beside each article, with the change in his hand trying to make the balance right, and puzzled with the figures the hasty shopman had scribbled upon each of the packets. Sometimes he would undo a parcel, to make sure of what it contained; and then, for the life of him, he could not fold it up again—no, not if the paper had been twice the size; so he would be compelled to tie it up in his neckerchief, knot it well, and make it into a bundle. What a minuteness is there about the whole of this description!

What visions of furmity and cheesecakes, and all those good old country dainties, which are found at the rustic feasts of the present day.

Another character, that of the pedlar, shows how true the picture of the sheep-shearing feast is to nature. Although, in the play, Shakspeare lays the scene in Bohemia, yet almost every line tells us that it was beside the Avon, near his father's homestead, amongst the cottagers, with whom he had many a time mingled when a boy. Whenever was there a feast without pedlars, gipsies, fortune-tellers, or beggars being present? We never remember one in our day, although we have visited some scores, such as May-games, harvest-homes, statutes, sheep-shearings, village-wakes, feasts, tuttings, potations, and merry-makings, with such names as are not to be found in *Hone's Every-day Book*.

They never could have done without Autolycus: he who hath "songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; he hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; cambrics, lawns; and he sings them over as if they were gods and goddesses."

How rich, in point of improbability, are the ballads the pedlar disposes of: "The old usurer's wife brought to bed of twenty money-bags, and longing to eat adders' heads and toads carbonaded; the fish that appeared upon the coast, and sung a ballad against the hard hearts of maids." And Mopsa's simple confession, that she loves a ballad in print, "for then we are sure they are true:" and when the subject soars beyond all probability, and staggers her capacious belief, how easily does she become reconciled by the pedlar asserting that it is signed by "five justices, and witnesses more than his pack will hold."

How a merry youth like young Shakspeare must have enjoyed such a scene! what a good understanding would there soon be between him and the pedlar, who no doubt would apply to him, with a knowing look, to give countenance to any subject which was too outrageous for even their belief. We can almost fancy we see him. What a quiet humour lurks in his eye, whilst he gravely quotes Holinshed, or some old chronicler, to show that wonderful fish have often appeared on our coast—that Mrs. Taleporter, the midwife, was too particular a woman to

sign her name to anything that was not true: and one or two of the old men, with whom the immortal boy was a favourite (for who would not love him?) would nudge each other, and laugh at his wit; and perhaps call Shakspeare and the pedlar aside, and oh! who would not wish to have heard the jokes cracked at that merry sheep-shearing?

Then the old men would perhaps banter the youth because he had not bought something for his shepherd-queen of the pedlar. There may be more than we know of in his reply, when he says, "I know

"She prizes not such trifles as these are;
The gifts she looks from me are packed and
locked
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not delivered."

It might be that the poet had not the wherewithal to treat his "queen of curds and cream," and that the remembrance of his poverty struck upon some old scene, while shadowing out, in future years, his *Winter's Tale*. Who can tell but what his father, or some meddling relative, stepped in and marred his love for "the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the green sward?" or that she, far wealthier, had mercenary friends, who looked upon her union with him as beneath "her pride of place:" or that, whichever way it might chance to be, it called forth, in after years, that splendid burst, wherein he says,

"I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike."

Who ever saw a rural feast without flowers? What gay nosegays do the villagers wear on such occasions!—yet when ever were they before presented in such language as is uttered by Perdita? What would we not give to have preserved a true old English picture of a sheep-shearing feast by England's greatest poet—if, instead of a princess, the shepherd queen had really been a peasant?—that the sheep-shearing scene had been a portion of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "sweet Anne Page" the "mistress of the feast;" Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page the purveyors; Slender there, the butt of Falstaff; and neither king nor prince guests on the occasion: that the scene had been England instead of Bohemia?

What a picture should we have had of the manners of our forefathers? It might have lacked the matchless poetry in which the *Winter's Tale* is steeped; but, oh! what a light it would have thrown upon the characters amongst whom Shakspeare mingled?

All who have wandered into the country, about the beginning of summer, must have heard the unusual bleating amongst sheep, in the neighbourhood of rivers, or beside water-courses; and if they have never beheld such a scene before, must, when they have reached the spot, have looked both with interest and pleasure at a sheep-washing. There stand three powerful sun-burnt fellows, up to the middle in water; a sheep is forced in by a man on the bank; it is seized by the first washer, who, laying fast hold of the fleece, souses the poor creature about as if he would shake it to pieces; he then looses his hold, and the bleating animal, as he begins swimming towards the shore, is seized by the second washer, in whose hands he fares no better than he did whilst an unwilling prisoner to the first. He bleats more pitifully; and just as he is within a few feet of the shore, souse he goes over and over for the third time—and then he is at liberty. He reaches the bank, and there stands bleating, while the water flows from his heavy fleece. Others, who have undergone the same fate, bleat in reply; while the unwashed ones are not a bit behindhand in their complainings, for a hundred sheep “baa” like one.

Then what a roar of laughter comes ringing upon the air at the sturdy shepherd-boy, who, while thrusting and forcing along some obstinate sheep to the edge of the water, is carried in headlong with his woolly companion; and, by an unexpected plunge, both are sent head over ears together, and land alike with a kindred and sheepish look, for Jock is passed from hand to hand, amid loud “guffaws” which are heard half-a-mile off! Sometimes the village girls will come down to the sheep-washing, and then there flies round many a rough random shot of country wit: the girls trace strange likenesses amongst the sheep to some envied rival; and, in allusion to the number of lambs, “more is meant than meets the ear”—the frailties of some fair Phyllis are shadowed forth, while Damon, although midway in water, burns up to his very ears. You find that Dianas are not the only nymphs who

haunt the neighbourhood of these pastoral Arcadias.

We have seen pictures in which sheep-washing and sheep-shearing (or clipping, as the farmers call it) are represented together, as if it was only out of the water, and then under the shears. The following is the criticism of an old practical farmer, one who still keeps up the old customs—has his sheep-shearing feast and harvest-home: breakfasts at six, lunches at ten, dines at one, takes tea at four, sups at seven, and is very rarely out of bed after nine, and in winter generally retires at eight; is nearly ninety years of age, and never in his life was laid up with a day's illness; his hair is as white as lamb'swool, his cheeks red as a rose; his grandfather lived until his hundred and fourth year, and his father had turned ninety-nine when he died. He says, “The picture you sent me is very good, but very wrong; sheep are never clipped as soon as they are washed: it is very different to shaving a man. If the sheep are dry in three or four days, they clip hard and “husky,” and far from easy; but if they stay ten or twelve days after the washing, the oil returns into the fleece, and then the shears move quite free. Four or five fleeces yield a tod of wool, which is worth about a shilling a pound.” The old farmer is no bad representative of the “weather-bitten” shepherd in the *Winter's Tale*.

We know not how many hundreds of sheep the old man has had shorn in a summer; but we well remember having seen a dozen of clippers at work for him at one time, and a right merry scene it was. Off went the ponderous barndoor—a door through which a piled-up waggon of corn could enter without ruffling a sheaf. This was taken off the hinges, and several large logs of wood placed under it; and here the sheep-shearers began their work, not fearing a want of “elbow-room.” And now was heard challenge upon challenge, and bet upon bet—five or six “clipping like one;” and the wager—perhaps half a gallon of ale—won by him who had clipped his sheep in the shortest time. Sometimes the last snip of the shears was heard so close together, that it was difficult to tell which had done first; then the race commenced again. Pile upon pile the fleeces rose, forming a little mountain of wool, which almost made one long for a cold, bleak winter night, that we might throw ourselves into it, and nestle there until the

daw
call,
coun
the
in t
men
A
loos
a ru
layin
thin
pelli
still
and
sign
tails
retu
foun
Sh
quit
book
fine
loves
“fair
slew
wine
that
thes
ate a
sung
mon
verse
chan
some
“her
sheep
That
ancie
Abig
feast
“two
wine
five
hund
dred
know
who
altho
Naba
died,
widow
Be
peare
the t
wide-
grazi
as Sa
sheba
pictu

* Solo

dawn. Then the old wool-merchant would call, as he went his round through the country; handle the fleeces, to see how the sheep had turned out; and if he was in the "giving mood," perhaps leave the men "a crown to drink."

After the sheep were shorn and turned loose, a scene of confusion ensued—such a running to and fro—five or six lambs laying claim to one dam—and she, poor thing! bleating and smelling, and repelling the invaders, while her own lambs, still "doting and doubting," went round and round her, until they at length showed signs of satisfaction in the motion of their tails. Then they would bound off, and return again, happy as children who had found a lost mother.

Sheep-shearing feasts are of great antiquity: they are mentioned in the early books of the Bible, especially in that fine dramatic chapter which describes the loves of the ill-starred Ammon and the "fair Tamar"—he whom his brothers slew when "his heart was merry with wine." Who is there that does not regret that we have no minute description of these ancient festivities; of what they ate and drank, and the merry songs they sung? Perchance either David or Solomon had strung together a few sweet verses, which the daughters of Canaan chanted at these pastoral feasts; and some lovely maiden would blush when "her teeth were compared to a flock of sheep coming up from the washing."* That there was no lack of plenty at these ancient festivals is proved from what Abigail took from the sheep-shearing feast to present unto David: which was "two hundred loaves, and two bottles of wine, and five sheep ready dressed, and five measures of parched corn, and an hundred clusters of raisins, and two hundred cakes of figs."† These she took unknown to her churlish husband, Nabal, who refused to relieve the wants of David, although he sent at a "good time," when Nabal "feasted like a king." The churl died, and David married his noble-hearted widow.

Beautiful must these scenes have appeared, as seen through the openings of the tents, or under the shadow of some wide-spreading tree; the flocks and herds grazing in the distance, and such figures as Saul or David, or the beautiful Bathsheba, standing in the foreground of the picture. But the long night of ages has

closed over the scenes: the very spots on which they were celebrated can no longer be pointed out: and it is only the great eye of poetry, which gazes with unshaken faith, that sees, or cares to see, the fine painting in these primitive pictures.

Now comes the sheep-shearing feast of modern times. The great copper is filled with furmity, made of boiled wheat, which, when cold, cuts like jelly; currants, raisins, spices of every kind; sugar shot in, in pounds, which, when boiled enough, is emptied out into basins and pans, and cooled with new milk. Round this delicious mess assemble the young; three or four, with their huge wooden spoons, eating out of one pansion or large earthenware vessel, about two feet wide. Sometimes they quarrel like pigs around a trough—one has thrown a spoonful of furmity into the other's face; others have left off, and gone into the orchard to swing; the great kitchen is a very Babel of sounds. Sometimes they feast in the barn; the immense door is turned into a table, and almost bends beneath its load of provisions. We talk of roast beef: taste what is set before them! Smell of that chine! what a nosegay! it is stuffed with all kinds of savoury herbs: it tastes like duck, goose, pork, veal; as if all good things were rolled into it, and made one. It would make a sick man well only to smell of it! What slices! what appetites! what horns of brown ale they empty! A waiter in a London eating-house would run away horror-stricken, and proclaim a coming famine throughout the land. They eat their peas by spoonfuls; a new potato vanishes at every mouthful; dishes are full and emptied ere you can turn your head. That was a whole ham ten minutes ago: now you behold only the bone. Who ever saw before such enormous plum-puddings? Surely they have eaten enough! Why, that broad-shouldered, sun-burnt fellow has clapped a solid pound upon his plate: it is burning hot! look how he holds that large lump, and blows it between his teeth; the tears fairly start into his eyes. Where are those legs of mutton? the chines, and sirloins, and edge-bones of beef? Gone! for ever gone! And now come the custards, and cheesecakes, and tarts. The men will assuredly burst: see, they unloosen their neckerchiefs, their waistcoats, as if they were going to begin again in downright earnest! Every man seems as if he had brought the appetite of three.

* Solomon's Song, vi. 6. † 1 Samuel, xxv. 18.

"It is a poor heart that never rejoices." And when we think of the many bleak, bitter nights, at the close of February and the beginning of March, which the shepherds have passed in the open fields and on the windy hills in the "lambing season," it gives one pleasure to see them still so happy. Many a lamb would have been lost but for the care they took of them: for there they waited night after night, amid sleet and storm, in their little temporary huts, ready to rush out in a moment, and pick up and shelter the young lambs, which would otherwise perchance have perished in the cold. Proud were they when finer days came, and they looked on and saw their new-born flocks, as Bloomfield has described them in his beautiful poem of the "Farmer's Boy," racing in the meadows:—

"A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence abashed soon flies the place;
Thus challenged forth, see thither, one by one,
From every side assembling playmates run;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay—
A starting crowd, impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove, from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, 'Come, let us try our speed';
Away they scour: impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along.
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every mole-hill is a bed of thyme,
Then panting stop; yet scarcely can refrain—
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again."

Now let us peep into that pretty parlour. There sit the farmer's daughters at tea. What piles of cakes, honey, butter, eggs, ham, cold fowl! What smiling faces; and some of them are really beautiful—pictures of rosy health. Now they are singing in the kitchen; now the fiddle is heard in the barn; there is giggling and laughter in the orchard; whisperings somewhere in the garden; children playing at hide-and-seek in the stack-yard. See where those dark-eyed

seducers the gipsies have congregated outside the farm-yard—somehow or another they have come in for their share of the feast: by-and-by they will become bolder; one bearing a child will venture into the barn, another will follow, and as the ale-horn circulates, it will, long before midnight, be "hail-fellow well met."

Then come the morris-dancers, Robin Hood and Maid Marian, with such poetry as is not to be found in the old ballads. Well, there is plenty for all: the ale for sheep-shearing feast was brewed many a long month ago, and there are still half-a-dozen barrels untapped in the cellar.

But where is the old farmer?—he bade his men fall to, and welcome, and we have not seen him since. No; he is in the large, old-fashioned summer-house at the bottom of his garden, with the butcher, and the miller, and the maltster, and the doctor, and the landlord from the Black Bull; and they have drawn the corks of a few bottles of choice port, and are enjoying themselves in their own way.

The young lawyer has brought his fiddle, for he is a gentleman-fiddler, and the young ladies in the parlour will come soon, and dance on the lawn, for even there the line of distinction is drawn. The wealthy farmer's daughter may condescend just to dance a turn or two in the barn; and when they have gone, the old one-eyed hired common fiddler will strike up "Bobbing Joan," just to show his contempt for such "proud, stuck-up, thingumterrys," as he will call them; with "their waltzes, and quadrilles, and such-like outlandish fal-the-rals, as their grandmothers would have been ashamed to have been seen in."

But a few old-fashioned farmers, with their wives, soon drop in, and all is forgotten.

PRINCE GRACEFUL.

A FAIRY TALE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAIRIES OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

A LONG, long time ago, there lived in the north of Scotland a poor old woman who supported herself principally by fishing, and whose only comfort was her grandson, a boy of twelve years of age, a poor orphan. His father had been lost in a dreadful storm, and his mother died of grief. Graceful—that was the boy's name—loved nothing in the world like his grandmother; he went down with her every morning to the beach to pick up shells, or help to drag the seine, while waiting till he grew strong enough to brave the waves which had robbed him of so many of his relations. He was so handsome, so well-built, so attentive, that, when he went into town with his fish-basket on his head, everybody ran to meet him, and he had sold out before he reached the market-place.

Unfortunately, his grandmother was very, very old; she had only one tooth left in her mouth, her head shook, and she was almost blind. Every morning, she found greater difficulty in rising, and felt that she could not last much longer. Thus, each night, before Graceful wrapped himself up in his blankets on the hard ground, she gave him good advice for the day when he would find himself alone: she told him what fishermen he should know and whom avoid, and how, by being now gentle and laborious, prudent and resolute, he would make his way through the world, and eventually possess his own boats and nets. But the poor lad could not listen to her exhortations; so soon as the old woman assumed a serious tone, he would say—

"Granny, granny, do not leave me. I have arms, I am strong, and shall soon be able to work for both of us; but if, on returning from sea, I did not find you in the house, I could not bear to live any longer."

And he embraced her, with tears in his eyes.

"My child," the old woman said to him, one day, "I shall not leave you so alone as you fancy, for after I am gone you will have two ladies to protect you whom a prince might envy. A long time ago, I did a service to two great ladies,

who will not forget you when the time arrives, and that will be soon."

"Who are these ladies?" Graceful asked, for he had never seen other than fishermen's wives in their hut.

"They are two fairies," the grandmother replied, "and two great fairies; the fairy of the waters and the fairy of the woods. Listen to me, child, for it is a secret I must entrust to you, which you must keep as I have done, and which will give thee fortune and happiness. Just ten years ago—the very year your father was lost and your mother left us—I had gone out before daybreak to catch the crabs lying asleep on the sand; I was stooping to the ground behind a rock, when I saw a kingfisher slowly sailing along toward the beach. That is a sacred bird which must not be disturbed, so I did not stir for fear of frightening it. At the same moment, a large green snake came out from a crevice in the rocks, and hastened toward the bird. When they were side by side, the snake entwined its folds round the neck of the bird as if embracing it tenderly, and they remained in this posture for some minutes. Then they separated hastily, the snake to retreat into its crevice, the bird to plunge into the waters which bore it away.

"Greatly astonished by what I had seen, I returned the next morning at the same hour, and was witness of the scene again. They were fairies, there could not be the least doubt of it, and perhaps I could render them a service—but how? If I showed myself, I might displease them and expose myself to danger; so I thought I had better await a favourable opportunity, which might soon arrive. For a whole month, I kept in hiding, witnessing the same sight every morning, when one day I saw a huge black cat reach the meeting-place before the fairies, and conceal itself behind a rock, just in my reach. A black cat could only be an enchanter, according to all I had heard in my youth, and so I determined to watch it. In fact, no sooner had the snake and the bird begun to embrace, than the cat set up its back, and prepared to pounce upon the innocents. But I flung myself on the villain, just as he held his victims in his murderous claws. I held the cat in spite of all its efforts, and though it

tore my hands; and then, knowing with whom I had to deal, I pitilessly drew my oyster-knife and cut off the monster's head, paws, and tail, confidently awaiting the result of my deed.

"Nor had I to wait long, for as soon as I had thrown the carcase into the sea, I saw before me two lovely ladies, one crowned with white feathers, the other with a serpent's skin worn as a scarf. Enchanted by a cruel magician, who had learned their secret, they were compelled to remain, kingfisher and serpent, until a generous hand liberated them, and it was to me that they owed liberty and power.

"'Ask of us what you please,' they said to me, 'and your wishes shall be at once fulfilled.'

"I reflected that I was old, and had suffered too much to wish to begin life again, while the day would arrive when you, my child, might wish to be rich, noble—a prince, perhaps. 'On that day,' I said to myself, 'I shall be able to give him all, and one such day of happiness will repay me for eighty years of misery and toil.' I therefore thanked the fairies, and begged them to reserve their kind offices till the hour I needed them. The Fairy of the Waters took a small feather from her crown, while the Fairy of the Woods detached a scale from her serpent's skin.

"'Good woman,' they said, 'when you need us, place this feather and this scale in a vessel of pure water, and invoke us while forming a wish. If we are at the furthest end of the world, you will see us before you in an instant, ready to pay the debt of this day.'

"I bent my head in sign of gratitude, and when I raised it again all had disappeared—there were not even any wounds on my hands, and I should have fancied it all a dream, had I not held in my hands the two gifts."

"Where are those treasures, grandma?" Graceful asked.

"My child, I concealed them carefully, not wishing to show them to you till the day when you were a man and able to use them; but as death is about to separate us, the moment has arrived to give you these precious talismans. You will find at the back of the hut a wooden box, hidden under rags; in the box is a paste-board case, surrounded by tow; open the latter and you will see the scale and the feather carefully wrapped up in cotton. Mind and do not break them; take them out respectfully, and I will tell you what next to do."

Graceful brought the box to the poor woman, who could no longer leave her bed, and she took out the two objects.

"Now," she said to her boy, as she handed them to him, "place in the middle of the room a plate full of clear water; lay in it the scale and the feather, and then form a wish. Ask for fortune, nobility, talent, power, anything you please; but as I feel that I am dying, my child, embrace me before uttering the wish that will separate us for ever, and receive my blessing for the last time. It will be an additional talisman to bring you good fortune."

But, to the old dame's surprise, Graceful neither embraced her nor asked her blessing; he soon placed the plate in the centre of the room, laid the articles on it, and cried from the depths of his heart, "I wish that my grandmother may live for ever—appear, Fairy of the Waters! I wish that my grandmother may live for ever—appear, Fairy of the Woods!"

At once the water began bubbling, bubbling, and the plate became a huge basin, which the walls of the hut could scarce hold, and from the bottom of the basin Graceful saw two lovely females emerge, whom he at once recognised as fairies by their wands. One wore a crown of willow leaves, mingled with red berries, and diamond earrings of the shape of acorns. She was dressed in a dark green robe, and over all a tiger skin fastened on her right shoulder: this was the Fairy of the Woods. As for the Fairy of the Waters, she had a head-dress of reeds, and a white dress, bordered with swans' down, and a blue scarf, which at times rose and swelled out round her head like a sail. Both, though such great ladies, regarded Graceful with a smile, for he had taken refuge in his grandmother's arms, and was trembling through terror and admiration.

"We are here, my child," the Fairy of the Waters said. "We heard what you asked, and your wish does you honour; but, though we can assist you in the project you have formed, you alone can carry it out. We could certainly prolong for a period your grandmother's life; but in order that she may live for ever, you must go to the CASTLE OF LIFE, four long days' journey from this place. There you will find the Fountain of Immortality. If you can accomplish each of these days' journeys without turning from your path; and if, on arriving at the castle, you can answer three questions addressed to you by an invisible voice, you will find there

what
before
many
once
jour
wish
again
has re

"I
"S

Wood
and d

"N

"you
and t

to the

"V

and u

of gla

An

bubbl

the le

she s

heartl

tastic

"V

fairy s

"L

mined

ceive

cars."

"C

way a

black

of the

leap r

"T

fairy s

ful;

warn

and n

him o

him, h

"S

you se

Water

An

the g

thrust

It cau

pired,

The t

tively,

of dy

sudden

heard

dashe

room,

should

"T

Fairy

what you seek ; but, my child, reflect well before making up your mind, for there is many a danger along the road, and if you once miss reaching the end of a day's journey, not only will you lose what you wish to gain, but you will never issue again from that country whence no one has returned."

"I will go," Graceful replied.

"Stay, my boy," the Fairy of the Woods remarked; "you are very young, and do not even know the way."

"No matter," Graceful continued, "you will not abandon me, dear ladies, and to save my grandmother I would go to the end of the world."

"Wait," said the Fairy of the Woods, and unloosing the lead from a broken pane of glass, she laid it in her hand.

And see! the lead begins to melt and bubble, though the fairy does not seem the least disturbed by the heat; and then she suddenly throws the lead on the hearth, when it assumes a thousand fantastic shapes.

"What do you see in all that?" the fairy said to Graceful.

"Lady," he replied, after having examined it attentively, "I fancy I can perceive a spaniel, with a long tail and large ears."

"Call it," the fairy said; and straightway a sound of barking was heard, and a black and red dog leaped from the middle of the metal, which began to fondle and leap round Graceful.

"This will be your companion," the fairy said, "and you will call him Faithful; he will show you the road; but I warn you that it is your duty to lead him, and not to be led by him. If you make him obey, he will serve you; if you obey him, he will destroy you."

"Stay, my poor Graceful, I must give you something as well," the Fairy of the Waters said.

And, looking around her, she saw on the ground a piece of paper, which she thrust into the fire with her dainty foot. It caught; and when the flame had expired, thousands of sparks could be seen. The fairy followed these sparks attentively, and when the last was on the point of dying out, she blew on the paper, and suddenly the twittering of a bird could be heard: a swallow came forth all alarmed, dashed itself against the corners of the room, and eventually settled on Graceful's shoulder.

"They will be gone, comrade," the Fairy of the Waters said, "and you will

call it Thoughtful; but I warn you that you must guide it, and not allow it to guide you. If you make it obey, it will serve you; but if you obey it, it will destroy you."

"Take up that black cinder," the good fairy added; "perhaps you will find something under it."

Graceful obeyed, and from beneath the cinder took a bottle of rock-crystal that glistened like a diamond. According to the fairy, he was to fill it with the water of immortality, which would break any vessel made with human hands. By the side of the bottle Graceful found a dagger with a triangular blade. It was a very different weapon from his granddame's oyster-knife, and with it he could defy the boldest foe.

"My sister, you shall not be more generous than I," the other fairy then said; and taking a straw from the only chair in the room, she breathed upon it. It immediately swelled, and in less time than it takes to describe it, formed an admirable rifle, all inlaid with gold and mother-o'-pearl. A second straw supplied a cartouche-box, which Graceful fastened round his waist. He looked like a prince preparing for the chase. He was so handsome that his grandmother wept for joy.

When the two fairies had disappeared, Graceful embraced the kind old woman; and, begging her to await his return, knelt down to receive her blessing. The grandmother read him an earnest lecture to be patient, just, and charitable; and, above all, never to leave the right path. "Not for my sake," the old woman added; "when we are quite prepared for death, and regret the wish you have uttered; but for your sake, my boy, and that you may return, for I would not die unless you closed my eyes."

It was late, and Graceful lay down; too agitated, as he fancied, even to go to sleep. But it soon fell upon him; he slept the whole night through; while the old woman lay gazing on the face of her dear boy, which was illumined by the dim rays of the lamp, and never grew weary of admiring him.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRINCE AND HIS DOG SET OUT ON A LONG JOURNEY.

So soon as the day broke the swallow began twittering, and Faithful dragged at the blankets.

"Let us start, master! let us start," the two comrades said in their language, which Graceful understood through the gift of the fairies. "The sea is already murmuring on the shore, the bird is singing, the fly is buzzing, the flower is expanding to the sun. Let us set out—it is time."

Graceful embraced his old friend for the last time, and set out on his journey. Thoughtful fluttered round him, driving away the gnats, while Faithful toyed with his young master, or bounded in front of him.

They had not gone far from the village when Graceful saw Faithful talking with the ants. They were marching in regular bands, dragging after them all their provisions.

"Where are you bound?" Graceful asked them; and they replied:—

"To the Castle of Life."

A little farther on Thoughtful came up with the grasshoppers, who had also started with the bees and the butterflies: all were going to the Castle of Life, to drink from the Fountain of Immortality. They went along together, like persons travelling the same road, and Thoughtful introduced to Graceful a young butterfly that chattered most pleasantly. Friendships are soon formed in youth, and at the end of an hour the two companions were inseparable.

It is not a favourite fancy of butterflies to go straight on, and thus Graceful's friend was continually disappearing amongst the grass. Graceful, who had never been far in his life, or seen so many flowers and so much sunshine, followed all the zigzags of the butterfly, and took no heed of his day's journey still to accomplish. But after going a few miles his new friend became tired.

"Do not let us go farther," he said to Graceful; "see how beautiful the scenery is here! How sweet the flowers smell, how balmy is the breeze! Let us stop here! This is life indeed!"

"Come on," Faithful interposed; "the journey is long, and we are only at the outset."

"Come on," Thoughtful said; "the sky is pure, the horizon unbounded. Ever forward!"

Graceful, on beginning to reflect, offered some healthy advice to the butterfly that still buzzed around him, but it was in vain.

"What do I care?" the insect retorted. "Yesterday I was a grub, to-night I shall

be nothing, so I mean to enjoy the present;" and the butterfly settled down on a bough of honeysuckle.

The perfume was so strong that the poor insect was stifled. Graceful tried in vain to recal it to life; so, after crying over it, he fastened it with a pin to his hat.

About midday it was the grasshoppers' time to stop.

"Let us sing," they said; "the heat will overpower us, if we struggle against the might of the sun. It is so pleasant to live in a state of gentle tranquillity. Come, Graceful, we will amuse you, and you shall sing with us."

"Listen to them," Thoughtful said; "they sing so sweetly."

But Faithful would not stop—there was fire in his veins; and he barked so incessantly, that Graceful forgot the grasshoppers to follow the impatient fellow.

At nightfall, Graceful met the bee all laden with booty.

"Whither away?" he asked it.

"I am returning home," the bee replied, "and do not wish to go farther."

"What!" Graceful remarked, "though you are so industrious, you intend to act like the grasshopper, and renounce your share of immortality?"

"'Tis too far," the bee replied; "and I have not your ambition. My daily task suffices me, and to me labour is life."

Graceful was somewhat affected at having lost on the very first day so many of his fellow-travellers; but on thinking with what ease he had completed the first day's journey, his heart filled with joy. He patted Faithful, caught flies which Thoughtful ate from his hand, and fell asleep filled with hope, to dream of his grandmother and the two fairies.

CHAPTER III.

THE KING OF THE WOLVES.

THE next day at dawn Thoughtful aroused its young master.

"Let us go," she said. "The bird is singing, the fly is buzzing, the flower is expanding to the sun. Let us go—it is time!"

"A moment," Faithful remarked; "the day's journey is not so long; we shall reach our resting-place by midday."

"The ants have already started," Thoughtful objected; "the road is more difficult than yesterday, and the weather more oppressive. Let us go!"

Graceful
smile
with
previ
On the
waves
sand
were
in the
flowers
and fr
horizon
and ho
end of
over t
partrid
in the
All at
reeds a
eyes,
near, b
to no
formed
with G
"Le
"I wil
her."
"Bu
asked.
"No
"it is
in me
doe is
Grac
twice;
detour
peated
caught
pursuer
"Co
he brok
tossed
than th
Grac
with e
barked
over di
thing c
worn o
ful rec
stretch
when t
feet, a
comrad
covered
He
when t
the pit
"Yo
the kin
both!"

Graceful had seen his grandmother smile on him in his dreams, so he set out with even greater ardour than on the previous day. The morning was glorious. On the right, the ocean opened its azure waves with a gentle murmur along the sand; on the left, and in the distance, were mountains bathed in a rosy light; in the plain, grassy fields tufted with flowers, and a road bordered by orange and fruit trees; in front, a cloudless horizon. Graceful, ravished with pleasure and hope, already fancied himself at the end of his journey. Faithful bounded over the plain, and put up the startled partridges; while Thoughtful lost itself in the sky, and sported with the sunshine. All at once Graceful noticed amid the reeds a fawn gazing on him with wistful eyes, as if calling him. The lad drew near, but the doe bounded away, though to no great distance. Thrice she performed the same manœuvre, as if sporting with Graceful.

"Let us follow her," Faithful said; "I will cut her off, and we shall capture her."

"But where is Thoughtful?" the lad asked.

"No matter, master," Faithful replied, "it is only the affair of a minute. Trust in me; I am born for the chase. The doe is ours!"

Graceful did not require to hear this twice; and while Faithful was making a detour, he ran after the doe, which repeatedly rushed amid the trees, as if to be caught, and bounded away so soon as the pursuer's hand grasped it.

"Courage, master!" Faithful cried, as he broke through the thicket; but the doe tossed him in the air, and fled more swiftly than the wind.

Graceful rushed in pursuit; Faithful, with eyes and throat inflamed, ran and barked like a mad dog. They bounded over ditches, hedges, and branches,—nothing could arrest their ardour. The doe, worn out, evidently lost ground. Graceful redoubled his exertions, and had stretched out his hand to seize his prey, when the ground gave way beneath his feet, and he rolled with his impendent comrade into a trap which had been covered with branches.

He had not recovered from his fall, when the doe, drawing near the brink of the pit, cried—

"You are betrayed. I am the wife of the king of the wolves, who will eat you both!"

Saying this, she disappeared.

"Master!" Faithful said, "the fairy was right when she recommended you not to follow me. We have acted foolishly, and I have destroyed you."

"At least," Graceful said, "we will defend our lives."

And taking his rifle, he put in a double charge of lead to await the king of the wolves.

Then growing calmer, he surveyed the deep trench into which he had fallen; it was too high for him to escape, and he must expect his death in this hole. Faithful understood his friend's glances.

"Master," he said to him, "if you were to take me in your arms and throw me up with all your strength, perhaps I could gain the brink; and once out, I could help you!"

Graceful had no great hope. Thrice he attempted to land Faithful on the top, and thrice the poor brute fell back, but on the fourth the dog managed to catch hold of some roots, and made such good use of its paws and mouth, that it emerged from this living tomb. Then Faithful thrust into the trap some cut branches he found outside.

"Graceful," he said, "drive these branches into the ground, and make a ladder of them. Make haste, my dear master," he added, "for I can hear the howling of the king of the wolves."

Graceful was skilful and active. Rage redoubled his strength, and in an instant he was out of the trap. Then he arranged his dagger in his belt—looked to the powder in the pan of his rifle; and taking post behind a tree, firmly awaited the attack of his terrible foe.

Suddenly he heard a fearful cry! A horrid brute, with gaping jaws, bounded upon him. Graceful took a trembling aim at the brute and fired. The ball went home, for the animal stopped with a fierce howl, but in a second it was on our hero again.

"Reload your rifle, and make haste, master!" Faithful cried, as he threw himself courageously in front of the monster, and dug his teeth in its neck.

The wolf had only to shake its head to throw the poor dog to the ground, and would have swallowed Faithful at a mouthful, had he not stepped away with the loss of an ear. It was now Graceful's turn to save his comrade. He advanced boldly, and fired a second time, aiming at the shoulder. The wolf fell, but rising again with a great effort, threw itself

on the lad, who fell beneath the animal. Graceful fancied himself lost on feeling the terrific shock; but without losing courage; and while recommending himself to the good fairies, he drew his dagger and thrust it into the animal's heart, which, when on the point of devouring its enemy, suddenly stretched out its limbs and expired.

Graceful rose covered with blood and foam, and all trembling seated himself on a fallen tree. Faithful dragged himself up to him, though not daring to fondle, for he felt how guilty he had been.

"Master," he said, "what will become of us? Night is at hand, and we are still far from our resting place."

"We must set out," the lad replied, and rose; but he was so weak that he was forced to sit down again.

A burning thirst devoured him; he was in a fever, and all seemed to be whirling around him. Then thinking of his grandmother, he began crying. To have so soon forgotten his promises, and to die in a country whence no one ever returned! And all that for the sake of a doe's-skin! How mournfully the day commenced under such happy auspices was about to end.

Soon sinister howlings were heard. The brothers of the king of the wolves were calling him, and hastening to his succour. Graceful embraced Faithful; he was his only friend, and he pardoned him an act of imprudence which would cost them both their lives. Then he put a bullet in his rifle—offered a prayer to the good fairies, in which he recommended his poor grandmother to them, and prepared to die.

"Graceful! Graceful! where are you?"

A little voice was heard, which could only belong to Thoughtful.

And the swallow came, and settled on its master's shoulder.

"Courage!" Thoughtful said; "the wolves are still far off. There is a spring close by at which to quench your thirst and heal your wounds. I have also seen a path through the forest, leading straight to our resting-place."

Graceful and Faithful dragged themselves to the stream, trembling with fear and hope; then they proceeded along the path, somewhat cheered by the gentle twittering of Thoughtful. The sun had set; they walked along through the shade for several hours, and when the moon rose they were out of danger. Still the road was dangerous and painful for a man

who had lost his zeal: marshes to cross, ditches to leap, and hedges to traverse, in which face and hands were torn. But Graceful had a heart so light in thinking that he might still repair his fault and save his grandmother, that at each step his strength grew with his hope, and at length, after a thousand delays, they reached their night's rest just as the stars marked midnight.

Graceful threw himself down on the ground, and, after thanking Thoughtful, fell asleep, having at his feet Faithful, bleeding, wounded, and silent.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VERMILION TOWERS.

THE sleep was not long, for Graceful was up before daybreak. On setting out again, he saw the ants who had thrown up a sand-mound, and were dragging in grains from the new crop. All the republic was in a commotion. Each ant went, came, spoke to its neighbour, gave or received orders; straw haulms were being brought in; pieces of wood carted, or dead flies packed away for the coming winter.

"Holloa!" Graceful said to the ants, "are you not going to the Castle of Hope? Have you renounced immortality?"

"We have worked enough," one of them replied; "the harvest-day has arrived. The road is long; the future uncertain; and we are rich. Fools may count on the morrow, but the wise man uses the present hour; and when a man has honestly amassed, he has a right to enjoy it."

Faithful considered that the ant was in the right, but as he no longer dared to give advice, he contented himself with shaking his head as he set out. Thoughtful, on the other hand, said that the ant was only an egotist, and that if enjoyment was the only thing in life, the butterfly was the wisest of the two. At the same time Thoughtful started off more lively than ever to clear the way.

Graceful went on silently, ashamed of the follies of the previous day. He made up his mind that nothing should turn him from his course on this the third day. Faithful, with his ear all torn, followed his young master limpingly, and seemed to be equally thoughtful. At mid-day they sought a favourable spot to halt a

few m
ing a
chang
ran th
with
fig-tre
which
was a
air wa
invite

In c
a stre
around
stately
oxen
ground
aged
king.
and w

By a m
sit dov
full of
admire
peacea
resemb
seated
ring th
their
more
though
in the
and th
where

Fait
master
quails
was co
their s
Faithf
lordly
game,
master

Wh
minati
feared
versati
great p
siderab

"An
of this

"No
long to
Vermil
fairies.

"W
Gracef

"No
pay he
from t
regale
our ab

few moments. The sun was not so burning as before, and they seemed to have changed country and season. The road ran through fine vineyards bowed down with grapes; it was bordered by noble fig-trees all covered with fruit, round which myriads of insects buzzed; there was a golden mist on the horizon—the air was soft and limpid—in a word, all invited to rest.

In one of the fairest of the plains was a stream, which spread freshness far around; and beneath the shade of some stately elms Graceful perceived a herd of oxen ruminating. Idly resting on the ground, they formed a circle round an aged bull, who seemed their chief and king. Graceful approached them civilly, and was received with much politeness. By a nod of the head he was invited to sit down, and he was shown huge dishes full of milk and cheese. Our travellers admired the calmness and gravity of these peaceable and powerful animals. They resembled so many Roman senators seated in their curule chairs. The golden ring they wore in their nostrils added to their dignity; and Graceful, who felt more at ease than on the previous day, thought how pleasant it would be to live in the bosom of this peace and abundance, and that if happiness could be found anywhere it must be here.

Faithful was of the same opinion as his master. It was the season when the quails return to Africa, and the ground was covered with wearied birds recovering their strength ere they traversed the sea. Faithful need only stoop to collect a lordly bag of game; and, stuffed with game, he soon rolled himself up at his master's feet and began snoring potently.

When the oxen had finished their rumination, Graceful, who, till then, had feared disturbing them, entered into conversation with the bull, who displayed great powers, and evidently enjoyed considerable experience.

"Are you," Graceful asked, "masters of this rich domain?"

"No!" the old bull replied, "we belong to the Fairy Frogalinda, Queen of the Vermilion Towers, and richest of all the fairies."

"What does she exact from you?" Graceful went on.

"Nothing but to wear this ring, and pay her a royalty in milk, and give her from time to time one of our children to regale her guests. At this price we enjoy our abundance in perfect security; thus

we have nothing to desire on earth, and no one can be happier than we are."

"Have you never heard of the Castle of Life and the Fountain of Immortality?" Graceful said, timidly, and, without knowing why, blushing at the question.

"Among our forefathers," the bull replied, "there were some old fogies who talked about that nonsense; but we are wiser than our forefathers, and, at the present day, know there is no other happiness than to ruminate and sleep."

Graceful rose, sorrowfully to continue his journey, and asked what were the square red towers he saw in the distance.

"Those are the Vermilion Towers," the bull replied; "they close the road, and you must pass by Frogalinda's castle to continue your journey. You will see the fairy, my young friend, and she will offer you hospitality and fortune. Behave like your predecessors, if you will take my advice; all accept the favours of our mistress, and all rejoice at having renounced their dreams to live happily."

"And what became of them?" Graceful asked.

"They became oxen, like us," the bull tranquilly replied, as he lay down again to finish his siesta.

Graceful trembled, and aroused Faithful, who only arose with a growl. Then he called Thoughtful; but Thoughtful didn't hear him, for he was conversing with a spider which had spread a huge web between two elms, and had it full of flies.

"Why this long journey?" the spider asked the swallow. "Why change your clime, and let your life depend on the sun, the weather, or a master? Look at me! I depend on no one: I am my own mistress: I enjoy myself as I list: nothing can disturb my calculations or the happiness I owe only to myself."

Thrice Graceful called Thoughtful, but the bird did not hear him, lost in admiration of its new friend. Each instant some foolish gnat got into the web, and each time the spider, as an attentive hostess, offered the new prey to its astonished companion, when suddenly a breath of wind passed, so slight that the swallow's feathers were not even ruffled. Thoughtful searched for the spider; its web was the plaything of the winds, and the poor wretch was hanging on to its last thread by a leg, when a bird, as it passed, gobbled it up.

CHAPTER V.

PRINCE GRACEFUL THROWS HIMSELF INTO
THE FLAMES.

THE party set out, and reached in silence the palace of the Fairy Frogalinda. Graceful was straightway introduced with great ceremony by two handsome greyhounds, with purple housings, and wearing round their necks collars glistening with rubies. After traversing a number of halls filled with statuary, pictures, stuffs of gold and silk, boxes overflowing with gold and silver, Graceful and his comrades entered the boudoir in which the fairy presided. The walls were made of lapis lazuli; the ceiling of azures was supported by twelve pillars of massive gold, the capitals of which were white enamel bordered with gold. On a large velvet cushion reclined a frog as large as a rabbit: this was the deity of the place. Draped in a scarlet mantle embroidered with glistening spangles, the amiable Frogalinda wore on her head a diadem of rubies, which slightly animated her clumsy cheeks tinted with yellow and green. So soon as she noticed Graceful, she offered him her four fingers, all covered with rings, and the poor lad was forced, through respect, to carry them to his lips.

"My friend," the fairy said, in a hoarse voice, which she tried in vain to soften, "I was expecting you, and do not wish to be less generous to you than my sisters have been. In coming to my boudoir, you have seen but a small portion of my riches. This palace, with its pictures, statues, coffers full of gold, immense domains, and countless flocks—all are yours, if you will, and it only depends on yourself to be the richest and happiest of men."

"What must I do for this guerdon?" Graceful asked, in great emotion.

"Less than nothing," the fairy replied; "to cut me up into fifty pieces and eat me. There is nothing so terrible about it," she added, with a smile; and regarding Graceful with eyes rather redder than usual, Frogalinda began to display her airs.

"May we be allowed any savoury sauce, pray?" Thoughtful asked, who could not regard the fairy's exquisite gardens without admiration.

"No!" Frogalinda said, "I must be eaten raw; but you may go over the palace, look at and touch all my treasures, and convince yourself that by giving me this sign of devotion, you may possess all."

"Master," Faithful sighed, in a sup-

plicating voice, "a little courage; we are so famously off here."

Thoughtful said nothing, but his silence was worth a confession. As for Graceful, who remembered the oxen and the gold rings, he distrusted the fairy, and Frogalinda read his thoughts.

"Do not believe," she said to him, "that I wish to deceive you, my dear Graceful. In offering you all I possess, I also ask of you a service which I will nobly repay. When you have accomplished the work I propose, I shall become a young girl, beautiful as Venus, were it not that my hands and feet will remain a frog's. That is a slight matter when you are rich. Already six princes, twenty marquises, and thirty earls have begged me to marry them just as I am. When I have again become a woman, I will give you the preference, and we will enjoy my immense fortune together. But do not blush at your poverty, for you possess a treasure worth all mine: it is the flask my sister gave you;" and she stretched out her clammy hands to clutch the talisman.

"Never!" Graceful cried, as he recoiled; "never! I desire neither repose nor fortune; I wish to leave the place and go to the Castle of Immortality."

"You shall never reach it, miserable boy!" the fairy shrieked in fury.

At once the palace disappeared, a circle of flames surrounded Graceful, and an invisible clock began to strike midnight.

At the first stroke the traveller trembled; at the second, and without hesitation, he cast himself into the flames. To die for his grandmother, was not that the only means left at Graceful's command to evince his repentance and his love?

CHAPTER VI.

MET BY THE WAVES.

To Graceful's surprise, the fire parted without touching him, and he found himself at once in an unknown country, with his two companions.

This country was not Scotland; it was rather a Russia, or the end of the world. Graceful found himself wandering on a mountain covered with snow. Round him he only saw trees covered with hoar, dripping water from their every branch; a damp and piercing fog chilled his marrow; the ground gave way beneath his feet, and, as if to complete his misery, he had

to des
which
noisily
his dag
his un
tail be
Thoug
shoul
cover
was ne
ful, an
Who
reache
found a
of ice,
and tur
This ri
boat, o

"Ma
further
your se

After
and w
attemp
ing hin
the po
for the
by wag
then hi

Grac
carry h
and bo
ways fo
stick h
centre
with fe

"Ma
"do yo
are ent
us up.
bye!"

"No
the fai
the ban
a sun a
my goo
find a l
Castle o

Thou
wings,
of the c
lowed f
then sil
tinued
night.
but wh
doned
death o
a lurid f
or horri
it seem

to descend a rapid slope, at the end of which a torrent could be heard breaking noisily against the rocks. Graceful drew his dagger and cut off a branch to sustain his uncertain steps. Faithful, with his tail between his legs, barked weakly. Thoughtful never quitted his master's shoulder, and his quivering feathers were covered with small icicles. The poor bird was nearly dead, but it encouraged Graceful, and made no complaint.

When, after uncounted difficulties, they reached the foot of the mountain, Graceful found a river covered with enormous lumps of ice, which hustled against each other, and turned round and round in the stream. This river must be passed without bridge, boat, or help.

"Master," Faithful said, "I shall go no further. Confuse the fairy who put me in your service and drew me from nothing."

After saying this much he lay down and would not stir. Graceful in vain attempted to restore his courage by calling him his companion and friend. All the poor dog was able to do, was to reply for the last time to his master's caresses by wagging his tail and licking his hands; then his legs stiffened and he expired.

Graceful took Faithful on his back to carry him with him to the Castle of Life, and boldly stepped on a lump of ice, always followed by Thoughtful. With his stick he pushed this frail raft into the centre of the current, which carried it off with fearful rapidity.

"Master! master!" Thoughtful said, "do you hear the voice of the sea? We are entering an abyss which will swallow us up. Give me a parting kiss, and good-bye!"

"No, no," Graceful said; "why should the fairies have deceived me? Perhaps the bank is close to us; perhaps there is a sun above the clouds. Mount, mount, my good Thoughtful; perchance you may find a light above the fog, and see the Castle of Life."

Thoughtful unfolded his half-frozen wings, and courageously rose in the midst of the cold and obscurity. Graceful followed for an instant the noise of his flight, then silence set in, while the iceberg continued its furious course through the night. For a long time Graceful waited, but when he felt he was alone, hope abandoned him, and he lay down to await death on the quivering ice-lump. At times a lurid flash of lightning pierced the clouds, or horrifying thunder-claps could be heard: it seemed to be the end of the world and

of time. Suddenly, in his despair and desolation, Graceful heard the cry of the swallow, and Thoughtful fell at his feet.

"Master! master!" he said, "you were right; I have seen the bank; day is dawning. Courage!"

Saying this, the swallow convulsively opened its wearied wings, and remained motionless and lifeless.

Graceful, who had sprung up, laid on his heart the poor bird that had sacrificed itself for him, and with a superhuman effort, thrust the ice-mass onward, to find safety or death. Suddenly he heard the sound of the tide rushing upon him. He fell on his knees and closed his eyes while awaiting death. A wave as high as a mountain fell on his head, and threw him fainting on a shore which no living being before him had trodden.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CASTLE OF LIFE AND THE FOUNTAIN OF IMMORTALITY.

WHEN Graceful regained his senses, ice, clouds, and darkness had disappeared: he had been thrown on the beach of a smiling country, where the trees bathed themselves in a smiling light. In front of him was a splendid castle, whence escaped a glistening stream, which fell into a sea, blue, calm, and transparent as the sky. Graceful looked around him: he was alone—alone with the remains of his two friends, whom the waves had cast ashore by his side.

Fatigued by so much suffering and emotion, he dragged himself to the stream, and while stooping over to refresh his parched lips, he started back in terror. It was not his face he had seen in the water, it was that of a grey-haired old man who resembled him. He turned round—there was no one behind him. He returned to the stream, and saw once again the old man, or rather himself; there could be no doubt of it.

"Great fairies!" he exclaimed, "I understand you; if you desired my life in lieu of my grandmother's, I accept the sacrifice joyfully."

And then, without troubling himself about his old age and wrinkles, he plunged his head into the stream and drank greedily.

On rising he was all amazed at finding himself just as he was on the day he quitted the paternal mansion: younger, his hair blacker, his eyes more sparkling

than ever. He took up his hat which had fallen near the river, and which a drop of water had fallen on. Oh, surprise! the butterfly he had fastened to it was fluttering its wings and trying to fly away. Graceful at once ran to the beach to take up Faithful and Thoughtful, and plunged them into the blessed Fountain. Thoughtful fled off uttering a swallow's cry, and perched on the battlements of the Castle. Faithful, shaking the water from his ears, ran to the stables, whence magnificent dogs came out, which, however, instead of assailing the new-comer, overwhelmed him with kindness. It was the Fountain of Immortality which Graceful had at length found, or rather the stream which ran from it—a stream already much weakened, which only granted two or three hundred years of life to those who drank of it, but there was no law against beginning again.

Graceful filled his flask with this beneficent water, and approached the palace. His heart beat, for he had still a final trial to undergo, and when so near to success, a man is more afraid than ever of failure. He mounted the steps leading to the Castle; all was closed and silent; there was no one to receive the traveller. When he gained the last step, and was just going to rap at the gateway, a voice, more gentle than severe, checked him.

"Hast thou loved?" the invisible voice asked.

"Yes," Graceful replied, "I loved my grandmother more than all in the world."

The gate opened so that a hand could be passed through.

"Hast thou suffered for her whom thou hast loved?" the voice continued.

"I have suffered," Graceful said, "much, doubtlessly through my own fault, but a little for her I wish to save."

The gateway half opened, and the boy perceived an unbounded perspective—forests, streams, a sky fairer than all he had dreamed.

"Hast thou always performed thy duty?" the voice continued, in a harsher key.

"Alas, no!" Graceful replied, as he fell on his knees; "but when I erred, I was punished by my remorse still more than by the rude trials I experienced. Pardon me; and if I have not yet expiated all my faults, chastise me as I deserve; but save all I love and keep my grandmother for me."

Immediately the folding-doors were

thrown open, without Graceful perceiving anybody. Intoxicated with joy, he entered a court-yard surrounded by arcades adorned with flowers; in the centre was a fountain which issued from a tuft of flowers more beautiful, large, and odoriferous than any on earth. Near the fountain was a woman dressed in white, who seemed no more than forty years of age; she walked up to Graceful and received him with a smile so sweet that the lad felt touched to the heart, and the tears started to his eyes.

"Do you not know me?" the lady said to Graceful.

"Oh, grandmamma, is it you?" he exclaimed; "how did you reach the Castle of Life?"

"My child," she said, pressing him to her bosom, "she who brought me here is a fairy more powerful than those of the Woods or of the Waters. I shall now return to Scotland. I receive here a reward for the little good I may have done, while I enjoy a happiness which time will not impair."

"And I, grandmamma, what will become of me? After having seen you here, how can I return below to suffer in solitude?"

"My dear son," she replied, "no one can live on earth after having witnessed the celestial delights of this abode. You have loved, my good Graceful, and life has nothing to teach you. Happier than I, you have traversed in four days the desert in which I languished for eighty years; henceforth, nothing can separate us."

The door closed, and from that time nothing has been heard of Graceful and his grandmother, though many have set out on the search for the Fountain of Immortality. They have never been seen again on earth; but were we to listen to the voice of the stars, and understand what they say to us when they pour their beneficent rays upon us, they would have told us long ago where are situated the CASTLE OF LIFE and the FOUNTAIN OF IMMORTALITY.

* * * *

Honour to whom honour is due! This allegory I have borrowed from the pages of M. de Laboulaye, a French author of high repute. I feel sure he will pardon me, because the glorious moral he imparts cannot be too widely spread. That my juvenile readers may discover it for themselves, is the most sincere wish of their attached friend.

PHIL
displa
tions
natur
ness
our re
destin
subse
mystic
stition
turns
of the
an evil
Mac
catego
consid
presen
preted
of this
that he
the pal
sidered
to the
The
or a for
he deer
when a
or some
was to
As an e
it was
sian is
in Acha
known
should
menttha
just dra
to him
destinie
did not
that reig
ultimate
These i
Cicero,
ticularly
gods; t
admonit
to lie do
nians sc
Pasithea
dreams,
votaries
heads bo
cal symb
was calle
Diodo
regarded
rence, ar

ON DREAMS.

PHILOSOPHICAL ingenuity has long been displayed in the most learned disquisitions in an endeavour to account for the nature of these phenomena. The strangeness of these visionary perturbations of our rest—their supposed influence on our destinies—their frequent verification by subsequent events—have always shed a mystic *prestige* around them; and superstition, ignorance, and craft, have in turns characterized them as the warnings of the Divine will, or the machinations of an evil spirit.

Macrobius divided them into various categories. The first, the mere *dream*, he considers a figurative and mysterious representation that requires to be interpreted. Dion Cassius gives an example of this in the case of Nero, who dreamt that he saw the chair of Jupiter pass into the palace of Vespasian, which was considered as emblematical of his translation to the empire.

The second distinction he terms a *vision*, or a foreboding of future events. The third he deemed *oracular*, and this was the case when a priest, or a relative, a deity, a hero, or some venerable person, denounced what was to happen, or warned us against it. As an example of this inspiration, for such it was considered, an anecdote of Vespasian is related. Having heard that a man in Achaia had dreamt that a person unknown to him had assured him that he should date his prosperity from the moment that Nero should lose a tooth—a tooth just drawn from that emperor being shown to him the following day, he foresaw his destinies: soon after Nero died, Galba did not long survive him, and the discord that reigned between Otho and Vitellius ultimately placed the diadem on his brow. These inspirations were considered by Cicero, and various philosophers, as particularly appertaining to the shrine of the gods; those who sought that heavenly admonition were therefore recommended to lie down in temples. The Lacedæmonians sought slumber in the temple of Pasithea; Brizo, the goddess of sleep and dreams, was worshipped at Delos, and her votaries slept before her altars with their heads bound with laurel, and other fatidical symbols; hence divination by dreams was called *Brizomantia*.

Diodorus informs us that dreams were regarded in Egypt with religious reverence, and the prayers of the devout were

often rewarded by the gods with an indication of appropriate remedies. But the confidence in supernatural agency and the power of magic, was only deemed a last resource, when human skill had been baffled. Some persons promised a certain sum of money for the maintenance of sacred animals, consecrated to the divinity whose aid they implored. In the case of infants, a certain portion of their hair was cut off and weighed, and when the cure was effected an equal quantity of gold was given to the successful intermediary.

The fourth division was *insomny*, which was characterized by a disturbed repose, caused either by mental or bodily oppression, or solicitude. The fifth class of dreams was the *phantasm* or *visius*, which takes place between sleeping and waking, in a dozing and broken slumber, when the person thinks himself awake, and yet beholds fantastic and chimerical figures floating around his couch. Under this class is placed the *ephialtes*, or nightmare. Macrobius represents the phantasm and the insomnium as little deserving of attention, being of no use in divination and prediction.

When these notions prevailed, the interpretation of dreams became a profitable trade; and it is a lamentable truth, that, to the present day, it is considered a speculation upon credulity. We find in Plutarch's *Life of Aristides* that there were tables drawn out for this purpose; and he speaks of one Lysimachus, a grandson of Aristides, who gained a handsome livelihood by this profession, taking up his station near the temple of Bacchus. Rules of interpretation were formed by Artemidorus, who lived in the reign of Antoninus Pius, and he drew his conclusions from circumstances considered either propitious or sinister. Thus, to dream of a large nose, signified subtlety; of rosemary or sage, trouble and weakness; of a midwife, disclosure of secrets; of a leopard, a deceitful person. These interpretations became so multiplied, that at last it was decreed that no dreams which related to the public weal should be regarded, unless they had visited the brains of some magistrates, or more than one individual.

Monkish records relate that St. Bernard's mother dreamed that she had a little white dog barking about her, which

was interpreted to her by a religious person as meaning "that she should be the mother of an excellent dog indeed, who should be the hope of God's house, and would incessantly bark against its adversaries, for he should be a famous preacher, and cure many by his medicinal tongue." Our Archbishop Laurence, to whom we owe the Church of Our Lady at Canterbury, was about to emigrate to France under the discouragement of persecution, until warned in a dream, and severely scourged by St. Peter for his weakness. It was on the relation not only of this dream, but on actually exhibiting the marks of the stripes he had received, that Eadbald was baptized, and became a protector of the Church. It was in a dream of this description that St. Andrew instructed Peter Pontanus how to find out the spear that had pierced our Saviour's side, and which was hidden somewhere near Antioch. Antioch was at that time besieged by the Persians, and half-famished; but this weapon being carried by a bishop, enabled the besieged to beleaguer Caiban, the Persian general.

The Peripatetics represented dreams as arising from a presaging faculty of the mind; other sects imagined that they were suggestions of dæmons. Democritus and Lucretius looked upon them as spectres and *simulacra* of corporeal things, emitted from them, floating in the air, and assailing the soul. A modern writer, Andrew Baxter, entertained a notion somewhat similar, and imagined that dreams were prompted by separate immaterial beings, or spirits, who had access to the sleeper's brain with the faculty of inspiring him with various ideas. Burton divides dreams into natural, divine, and dæmoniacal; and he defines sleep, after Scaliger, as "the rest or binding of the outward senses, and of the common sense, for the preservation of body and soul."

Gradually released from the trammels of superstition, modern philosophers have sought for more plausible explanations of the nature and causes of dreams, but perhaps without having attained a greater degree of certainty in this difficult question than our bewildered ancestors. Wolfius is of opinion that every dream originates in some sensation, yet the independent energies of the mind are sufficiently displayed in the preservation of the continued phantasms of the imagination. He maintains that none of these phantasms can prevail unless they arise from this previous sensation. De Formey

is of the same opinion, and conceives that dreams are supernatural when not produced by these sensations. But of what nature are these sensations? Are they corporeal impressions received prior to sleep, and the continuances of reflection, or are they the children of an idle brain? Although it is not easy to trace an affinity between the subjects of our dreams and our previous train of thought, yet it is more than probable that dreams are excited by impressions experienced in our waking moments, and retransmitted to the sensorium, however difficult it may be to link the connexion of our ideas, and trace their imperceptible catenation. Moreover, there does not exist a necessary and regular association in the state of mind that succeeds any particular impressions. These impressions only predispose the mind to certain ideas, which act upon it with more or less subsequent energy, and with more or less irregularity, according to the condition in which the predisposing causes have left it. It has been observed that we seldom dream of the objects of our love or our antipathies. Such dreams may not be the natural results of such sentiments. We may fondly love a woman, and in our dreams transfer this soft sensation of fondness to another individual—to a dog that fondles us, or any other pleasing object. We may have experienced fear—in a storm at sea; yet we may not dream of being tossed about in a boat, but of being mounted upon a runaway horse who hurries us to destruction, or of flying from a falling avalanche. Our mind had been predisposed by fear to receive any terrific impression, and most probably these alarming phantasms will be of a chimerical and an extravagant nature. A man who has been bitten by a dog may fancy himself in the coils of a boa-constrictor. When dreaming, the mind is in an abstracted state; but still is its reciprocal influence over the body manifest, although it is powerless on volition. Vigilance in sleep is still awake; but her assistance is of no avail until the connexion between mind and body is aroused by any alarm from external agents. It is well known that a hungry man will dream of an ample repast. A patient with a blister on his head has fancied himself scalped by Indians in all their fantastic ornaments. Somnambulism clearly proves that the mind retains its energies in sleep. Locke has justly observed that dreams are made of the waking man's ideas, although oddly put

together
dream
sleepi
impre
state
the s
somnia
too w
Henri
compo
produ
and ca
in the
least
of rec
but
genius
state
been
defect
conne
certain
Darwi
will s
and a
him t
Buffo
oursel
seen a
years
they
actual
times
localit
were,
could
Dug
accoun
trine
mind
the ca
of the
wakin
Now,
consis
of the
pensis
volition
is the
under
memo
quenc
intelle
will
there
power
strugg
both
sleep
state
dream

together. Hartley is of opinion that dreams are nothing but the reveries of sleeping men, and are deducible from the impressions and ideas lately received, the state of the body, and association. Of the surprising powers of the mind in somnambulism we have many instances too well authenticated to be doubted. Henricus ab Heeres was in the habit of composing in his sleep, reading aloud his productions, expressing his satisfaction, and calling to his chamber-fellow to join in the commendation. There is not the least doubt but that the mind is capable of receiving impressions of knowledge, but more particularly inspirations of genius, when the body is lulled in a state of apparent repose. Dreams have been ingeniously compared to a drama defective in the laws of unity, and unconnected by constant anachronisms. Yet certain incoherences are not frequent: Darwin has justly remarked that a woman will seldom dream that she is a soldier, and a soldier's visions will seldom expose him to the apprehensions of child-birth. Buffon has observed, "We represent to ourselves persons whom we have never seen and such as have been dead for many years; we behold them alive and such as they were, but we associate them with actual things, or with persons of other times. It is the same with our ideas of locality; we see things not where they were, but elsewhere, where they never could have been."

Dugald Stewart has endeavoured to account for these phenomena by the doctrine that in sleep the operations of the mind are suspended, and that therefore the cause of dreams is the loss of power of the will over the mind, which in the waking condition is subject to its control. Now, if this be the case, dreams must consist of mental operations independent of the will. However, it is not the suspension of the will and of the powers of volition that alone constitutes sleep; it is the suspension of the powers of the understanding — attention, comparison, memory, and judgment. It is in consequence of this suspension of all our active intellectual faculties that we never can *will* during our dreams; in that state there appears to be a resistance of the powers of volition with which the mind struggles in vain, and which is expressed both by moans, and the character of the sleeper's every feature, which portrays a state of anguish and impatience. In all dreams that are not of a morbid nature,

every action is passive, involuntary. This state is widely different from delirium, in which the brain is in a morbid state of excitement; and the body is more susceptible than usual of external agency, while the mind is perplexed by hallucinations of an erroneous nature.

Dr. Abercrombie considers insanity and dreaming as having a remarkable affinity when considered as mental phenomena; the impressions in the one case being more or less permanent, and transient in the other. Somnambulism he considers an intermediate state. Dreams, according to his theory, are divided into four classes: the first, when recent events and recent mental emotions are mixed up with each other, and with old events, by some feeling common to both; the second class relates to trains of images brought up by association with bodily sensations; the third, the result of forgotten associations; and the fourth class of dreams contains those in which a strong propensity of character, or a strong mental emotion, is embodied in a dream, and by some natural coincidence is fulfilled.

The following is an instance of phantasms being produced by our associations with bodily sensations, and tends to show how alive our faculties continue during sleep to the slightest impressions:

The subject of this observation was an officer in the expedition to Louisburg in 1758, who had this peculiarity in so remarkable a degree, that his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. They could produce in him any kind of dream by whispering in his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he had become familiar. One time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to have met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly did so, and with so much force as to throw himself from the locker upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his friends found him one day asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the can-

nonading. They then made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time increased his fears by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who was hit, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next himself in his company had fallen, when he instantly sprung from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was only roused from his danger and his dream by falling over the tent-ropes. A remarkable thing in this case was, that after these experiments he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue, and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing some trick upon him. It has been observed that we seldom feel courageous or daring in our dreams, and generally avoid danger when menaced by a foe, or exposed to any probable peril.

The third class of dreams relates to the revival of forgotten associations. The person in question was at the time connected with one of the principal banks in Glasgow, and was at his place at the teller's table, where money is paid, when a person entered, demanding payment of a sum of six pounds. There were several people waiting, who were in turn entitled to be attended to before him; but he was remarkably impatient and rather noisy, and being besides a remarkable stammerer, he became so annoying, that another gentleman requested him to pay the money and get rid of him. He did so accordingly, but with an expression of impatience at being obliged to attend to him before his turn, and thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, the books of the bank could not be made to balance, the deficiency being exactly six pounds. Several days and nights had been spent in endeavouring to discover the error, but without success, when he returned home much fatigued, and went to bed. He dreamt of being at his place in the bank, and the whole transaction of the stammerer, as now detailed, passed before him in all its particulars. He awoke under the full impression that the dream would lead him to the discovery of what he was so anxiously in search of, and on examination he soon discovered that he had neglected to enter the sum which he had thus paid.

The following singular dreams are examples of the fourth class. A clergyman had come to Edinburgh from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn, when he dreamt of seeing a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. He awoke with the impression, and instantly left town on his return home. When he arrived in sight of his house, he found it on fire, and got there in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm and confusion, had been left in a situation of danger.

A gentleman in Edinburgh was affected with aneurism of the popliteal artery, for which he was under the care of two eminent surgeons, and the day was fixed for the operation. About two days before the appointed time, the wife of the patient dreamt that a favourable change had taken place in the disease, in consequence of which the operation would not be required. On examining the tumour in the morning, the gentleman was astonished to find that the pulsation had entirely ceased, and, in short, this turned out to be a spontaneous cure—a very rare occurrence in surgical practice.

The following dream is still more remarkable. A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it, that she went to the house of the lady, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning, the gentleman, hearing footsteps on the stairs, left the place of his concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a hurried and confused manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire, which, at three o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible; and, on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals.

Dreams, to whatever causes they may be attributed, vary according to the nature of our sleep: if it is sound and natural, they will seldom prevail; if, on the contrary, it be broken and uneasy, by a spontaneous association dreams will become fanciful, and might, indeed, be called visions, so fantastic and chimerical are all the objects that present themselves in motley groups to the disturbed mind. This derangement in the sensorium may be referred to various physical causes—

the sensation of heat or of cold; obstruction in the course of the circulation of the blood, as when lying upon the back; a difficult digestion. In a sound sleep our dreams are seldom remembered except in a vague manner; whereas, in a broken sleep, as Formey has observed, the impression of the dream remains upon the mind, and constitutes what this philosopher called "*the lucidity of dreams*." It not unfrequently happens to us that we have had a similar dream several times, or at least we labour under this impression; nay, many persons fancy that particular events of their life at the moment of their occurrence had clearly taken place at a former period, either in reality or in a dream. Morning "winged dreams" are more easily remembered in their circumstantial vagaries than those of the preceding night, for at that period (the morning) our sleep is not sound, and dreams become more lucid. These *rêveries*, as the French call them, are admirably described by Dryden:

A dream o'ertook me at my waking hour
This morn, and dreams they say, are then divine,
When all the balmy vapours are exhal'd,
And some o'erpow'ring god continues sleep.

That we are more or less impressionable in our sleep is rendered evident by the facility with which even a sound sleeper is disturbed by the slightest noise: the sparkling of a fire, or the crackling produced by the wick of our night-lamp when coming into contact with the water in the glass, the sting of an insect, the slightest admission of a higher or lower temperature, will occasion a broken sleep and its dreams. It has been remarked that the sense of seeing is more frequently acted upon in dreams than that of hearing, and very seldom do we find our smell and taste under their influence. It is possible that this peculiarity may arise from the greater variety of impressions with which the sight is daily struck, and which memory communicates by association or retransmission. Next to feeling, vision is the first sense brought into relation with external objects. When we hear noises, explosions, tumultuous cries, it is more than probable that our dreams partake of a delirious and morbid nature, or of sensorial or intellectual hallucinations, in which the mind is actually diseased, and our perceptions become erroneous: then we speak loudly to others, and to ourselves. When these hallucinations prevail after sleep, the invasion of mania may be apprehended.

Cabanis, in his curious investigation on the mind, has endeavoured to fix the order in which the different parts of our organization go to sleep. First the legs and arms, then the muscles that support the head and back: the first sense that slumbers, according to his notions, is that of sight; then follow in regular succession the senses of taste, smell, hearing, and feeling. The viscera fall asleep one after the other, but with different degrees of soundness. If this doctrine be correct, we may easily conceive the wild and strange inconsistencies of our dreams, during which the waking and the sleeping organs are acting and reacting upon each other.

The effect of a heavy meal, more especially a supper, in disturbing our rest, was well known and recorded by ancient physicians: and Cato tells us "that the fittest time to repair to rest is two or three hours after supper, when the meat is then settled in the bottom of the stomach: and 'tis good to lie on the right side first, because at that side the liver doth rest under the stomach, not molesting any way, but heating him as a fire doth a kettle that is put to it. After the first sleep, 'tis not amiss to lie on the left side, that the meat may the better descend; and sometimes again on the belly, but never on the back."

Our ancestors had recourse to various devices to procure sound sleep. Borde recommends a good draught of strong drink before going to bed; Burton, a nutmeg and ale, with a good potation of muscadine with a toast. Oppression from repletion will occasion fearful dreams and the nightmare; and bodily sufferings, when exhaustion has brought on sleep, will also be attended with alarming and painful visions.

Levinus Lemnius recommended to sleep with the mouth shut, to promote a regular digestion by the exclusion of too much external air. The nightmare is admirably described in Dryden's translation of Virgil:

And as, when heavy sleep has closed the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night,
We seem to run, and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
In vain we heave for breath: in vain we cry;
The nerves, unbraced, their usual strength deny,
And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die.

In the Runic theology it was regarded as a spectre of the night, which seized men in their sleep, and suddenly deprived them of speech and of motion. It was

vulgarly called witch-riding, and considered as arising from the weight of fuliginous spirits incumbent on the breast.

It is nevertheless true that many persons sleep more soundly after a hearty supper; and, most unquestionably, dreams are more frequent towards morning than in the beginning of the night. In my opinion, I should apprehend that the sound sleep of supper-eaters is to be attributed to the narcotic nature of their potations, more than the meal, although the *siesta* of southern countries might be advanced in favour of a contrary opinion.

Dreams have been considered as prescriptive in various diseases. Diodorus Siculus relates that a certain Scythian dreamed that Æsculapius had drawn the humours of his body to one place, or head, to have it lanced. When Galen had an inflammation of the diaphragm, we are told that he was directed in a dream to open a vein between the thumb and the fourth finger—an operation which restored him to health. Marcus Antonius asserted that he learned in his dreams various remedies for spitting of blood. It is related of Sir Christopher Wren, that, when at Paris, in 1671, being disordered with “a pain in his reins,” he sent for a physician, who prescribed blood-letting, but he deferred submitting to it, and dreamed that very night that he was in a place where palm-trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic habit, offered dates to him. The next day he sent for dates, which cured him. Now, although this cure, brought about by a dream, was considered wonderful, its circumstances offer nothing supernatural. It is more than probable that Sir Christopher had frequently read in foreign works on medicine, that dates were recommended as an efficacious remedy in nephritic complaints; and, moreover, had met in his daily perambulations female quacks, who had exhibited themselves to this day in the French metropolis, fantastically attired, and vending their far-famed nostrums. That he should have remembered dates, and that the phantasm of the she-mountebank might at the same time have struck his fancy, were two associations by no means improbable.

It is very likely that all the strange stories of prophetic dreams might be traced to a similar connexion of ideas. I have before observed that dreams do not always assume the complexion from recent occurrences, and our bodily sufferings during sleep bring to our recollection every circumstance that regards the

malady. A patient who had a bottle of hot water placed at his feet, dreamed that he was walking in great agony in the burning lava of Vesuvius. Similar associations exist when awake: the man whose arm has been amputated, constantly refers the pain he experiences to the lost hand, or to that part of the limb which received the injury; and the very same nervous illusion prevails during his slumbers. A case is recorded of an officer who had lost his leg, and, when cold, felt comfort and warmth by wrapping the stump of his wooden leg in flannel.

In various diseases the nature and the period of the invasion of dreams, afford a valuable ground of observation to the physician, both in his diagnosis and prognosis of the case. In incipient hydrothorax, for instance, dreams occur at the very moment the patient falls asleep, and he fancies himself suffocated by some impending and destructive weight. Diseases of the heart are accompanied by alarming dreams, from which the patient starts up in great terror. In children the perturbation of their sleep frequently indicates the seat of their sufferings.

If proof were wanting that dreams arise from our waking thoughts, it might be found in the circumstance of those sleepers who divulge their secrets, and verify the lines of Shakspeare—

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleep will mutter their affairs.

Reason, therefore prompts us to reject the idea of dreams being preternatural suggestions. In general we may consider them as a morbid excitement of the brain, arising either from moral or physical causes, and depending essentially on the condition of our mind and body. Our most lively hopes are ever linked with fears that prey upon us even when most secure; and these apprehensions recurring in our dreams, proved too often prophetic of the very events we dreaded. The prejudices of early education shed around these forewarnings circumstantial incidents; and fear is the greatest ally of superstition.

If our visions by night are fraught with such singular circumstances, our “day dreams,” or *reveries*, are frequently attended with strange associations. The impressions received during these ecstatic visions or trances will occasionally act so powerfully upon the mind, that during our waking hours and the usual pursuits

of life we cannot divest ourselves of the existence of their reality.

Dr. Arnold has given the following curious account of a case of this kind, as narrated by the individual himself:—"One afternoon, feeling himself a little unsettled and not inclined to business, he thought he would take a walk into the city to amuse his mind, and having strolled into St. Paul's Churchyard, he stopped at a shop, and looked at the pictures, among which was one of the cathedral. He had not been long there before a short, grave-looking elderly gentleman, dressed in dark-brown clothes, came up and began to examine the prints, and occasionally casting a glance at him, very soon entered into conversation with him, and praising the view of St. Paul's which was exhibited at the window, told him many anecdotes of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, and asked him at the same time if he had ever ascended to the top of the dome. He replied in the negative. The stranger then inquired if he had dined, and proposed that they should go to an eating-house in the neighbourhood, adding that after dinner he would accompany him up St. Paul's. It was a glorious afternoon for a view, and he was so familiar with the place, that he could point out every object worthy of attention. The kindness of the old gentleman's manner induced him to comply with the invitation, and they went to a tavern in some dark alley, the name of which he did not know. They dined and very soon left the table, and ascended to the ball just below the cross, which they entered alone.

"They had not been there many minutes, when, while he was gazing on the extensive prospect and delighted with the splendid scene below him, the grave gentleman pulled out from an inside coat-pocket something like a compass, having round the edge some curious figures; then having muttered some unintelligible words, he placed it in the centre of the ball. He felt a great trembling, and a sort of horror came over him, which was increased by his companion asking him if he should like to see any friend at a distance and to know what he was at that time doing, for if so, the latter could show him any such person. It happened that his father had been for a long time in bad health, and for some weeks past he had not visited him. A sudden thought came into his mind, so powerful that it overcame his terror, that he should like to see

his father. He had no sooner expressed the wish than the exact person of his father was immediately presented to his sight in the mirror, reclining in his arm-chair and taking his afternoon sleep. Not having fully believed in the power of the stranger to make good his offer, he became overwhelmed with terror at the clearness and truth of the vision presented to him, and he entreated his mysterious companion that they might immediately descend, as he felt himself very ill. The request was complied with, and on parting under the portico of the northern entrance, the stranger said to him, 'Remember you are the slave of the man of the mirror.'"

He returned in the evening to his home, he does not know exactly at what hour; felt himself unquiet, depressed, gloomy, apprehensive, and haunted with thoughts of the stranger. For the last three months he has been conscious of the power of the latter over him. Dr. Arnold adds, "I inquired in what way his power was exercised? He cast on me a look of suspicion mingled with confidence, took my arm, and after leading me through two or three rooms and then into the garden, exclaimed, 'It is of no use—there is no concealment from him, for all places are alike open to him—he sees us—and he hears *us now*.' I asked him where the being was who saw us and heard us? He replied in a voice of deep agitation, 'Have I not told you that he lives in the ball below the cross on the top of St. Paul's, and that he only comes down to take a walk in the churchyard and get his dinner at the house in the dark alley. Since that fatal interview with the necromancer,' he continued, 'for such I believe him to be, he is continually dragging me before him in his mirror—he not only sees me every moment of the day, but he reads all my thoughts, and I have a dreadful consciousness that no action of my life is free from his inspection, and no place can afford me security from his power.' On my reply that the darkness of the night would afford him protection from these machinations, he said, 'I know what you mean, but you are quite mistaken—I have only told you of the mirror; but in some part of the building which he passed on coming away, he showed me what he called a great bell, and I heard sounds which came from it, and which went to it, sounds of laughter, and of anger, and of pain; there was a dreadful confusion of sounds, and I lis-

tened with wonder and affright: he said, 'this is my organ of hearing; this great bell is in communication with all the other bells within the circle of hieroglyphics, by which every word spoken by those under my control is made audible to me.' Seeing me look surprised at him, he said, 'I have not yet told you all, for he practises his spells by hieroglyphics on walls and houses, and wields his power, like a detestable tyrant as he is, over the minds of those whom he has enchanted, and who are the objects of his constant spite within the circle of his hieroglyphics.' I asked him what these hieroglyphics were, and how he perceived them? He replied, 'Signs and symbols which you in your ignorance of their true meaning have taken for letters and words. Oh! that is all nonsense! they are only the mysterious characters which he places to mark the boundaries of his dominions, and by which he prevents all escape from his tremendous power. How I have toiled and laboured to get beyond the limits of his influence! Once I walked for three days and three nights, till I fell down under a wall exhausted by fatigue, and dropped asleep; but on awaking, I saw the dreadful sign before my eyes, and I felt myself as completely under his infernal spell at the end as at the beginning of the journey.'"

Dr. Prichard remarks on this singular case of insanity, that this gentleman had actually ascended to the top of St. Paul's, and that impressions there received being afterwards renewed in his mind when in a state of vivid excitement, in a dream of ecstatic reverie, became so blended with the creation of fancy, as to form one mysterious vision, in which the true and the imaginary were afterwards inseparable.

It is also possible that this person, being of a nervous and susceptible disposition, had been struck, when on the dizzy height of the cupola, with a vertigo, or fit, during which these phantasms had

struck him in so vivid a manner as to derange his intellects—the loud and terrific sound of the bell adding to the horror of his situation. It is well known that persons have recollected circumstances that occurred around them during an epileptic and an apoplectic attack. Our worthy visionary was for two years an inmate of a private asylum.

In regard to the verification of dreams, they may be easily accounted for by that proneness that most men, especially if of a weak and impressionable state of mind, experience in courting the object of their hopes or fears. Thus have the absurd prognostications of fortune-tellers been too frequently fatal, as we may work up our thoughts to such an intensity as to bring on the very death that we apprehend. Dr. Prichard relates the case of a clergyman, in an indifferent state of health, who, when standing one day at the corner of a street, saw a funeral procession approaching him. He waited till it came near him, saw all the train pass him, with black nodding plumes, and read his own name on the coffin which was carried by, and entered, with the whole procession, into the house where he resided. This was the commencement of an illness which put an end to his life in a few days.

It is to be feared that notwithstanding the ingenuity of the many physiologists who have sought to investigate the nature of dreams, we shall never come to any satisfactory conclusion, since we follow too frequently the example of the German philosopher Lesage, who, in his endeavour to throw some light on this obscure subject, sought to ascertain the intermediate condition of the mind when passing from the waking state into sleep—a transition which never has been, and most probably never can be ascertained, since sleep, to a certain degree, is a suspension of all power of attention, perception, volition, and every spontaneous faculty.

RU

In on
Indian
the b
excur
disma
respec
after
butch
assail
taken
for a
paren

The
bedau
vindic
the h
of th
every
tain
and
corne
savag
lectin
twigs
place
and p
set t
yells
capti

A
the m
but
trude
to th
shed
fore
flicke
trees
their
doom
upwa
roare
the
envel
ward
miles
far a

As
Wall
shou
pile,
of hi
self:
"j

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET; OR, THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

IN one of the numerous raids of the Indian hordes upon the frontier, during the bloody period of the Revolution—excursions that left many a hearthstone dismal and gloomy—two brothers named respectively George and Wallace Arthur, after a most desperate resistance, and after seeing their aged parents ruthlessly butchered and scalped by their inhuman assailants, were finally overpowered and taken prisoners, to be reserved probably for a future fate more horrible than their parents had met.

The party, consisting of fifteen paint-bedaubed, half-naked savages, fierce, vindictive, bloodthirsty, after ransacking the house thoroughly, taking everything of the least value to them, destroying every article of furniture the rooms contained, throwing broken bedsteads, chairs, and tables in a confused heap in one corner, uttering the while horrid yells of savage triumph, left the house, and collecting a large quantity of dry grass and twigs, and other combustible materials, placed them before the open doorway, and piling the broken furniture thereon, set the whole on fire, and, amid wild yells of exultation, departed with their captives toward their far-distant village.

A cloud of suffocating smoke rose from the mass of rubbish before the doorway, but soon a small tongue of flame protruded, and licked its fiery way upward to the roof of the doomed dwelling, shedding a lurid light through the dark forest aisles, forming huge, misshapen, flickering shadows of the neighbouring trees. The flames spread and extended their serpent-like tongues to embrace the doomed house; they spread upward—still upward; the flames increased in strength, roared and crackled fiercely, and encircled the cabin, which was shortly completely enveloped in a mass of fire, shooting upward toward the sky, which was red for miles around, and lighting the dark forest far and wide with a lurid glare.

As the savages led their captives away, Wallace Arthur looked back over his shoulder, gave one glance at the burning pile, in whose depths the blackened ashes of his parents lay, and muttered to himself:—

“If the savages were only there now,

they’d meet what they hadn’t bargained for when they set the house on fire.”

Even as he spoke huge volumes of black smoke rose up and thickened the air; the flames sank down and became obscured, and for one moment everything seemed hushed in awful suspense. Then the smoke separated in vast rolling volumes, a shower of sparks and a broad sheet of livid light shot out of the blazing cabin, followed by a report that shook the very ground upon which the Indians stood, and then fragments of timber were thrown high in the air, and nothing remained but a smouldering mass of embers that cast a feeble, flickering light upon surrounding objects.

With their hands bound securely behind them, reflecting upon the late events of their capture, the prisoners were conducted rapidly through the great forest, subjected to the taunts, insults, and injuries of their brutal captors, who took especial delight in forcing a grimace of pain upon the countenances of their prisoners. The latter retained a moody silence throughout the whole march, gave no answer to the insulting, taunting remarks of the Indians; but as these continual indignities were heaped upon them, the eyes of Wallace would flash with fierce anger and resentment, and his broad chest heave violently, revealing the dangerous passion that burned within him.

Yet the savages, although they inflicted the most cruel injuries their evil nature could devise, failed to elicit a groan from the captives, who well knew that the slightest evidence of pain would afford them more inhuman merriment, and bring upon themselves more cruel treatment than before. Yet Wallace could hardly restrain himself from giving vent to his pent-up anger and rage in bitter invectives.

Obliged to submit to the harsh usage of the Indians, they were led along toward the village, and when any game was killed, their hands were liberated and they were forced to carry it upon their shoulders, at the same time being carefully guarded to prevent any effort of escape. If they lagged in their course they were driven forward by pointed sticks, which the savages thrust into their sides or

back, accompanying each thrust with a yell of delight.

In this manner they were conducted to the village, where they arrived on the sixth day after their capture, almost exhausted by their continual labour and the tortures to which they had been subjected on the route. Here they were treated more cruelly than before, the women being far more revengeful and devilish than the men. They hooted, hissed, and yelled, threw stones and dirt in their faces, spat upon them, and beat them with sticks and clubs. They then tied them to two different trees, pierced their flesh with sharpened stakes, and practised with their knives and tomahawks, trying how near they could come without wounding them, uttering all the while horrid yells of fiendish delight and satisfaction.

The elder brother bore all this with a stoicism remarkable, for he was considerably over six feet in height, well-proportioned and muscular, and possessed of a frame of great powers of endurance. He received many slight wounds, which, though not dangerous in themselves, caused the blood to flow quite freely.

His younger and more delicate brother, however, became unconscious under the torture, when both were bound securely, and taken to a wigwam, and guarded by a couple of savages.

Tears started to the eyes of Wallace Arthur, and his powerful frame trembled with contending emotions as he gazed upon the countenance of his brother, and marked its careworn expression. He strained upon his bonds as the thought of escape entered his mind, but they were of raw hide, and refused to yield to his efforts. He then glanced around the room in search of some hard object with which, by continual rubbing, he might wear the thongs apart, but no such object presented itself, and at last, with a sullen look of determination, he resigned himself to his situation, lay down upon the couch of robes which the savages had been good enough to leave them, and listened to the footsteps of the guards as they paced up and down. Slowly his heavy eyelids closed, and soon his weary, exhausted body found refreshment in profound slumber.

The sun streamed in golden shafts through the opening of the wigwam, as the captives awoke, feeling their strength much restored by their night's rest. A huge Indian, with his heavy rifle resting on his arm, stood before the doorway.

He had stopped to observe the prisoners for a few moments, and then resumed his walk again.

"We're in a nice fix," said George Arthur, breaking a long silence. A troubled expression swept across his features as he continued, "I wonder what they'll do with us? Burn us at the stake, I guess."

"Yes, that comes natural to 'em; you can't expect anything better of the cursed, infernal savages!" cried the other, fiercely grinding his teeth at the Indian sentinel.

"There's not much chance of escape," continued George, looking ruefully at his bound hands.

"Pale-face want eat, drink?" said the savage, suddenly thrusting his head into the wigwam, and smiling grimly as he spoke. "Pale-face hungry, weak—must eat, git strong 'gin. Injun sent red-brudder to tell squaw git it. Ugh!"

"Go on, you paint-faced nigger, and don't stick your dirty head in here again! We don't want you."

"Pale-face got big tongue—Injun make shorter bime-by. Pale-face lose scalp—burn at stake—den he no be brave. Ugh!"

"Out of here, you infernal lazy, cowardly, treacherous hound of a red devil!" shouted Wallace, his eyes flashing fire, and his whole frame trembling with rage.

"Pale-face much mad!" cried the savage, with a taunting laugh, which only increased the young man's anger. "Injun like see him so; make um heart very much dance with joy. Um dance more when pale-face burn at stake; like hear him groan. It's good for warriors!" and he struck his breast with his fist.

"God!" cried Wallace, gnashing his teeth in fury. "If I had you in my grasp, I'd twist the cursed neck off of you!"

With a taunting, mocking laugh, the Indian walked off, leaving the two men to their reflections, which were soon cut short by the entrance of an old squaw with a tray of venison and hot corn-bread. This she set upon the ground, unbound the prisoners' hands, and then left them.

The two Indians watched them strictly, to prevent any effort of escape; but the captives were too much engrossed in the viands before them to take any notice of the guards.

Their wounds healed rapidly under the skilful treatment of the Indian squaws

who ad-
dently
in curi-
but fle-
few da-
as ever
They
might
periods
but th-
watche-
tures
bound,
They
for of
but th-
pose p-
genero-
fed we-
streng-
be bett-
their f-
The
their
stantly
would
parent
their s-
One
wam,
wished
condu-
dersto-
Indian
minati-
and in
tribe o-
in the
every
childre-
waitin-
whow
lane o-
The
yells o-
Then
station
the fir-
passag-
about
was g-
ing w-
the pr-
The
one, v-
cut th-
every
then
the fla-
he wa-
him a

who administered to them, and who evidently had some special purpose in view in curing them so quickly. They were but flesh-wounds and bruises, and in a few days they were as strong and hearty as ever.

They cherished the hope that they might effect their escape during the periods they were left to themselves; but they soon discovered that they were watched secretly, and besides, their ligatures were of undressed hide, tightly bound, and impossible to force.

They had no reason to complain of food, for of this they received an abundance; but they comprehended what hellish purpose prompted the savages to this act of generosity. They knew that they were fed well that they might recover their strength as speedily as possible, so as to be better able to endure the torture which their fiendish ingenuity would devise.

The captives did not seem concerned at their approaching fate, but dwelt constantly upon the terrible revenge they would take for the brutal murder of their parents, if they escaped the clutches of their savage captors.

One day an Indian entered their wigwam, and informed them that the chief wished to see them, and that he was to conduct them thither. They readily understood the significant words of the Indian, but with a look of dogged determination they walked from the wigwam, and immediately confronted the whole tribe of warriors, ranged in a double row in the centre of the village, armed with every imaginable weapon, the women and children eagerly pressing upon them, waiting for the appearance of the captives, who were to run the gauntlet of that living lane of human beings.

Their appearance was greeted by savage yells of delight from the whole assemblage. Then George was led towards them, and stationed some ten or a dozen feet from the first savage, opposite the centre of the passage which they formed, and which was about three feet wide. Wallace Arthur was guarded by four Indians, and standing where he could witness the whole of the proceedings.

Then the Indian, a tall and powerful one, who had first conducted them hither, cut the thongs of his wrist, and instantly every weapon was raised in readiness. He then struck George a violent blow with the flat part of a broken paddle with which he was armed, at the same time giving him a kick, intimating that he should start.

Seeing there was no way of escape, he determined to inflict as much injury upon his tormentors as it was in his power to do. With fierce set teeth and contracted brow, he dashed like an antelope through the passage of living beings, striking right and left with great energy, and making rapid headway, while steadily the blows from sticks, and clubs, and other weapons rained thick and fast about his person, yells and shouts accompanying each blow.

Almost deafened by the noise created by the exultant and delighted savages, he still struggled bravely on; but the women and children, in their wild excitement, pressed heavily against the sides of the warriors, forcing both rows to come gradually together, till not the smallest opening was left; and men, women, and children were packed in a dense mass at the other end, swaying to and fro with the wildest excitement. His further progress effectually prevented, George ceased his exertions, and glared around upon the confused mass; and while he stood thus, a fainting sensation passed over him, his vision became dimmed, and he fell insensible to the ground, while fresh blows were showered upon his inanimate body. But at length they became aware of his real condition, and, amid loud yells, proceeded to drag him to the wigwam from whence he was taken.

Powerless in the hands of the savages, his hands bound securely behind him with thongs of raw hide, Wallace Arthur was forced to witness the sufferings of his brother, and his own mental anguish during that period may be better imagined than described. More than once he shut his eyes from the sight, but unconsciously turned them again toward the spot, as he heard the exultant shout of the Indians. He strained upon his bonds, but finding it useless, breathed a silent vow of vengeance against the whole race of red men.

With a feeling of unutterable relief he saw them drag his unconscious brother away. The same Indian who had given George the signal to start, again came forward and cut the ligatures of Wallace's wrist, and, uttering the signal yell, raised the broken paddle on high, and brought it down upon the back of Wallace with a report that echoed like a pistol-shot.

The blood rushed in a stream to the forehead of the prisoner under this indignity, and his body fairly shook with rage. Turning around in a fury, he confronted the astonished Indian, and con-

centrating all his strength, he struck him a tremendous blow full in the face. The Indian fell to the ground, insensible, with his nose flattened and bloody, and his breast and face bespattered with gore.

Wrought to the highest pitch of fury, Wallace glared around him like a wounded tiger at bay, but the dense mass of women and children that surrounded him offered no avenue of escape. It was only for a moment that he stood thus. The next he uttered a howl of vengeance, and dashed like a rocket through the lane formed by the savages.

He passed the first ten without receiving an injury, and struck one a powerful blow in the face that sent him reeling to the ground. Another he gave a stunning blow in the pit of his stomach, and he followed the direction of his comrade. A third he kicked on the shin, causing the savage to howl with pain.

With his hair hanging about his face in wild profusion, his lips compressed, his bosom heaving with excitement, his eyes glaring like a madman's upon his savage tormentors, his passions aroused to the highest pitch, he struck right and left with terrible effect.

The savages fell back gradually, allowing a free passage for the infuriated hunter. The latter reached the centre of the throng, and paused for a moment, panting with exertion, and glared savagely around upon the yelling Indians. A hundred clubs were raised to strike him, but he received the blows on his left arm, and with a yell he again darted forward, felling one to the earth, seized another by the ankles, lifted him from his feet, and dashed him to the ground.

Astonished at this great display of strength, the savages fell back a little, and Wallace, taking advantage of this, dashed through with momentary renewed strength, passed the last Indian, and fell exhausted to the ground, when he was immediately pounced upon and secured.

He was then placed in the same wigwam with his brother, who had by this time regained his consciousness. He ground his teeth and clenched his fists in unutterable rage, and almost howled with savage fury. They both vowed a fearful revenge against the Indians, if they were so fortunate as to effect their escape, which was a matter of doubt, as they were carefully guarded.

In a few days their health and strength were perfectly restored.

One day an unusual bustle and murmur

was heard outside, which gradually increased to shouts and yells. They wondered what was the cause of this commotion; and this was soon to be made apparent to them.

Soon after a couple of Indians entered, and without a word led them from the wigwams into the open air. Their glance immediately fell upon a large pile of wood, encircling a large sapling, around which every man, woman, and child in the village were gathered, evidently waiting their appearance. In an instant they comprehended the meaning of the scene, and an anxious expression settled upon their faces.

Loud yells greeted the prisoners. The savages made way for them, and they were conducted to within twenty feet of the tree.

George was then led into the circle of wood, and his hands tied to a thong attached to the sapling. Some of the Indians approached the wood with lighted pine-knots in their hands, ready to light the pile.

George looked hopelessly around upon the stern faces of the warriors, and edged closer to the tree, to protect himself as much as possible from the fire which would be soon raging around him.

With savage shouts the Indians set fire to the wood, and then commenced dancing around the flames, which, like a destroying monster, leaped, roared, and crackled on all sides of the doomed prisoner, who soon became the centre of a hissing circle of living flame.

With great drops of agony upon his brow, George ran round and round the sapling, straining frantically upon his bonds, and vainly endeavouring to escape the tongues of flame that, like a fiery demon, licked their way towards him.

As his hair crisped, and his flesh singed and cracked under the potent heat, he gave forth a despairing cry, and with failing strength staggered towards the tree and clutched at it for support.

Wallace Arthur heard the despairing cry of his brother, and it nerved his arms with a terrible power. His frame trembled violently, his fingers opened and shut spasmodically, his muscles worked convulsively, and his eyes gleamed with a sudden and strange resolve.

Stooping slightly, and drawing a deep breath, he summoned all his giant strength, and with one mighty herculean effort, burst asunder the strong bands that secured him, and with irresistible force

hurried
to the
from t
ness a
hand c
him,
circle
fainting
form i
the fla
dians,
Rec
ment,
pointe
dashed
were o
hard an
Indians
The

The
But

Mildne
be
Yea, 't
ho

First w
sp

View t
sk

This s
ri

Travel
On tra

From p
to

Nor sa
gr

Do not
For ne

hurled the two savages who guarded him to the ground, seized the glittering knife from the belt of one, and with the swiftness almost of lightning, and before a hand could be stretched forth to grasp him, sprang with two bounds into the circle of fire, severed the bonds of his fainting brother, grasped his tottering form in his giant arms, dashed through the flames and through the lines of Indians, and plunged into the forest.

Recovering from their sudden astonishment, the Indians gave a howl of disappointed rage at thus losing their prey, and darted off in pursuit; but the prisoners were out of sight, and as the ground was hard and no trail was left to follow by, the Indians failed to recapture them.

The fugitives were concealed in a hol-

low log not very far from the village, and thus escaped detection by the savages, who more than once passed them.

After the pursuit was over, and every Indian had returned from the fruitless chase, they emerged from their hiding-place and proceeded in the direction they supposed the Ohio to be. George was very weak, but with the aid of his brother, who had sustained but little injury from the fire, he managed to get along very well.

Subsequently they fell in with a party of whites, and eventually reached a settlement, and as soon as George had fully recovered, they both went forth in the woods to fulfil the oath of vengeance they had vowed against the Indian race.

PEARLS FROM THE EAST.

Envy.

The envious, being present, thee cajole,
But absent, mischief only fills their soul.

Mildness.

Mildness than steel a greater sharpness
boasts,
Yea, 'tis more conquering than a hundred
hosts.

Deliberation.

First weigh thy words and then begin to
speak.

Activity.

View the earth's sphere and the revolving
skies;
This sinks by rest, and those by motion
rise.

Travel man's tutor is, and glory's gate:
On travel treasure and instruction wait.
From place to place had trees the power
to move,
Nor saw nor axe would wrong the stately
grove.

Friends.

Do not an old and well-tried friend forego
For new allies, for this may end in woe.

Temptation.

Satan's the net, the world the grain, our
lusts the enticements are.
Our hearts the fowl which greediness
soon lures within the snare.

Womanly Beauty.

Her beauty like the midday glorious sun;
Like the Narcissus, half in sleep, her
eye.
Her cheek the rose and rose-juice, blend
in one,
Her waist was slender and her bosom
high.
Sweeter than honey or rose conserves
taste,
Softer than budding roses when embraced.

Casting off Friends.

Thou wilt be sole, if many friends thou
slay.

Good and Evil.

Good genders good; from evil, evils grow,
As wheat-seeds, wheat; and barley,
barley show.

EARLY EDUCATION AMONG THE ANCIENTS—THE GREEK AND ROMAN YOUTH.

A KNOWLEDGE of the general customs of education in other nations will furnish us with very important data for determining the evils of our present customs, and for indicating the direction in which some wise change may be made, enabling us to distinguish what is essential from what is simply accidental in our habits of life. I shall therefore call attention to certain facts in the history of those nations where the greatest care has been paid to education, and where the successful result makes the method pursued worthy of study.

I now direct attention to the ancient Greeks, because we find amongst that people a remarkable degree of attention paid to those very points of education which we so singularly neglect, and it will be exceedingly interesting to notice the results which they obtained.

The most remarkable feature in Grecian education was the bodily exercises, which formed the foundation of all other training. The Greeks considered gymnastic exercises to be as necessary for the *preservation of health*, as medicine is for the cure of diseases. The whole education of a Greek youth was divided into three parts—grammar, music (and some mention drawing and painting), and gymnastics. Gymnastics, however, were thought by the ancients a matter of such importance, that this part of exercise alone occupied as much time and attention as all the others put together! And while the latter necessarily ceased at a certain period of life, gymnastics continued to be cultivated by persons of all ages, though those of advanced age naturally took lighter and less fatiguing exercises than boys and youths. The ancients, and more particularly the Greeks, seem to have been thoroughly convinced that the mind could not possibly be in a healthy state unless the body was likewise in perfect health; and no means were thought, either by philosophers or physicians, to be more conducive to preserve or restore bodily health, than well-regulated exercise.

Gymnastic exercises amongst the Greeks were as old as the Greek nation itself. At first they were of a rude, and mostly of a warlike character. They were

generally held in the open air, and in plains near a river, which afforded an opportunity of swimming and bathing. As the nation advanced in civilization, these exercises assumed a wider character; they were employed not only to harden the body for military purposes, but to give to its movements grace and beauty, also to restore the health when lost, and to make the body the basis of a sound mind; and large classes of men pursued these exercises as a profession, contending for the prizes at the public games.

At an early period in their history, the Greek towns began to build their regular gymnasia as places of exercise for the young, with baths, and conveniences for philosophers, and all persons who sought intellectual amusements. There was probably no Greek town of any importance which did not possess its gymnasium. Athens possessed three great gymnasia, to which several smaller ones were afterwards added. These buildings were all constructed on the same general plan; there were porches, with seats for conversation; a large hall, adorned with sculpture and the statues of great men; hot and cold baths, covered squares for winter exercise, and open ones for milder weather, and walks for those who were not exercising. Much attention was paid to the outward and inward splendour of the gymnasia; the highest art of the age was employed to decorate them, and the statue of Hermes, their tutelary deity, was everywhere conspicuous.

The gymnasia were under the control of the state; their regulations were exceedingly strict, and some of the violations punished with death. The chief officer—the gymnasiarch—exercised magisterial power over all persons connected with the institution. He removed all teachers, philosophers, and sophists, when their influence was injurious to the young. He superintended the solemn games at certain great festivals, and his office was held in such esteem that it was sought for as a high honour.

Another class of officers was appointed to inspire the youths with a *love of morality*, and to protect their virtue from all injurious influences. These officers were

requi
their
them
not o
siun
exerc
stand
gymn
know
const
to ea
suitab
the d
geons
teach
was
Greek
in a v
and in
to obs
sand y
to-day
be no
favour
of a re
its ot
tween
as com
as in c
of five
the up
the pa
rope w
of a t
each s
to each
the rop
These
nature
refer t
jumpin
discus,
The
sixteen
mentio
formed
the pe
eightee
mar an
gymna
Such
throug
Lacede
stricter
cation
From
was an
Even
ments
youthf
might,

required not only to be present at all their games, but to watch and correct them whenever they might meet them, not only within, but without the gymnasium. They were special teachers of exercise, who were required to understand all the exercises practised in the gymnasium: they were also expected to know their physiological effects on the constitutions of the youths, and to assign to each individual the exercises most suitable to him. Other officers regulated the diet of the pupils, and acted as surgeons. There were sometimes special teachers of games at ball—for the ball was in universal favour amongst the Greeks, and was here, as at Rome, played in a variety of ways. It is both amusing and instructive, in these recorded games, to observe how human nature two thousand years ago, resembled the nature of to-day; the history of its efforts should be no useless tradition to us. In one favourite game, one boy holding the end of a rope, tried to pull the boy who held its other end across a line, marked between them on the ground. The *top* was as commonly in use amongst boys then, as in our day. We have, too, the game of five stones, which were thrown from the upper part of the hand and caught in the palm. Another game, in which a rope was drawn through the upper part of a tree or post. Two boys, one on each side of the post, turning their backs to each other, took hold of the ends of the rope, and tried to pull each other up. These few games will serve to show the nature of gymnastic *sports*; we can but refer to the more important games, as jumping, leaping, running, throwing the discus, wrestling, dancing, &c.

The education of boys up to the age of sixteen was divided into the three parts mentioned above, so that gymnastics formed only one department, but during the period from their sixteenth to their eighteenth year, the instruction in grammar and music seems to have ceased, and gymnastics were exclusively pursued.

Such was the basis of education throughout Greece; but the laws of the Lacedæmonians watched over it with still stricter care. Amongst them public education was common to rich and poor. From the first moment of life, the child was an object of attention to the state. Even before birth, the mother's apartments were surrounded with pictures of youthful beauty, that these bright images might, through her organization, stamp

her child with beauty. The infant's cradle was surrounded by warlike instruments, that they might become from the earliest moments a part of his life. The clothing allowed perfect freedom of movement to all its limbs; it was suffered to cry freely, but no harsh word was allowed to excite its tears or produce a feeling of terror. Until the age of seven, it grew up under the parental influence, permitted to play freely, to regard the kind of food given to it with indifference, accustomed by degrees to darkness and solitude, and ignorant of the feeling of fear. At the age of seven the state superintended the further education of the child. One of the chief men of the republic was placed at the head of the children; he separated them into classes, and to each class a young chief, noted for wisdom and courage, was appointed. They submitted to his orders and chastisements; their hair was cut off—they learned to walk barefooted, to wear a single garment summer and winter, to sleep on rushes, which they gathered on the banks of the Eurotas. They were never left alone; their exercises were performed under the eye of the aged and the chief officers of public education; their young chief was constantly at their head when they engaged in combats, swam across the Eurotas, hunted, raced, or attended the exercises of the gymnasium. They supped on plain food, which they cooked themselves, the stronger carrying the wood, the weaker the vegetables and other food. After supper some were directed to sing, others must answer questions, thus indicating their intelligence and disposition—as, "Who is the most honest man in the city?" "What do you think of such an action?" The answer must be exact and to the point—those who failed were punished. Little literary education was given them, but they were taught to express themselves clearly, to join in the exercises of dancing and music, and to sing the praises of their gods, and the exploits of those who had died for their country. They were visited daily by magistrates, who inspected their education and habits, and saw if they were growing too fat. This last condition being considered an indication of *laziness*, unfortunate individuals who displayed too much *embonpoint* were cited before the public tribunals and threatened with exile! The greater part of the day was spent in the gymnasium.

At the age of eighteen, the pupils were not released from the discipline of the

schools, as in many cities of Greece. Lycurgus wisely considered this a critical age, and new exercises and labours were imposed, to hinder the development of the passions. The chiefs required an increase of modesty, submission, temperance, and zeal. The singular spectacle was presented of a brilliant youth, full of pride, courage, and beauty, behaving with the decency and reserve of the young girls who served in the religious festivals.

This was not the result of external restraint, affecting simply the manners; their *enthusiasm* was enlisted in this reserve, by the emulation of rival classes, who excited each other to the love and practice of virtue, according to their standard, by the glory of victory.

These bodies of young Spartans were spread over the country, and exposed to hardships; they were taught to study its aspect, and learn the best method of defending it. They attacked wild boars and savage beasts, and were instructed in the manœuvres of the military art.

I have dwelt somewhat in detail, because Greece stood first among the nations of antiquity in physical and mental development—the highest in every kind of excellence, according to the standard which then existed in the world. In examining the means by which this condition was reached, we remark particularly the following points—1st. The physical discipline of the young was considered the basis of all education. 2nd. This physical training was not limited to a portion of the day, or to any single part of the organization, but beginning with early childhood, it was continued constantly to the period of confirmed manhood, and comprised dress, food, bathing, the air breathed, the habits of life, as well as exercise in its various branches. 3rd. The instruction given in mental cultivation never interfered with the fullest attention to the use of these physical agents; thus the beautiful groves and the lofty halls, adorned with objects of sublime art, where the instruction was carried on, could in no way injure the organic health of the body, while they refined the senses by the ennobling influences of nature and art. 4th. The moral and religious welfare of the young was carefully attended to. They were heathen nations; their religion was not ours; but what seemed to them the highest virtue was carefully instilled into the minds of their children, not so much by direct teaching, as by the influences which sur-

rounded them; the careful oversight of all their actions; the hymns they learned to sing, the ornaments of their edifices, the conversation they listened to, the religious ceremonials in which they assisted, and the whole spirit of society. 5th. This system of education, based upon physical development, was applied with remarkable advantage to their young girls; the superiority of the women thus educated was displayed with singular success in every respect: they were more faithful wives, stronger mothers, wiser domestic rulers, more patriotic citizens, and nobler human beings, than the women who were educated in sedentary and secluded pursuits. 6th. This long and complete physical training favoured in a remarkable degree a brilliant *mental* growth; for they stand unrivalled in antiquity, as philosophers, poets, artists, men of science, and men of action—nay, with all the added wisdom of nearly 2000 years we still bow reverently before the creations of their genius!

We find amongst the Romans the same attention paid to the strengthening and full development of the body in early life, the mental culture being deferred to a maturer age. With them, however, the education had a more exclusively warlike tendency; the system of public gymnasia did not exist, and their method of training was narrower in its aim, and less perfect in its details.

We find that the history of all ages and nations confirms that daily life, to be wise and good, must be the working out in detail of these universal laws. All the powers of our nature must be developed by exercise—but this development must be effected in the true order of growth; the double movement of body and soul must always be maintained, but with varying predominance according to the age; and every movement, every action, must have an object, a special and a universal use.

Such are the lessons we learn alike from the teaching of reason and the observation of life; and by our neglect of these principles we learn the cause of our present failure in the attainment of health—health in its widest sense.

Let us consider, then, in what way we can so far modify the education of the young, that it may be in accordance with those Divine laws which we now violate. A momentous question! We have done much to answer it, however, in attaining a clear understanding of the evil, which will serve to show us in what direction our efforts must be turned. In consider-

ing this question still farther, let me say a few words in relation to this important point—physical exercise—which, as we have seen, must play so prominent a part in true education.

Exercise, to perform its true work in the education of youth, must be scientific—its practice must be based on principles, it must accomplish definite ends by intelligent means; there is as much difference between the action of *thinking and unthinking muscles*, as between the idle jingling of tunes on the piano, by a person of quick musical ear, and the grand effects produced by an accomplished musician, who expressing every faculty of his soul through his instrument, can carry his audience with him through the wide range of passionate sentiment.

The savage nations gain health and strength by their untutored activity, but they remain brutal and degraded—they gain no mental refinement by their exercises, and they are always surpassed by civilized man when he turns his attention to these subjects—as the Mormons, while journeying through the wilderness, always triumphed over their Indian antagonists in every encounter of force or skill, in running, leaping, wrestling, &c.

Now scientific exercise trains the mind and the character; it may be moral and intellectual in its action—the faculties of order, precision, calculation, self-command, decision, energy, &c., will be called into intelligent action through the exercise of the muscles; and by the combination of the senses with special adaptations of the muscles, a wide range of culture is opened to youth, which will embrace almost every instruction suitable to that age.

We are indebted to the Swedish poet and philosopher, Ling, for the noblest development of the subject of exercise which we have yet had; a student of the old Greek gymnastics, a descendant of the warlike Norsemen, surrounded by the traditions of their strength, their matchless feats of physical power, and the virtues that underlay their ferocity, he longed to introduce into our effeminate manners a little of the wholesome physical energy

which seemed to have vanished with the old vikings. Thus he developed his admirable system of gymnastics in its various branches; he saw it adopted by his native country—taken under the protection of the government—introduced into the army, into medicine, into education—and he left it as a precious legacy to future ages, and to more detailed development and adaptation by his successors. To the zeal of his intelligent disciple, Professor Georgii, we owe the introduction of this system amongst the Anglo-Saxon race.

The system of Ling is an attempt to restore education to its true basis, and to attain the due balance between the physical and spiritual natures. It is not an effort to revive the heathen education of Greece, nor the fierce customs of the Northmen, but to adapt the principle of truth and vigour which existed in those people to the customs of our advanced civilization—to join the physical energy of the Norsemen with the mental energy of the nineteenth century, and with the purity and holiness of the Christian.

In accordance with his views, as a first step in direct physical education, the will must obtain perfect control over all the muscles. You will remember the immense number of muscles in the human body, with the infinite variety of combinations of which they are capable. The ordinary exercise of walking and domestic occupations does not bring the majority of these muscles into active play; we need, then, special movements which shall produce this wide activity, and thus strengthen every muscle and place it under the control of our will; the direction of these movements needs much physiological study, that there may be no violation of the laws of our economy, that true movements may be produced in a true way. Without this knowledge, gymnastic movements may become injurious, even dangerous; for not only may the muscles be injured by an attempt to perform movements for which they are not adapted, but their action may be falsified by an incorrect and slovenly manner of performing the movements.

TALBOT OF EARN'S CLIFFE.

A ROMANCE OF THE '45.

CHAPTER XXI.

A BEAU'S BEDROOM.

"Disons le ces braves gens qui restent en dehors de ces passions là * * * disons le ces gens là sont les heureux de la terre?"

THE course of our story leads us now into that penetralium of mystery, the bedroom of a beau of the eighteenth century. My Lord Whitehaven, drinking his morning chocolate before rising, receives his friends: it is only half-past eight, and the modish reception hours are from ten to twelve, but to-day my lord rises early.

The house, situated—as behoves Lord Whitehaven's standing in the beau monde, and his duties at the court—in the most fashionable part of London, close to St. James's, the parks, the clubs, and coffee-houses, within an easy reach of Kensington, is furnished and decorated throughout in the heavy and massive style of George the Second's time. The sanctum sanctorum into which we enter is especially supplied with every new variety of fashionable furniture and modish knick-knack.

A Tournay carpet—thick and soft enough to muffle even the soft footfalls of Monsieur Jean, my lord's valet, as he noiselessly pursues before his master rises his preparations for the toilet—covers the floor: the handsome and massive bed, the chest of drawers, the wardrobe, the cabinets, the tables, the long-backed chairs, are all made of mahogany—then recently imported—shaped and decorated in the gorgeous style of Louis Quatorze. Japanese folding-screens guard my lord's delicate frame from the least danger of a draught: innumerable brackets, following the outline of the panelling, the mantelpiece, the glasses, are filled with porcelain in every variety of teacups, jars, monsters, and mandarins; for the modish rage for chinaware amounts with my Lord Whitehaven almost to a mania.

A large fire blazes upon the hearth; it is the end of October, and the mornings are chilly. The heavy curtains of the bed are looped up; for on either side is seated an intimate crony, a kindred sprig

of fashion, come according to the mode to pay a visit to my lord before he rises. Propped up with cushions, the master of the house lies in state, his slender figure wrapped in the thickest of gorgeous dressing gowns, his shaven head protected by a fancifully embroidered skull-cap, under which his thin and delicate aquiline features look even more pale than ordinary, the dark eyes and well-defined high-arched eyebrows still more dark. On the quilt is placed beside him his white periwig, superbly curled, the admiration of the exquisites on either side of him, made of the hair of an old woman who died at upwards of a hundred years of age, bought by a peruke-maker for fifty pounds.

Jean, the valet, glides softly through the room, perfuming his master's clothes, after powdering the linen carefully to remove any odour of soap that may adhere to it, re-arranging upon the toilet the fashionable furniture, "a few volumes of love poetry, a canister or two of Lisbon or Spanish snuff, a smelling-bottle, and sundry fashionable trinkets." The various adjuncts more strictly proper to the toilet—the tooth-powder, the carmine, the scents, the pomatums, the innumerable washes and waters—Jean keeps still jealously under lock and key, the secret of their composition being eagerly sought after by my lord's most intimate friends, but jealously guarded from their knowledge.

The door opens, and a handsome and refined-looking young man—dressed in perfect taste, and in the most exact compliance with the newest fashion, of "a charming figure," with the most "easy genuine air of a man of quality" possible—enters, and advances to the bedside. Saluting every one present with a most engaging urbanity and frankness, he seats himself negligently upon the edge of the bed, balancing upon his slender cane a small cocked hat.

"What news, Orford?" asks Lord Whitehaven. "And whence come you?"

"From my uncle Horace's in Arlington-street. The last intelligence, I think, is that the Dowager Strafford has invited my Lady Nithsdale, my Lady Tullibardine, the Duchess of Perth and Ber-

wick, and twenty more revived peeresses, to play at whisk Monday two months."

"Faith," said Sir Archer Butler, from the right-hand side of the bed, "it would be diverting to see their old taffeties and tarnished slippers, and their awkwardness the first day they go to court."

"Borrow not, Archer—that's a Horace Walpole," said Lord Orford. "Be original, man."

"What do you say, then, to devising the plan of our future life, for we have got notice to quit by Christmas-day?"

"*Mort de ma vie!*" said the fourth exquisite, a dark, stout young man, speaking with a north country accent; "I shall go into the Hanoverian army. Whitehaven knows something, so he can teach French and Latin to the little princes; but you, Orford, and Archer Butler will have to divide your time between gaming for a scanty livelihood and shivering in a threadbare coat in a garret of some third-rate German city."

"Hang it, Fountain, none of your rough Cumberland quips here," said Lord Orford. "Besides, the time is not yet come; two months more of *les délices de la vie* first; and you know the cabinet, who ought to be the best-informed, take it coolly. Granville tells the king it is an affair of no consequence; and Newcastle is glad when the rebels make any progress, because it confutes Granville's assertions."

The enmity between the two ministers was well known: even Lord Whitehaven roused himself to laugh languidly at the sally.

Having finished his arrangements, Jean, a supple, dark-haired Frenchman, *fin* and mobile of aspect, now advanced with gingerly steps towards the bed, taking from his master's nerveless hands the delicate cup of Chinese porcelain.

"Jean will be one of the worst sufferers if we lose the day," said Sir Archer Butler. "He won't find among the newcomers—used to dirty linen and frowsy periwigs—a master who will give him two hundred pounds a year. But you will be able to live by distilling the 'incomparable secret white water,' my friend, if it makes 'old wigs that look almost scandalous, to show inconceivably fine and neat.'"

The valet bowed.

"I shall assuredly accept no other private service after living with a patron so discerning and judicious as milord. It is the appreciation of my talent I consider, not the money question."

"Bravo, Whitehaven: a famous compliment! Faith! coming from so distinguished a judge as Jean, it elevates you into the very prince of exquisites."

"*Vous badinez*, Sir Archer," said the valet, not able to make out whether the Irishman was laughing at him or flattering him. "Pardon, milord, it is nearly nine o'clock, and your lordship cannot possibly dress under an hour and a half fit to show yourself in so crowded an assembly."

"The court sits at half-past ten, Whitehaven," said Lord Orford. "My uncle Horace and George Selwyn intend to reach Westminster before ten."

"Yes," said Sir John Fountain, tapping his snuff-box, and imbibing a huge pinch of snuff, so strong that Lord Whitehaven sneezed, "we all know Mr. Selwyn's tastes; but Whitehaven's are different. Selwyn may think it worth while to rise at eight to see Miss Talbot tried; doubtless he would rise at three to see her executed. I wonder Whitehaven thinks any criminal worth his rising three hours earlier than usual."

"I know the lady, you see, and that makes a difference," said Lord Whitehaven, curtly.

"'Sdeath, Fountain, don't call her a 'criminal,'" interrupted Lord Orford. "They will never inflict the extreme penalty of the law even if she is found guilty, and until then we will consider her innocent. If they touch a hair of her head there will be a general insurrection of all the maccaronis!"

"Yourself at their head!" sneered Lord Whitehaven. "If Miss Talbot has no stancher champion, I pity her. We all know the object of my Lord Orford's passion."

"Himself, as my Lord Whitehaven is his own," laughed Orford. "And who better?"

"Surely," said Sir Archer, "Miss Talbot has plenty of friends and champions. Where is the cousin, too, for whose sake she got into the scrape?"

"Nobody knows," said Sir John Fountain. "But come, Whitehaven, tell us the whole story. Is she pretty? and who is the puritan parson who is championing her?"

"*You* might admire her," said Whitehaven, assuming a critical air; "she has too much of the Boadicea and the St. Catherine for me."

"What! a devotee and ascetic, as well as a politician? Ah! *c'est terrible*," cried

Lord Orford. "Then the parson is the chaplain, I suppose?"

"I know nothing of it. She is a Roman Catholic, and there was an old priest always creeping about Earn's Cliffe; a sort of private pope in his spiritual capacity, and factotum and major domo in his temporal entity. No doubt he is at the bottom of the bedevilment."

"No, my lord," said Jean, from the toilet. "They say that neither the priest nor Mr. Arthington have made their appearance since the day they escaped out of the Tower; and it looks as if they were going to leave the poor young lady in the lurch. The clergyman is Mr. Evelyn, who they say is going to be married to Miss Osborn; that was Miss Talbot's companion, your lordship knows; and he has been to visit her in the Tower, and is the only friend she has."

"Jean is another champion," said Sir Archer. "Pity they are not as powerful as enthusiastic."

"You have not seen her, monsieur," said Jean. "Ah! quelle magnifique chevelure, blonde, et crepé à merveille!"

"We had better come to you for a description of her, Jean. You seem more struck with her than milord was."

"Je ne sais rien de milord," said Jean, with a sly glance at his master; "but if I had not known that the young lady was *fiancée* to her cousin, I could not have wished a better mistress."

Lord Whitehaven coloured a little: it was true, as the pert but sagacious valet hinted, that he had set out for Earn's Cliffe, determined to carry captive the heart, or hand, of Gwendolyn, to say nothing of her well-filled cassette.

"Will she plead guilty, or not guilty, Whitehaven, think you?" asked Sir John Fountain.

"They say she will not plead guilty, although Mr. Evelyn has tried to persuade her to it," pursued the well-informed Jean.

"Why, Jean, you are a positive gazette, a very mine of information. And whence is it all derived?"

"I met Mr. Evelyn's gentleman at the coffee-house close by this morning"—the valets had their clubs and coffee-houses as well as their masters—"and he offers to take me with him into Westminster Hall; but if milord will not rise, I think none of us will be able to get there to-day."

"Jean is afraid I shall fail to do justice to his talents," said his master. "Orford,

if you will descend to the parlour, and if you, Archer, and you, Fountain, will accompany him, you will find chocolate, preserved meats, and liqueurs. The coach is ordered for a quarter-past ten."

His friends are rigorously excluded from the mysteries of the toilet; far be it from us to desire to penetrate them. Suffice it to say, that at the hour mentioned—Jean's incredible exertions having compressed within a space of an hour and a half the usual work of three hours—Lord Whitehaven descended to his coach and his friends, dressed in a sumptuous suit of brown and silver, patched, perfumed, periwigged, and powdered.

CHAPTER XXII.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

"Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me

Directly in my face—my woman's face.
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear * * *

To lay hold on your mercies."—BOADICEA.

WHILE Lord Whitehaven's heavy coach takes its lumbering way to Westminster, we will precede it, and give our readers some description of the history and architecture of its famous hall, the most remarkable court of justice in the world, over whose sessions, in former days, the kings of England presided.

Associations more romantic even than its forensic ones make Westminster Hall renowned in history. Parliament frequently assembled within its walls; and they still echo in imagination to the tread of knights and ladies, the courtiers of the chivalric times of England's annals.

The royal palace of Westminster, the most ancient in the English metropolis, was first founded by Edward the Confessor upon the banks of the Thames, and was increased by various monarchs at different periods. Long before the time of George the Second, however, the relics which still existed had been applied to less splendid uses: and the only part which retained anything of its pristine form and consequence was the great hall, founded by William Rufus, rebuilt by Richard the Second, who, in 1399, kept his Christmas here with great magnificence, the number of his guests amounting to ten thousand on each day: twenty-eight oxen, three hundred sheep, and

fowls without number, being daily consumed. The dimensions of the hall exceed any other—unsupported by pillars—in the whole of Europe; its length is 270 feet, its breadth 74, its height about 90. The gothic roof, consisting chiefly of chestnut wood, is curiously constructed, adorned with the arms and devices of Richard II., and the arms of Edward the Confessor. Parliaments have, in times far remote, frequently held their sessions in Westminster Hall; the coronation feasts were spread here for ages; and, since a period very ancient in our history, courts of justice, often presided over by the sovereign in person, have held their sittings under its gothic roof. Charles the First here underwent the solemn mockery of judgment; within its walls Strafford was condemned; in more modern times Kilmarnock, Cromarty, Balmorino, the Duchess of Kingston, Warren Hastings, Lord Melville, have appeared at its bar to answer charges less momentous.

In this hall, "which has resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings;" where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; where "Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame," was to take place the trial of Gwendolyn Talbot. It is said that full records of this trial yet exist: I have been unable to find them; but contemporary correspondence conveys to us sufficient of the facts. The hall, hung with scarlet, was on three sides surrounded by galleries filled with men of rank and note, with peeresses, with the *élite* of every party of the political and fashionable world.

The Earls of Whitehaven and Orford made their way to the body of the hall, taking their seats in the space allotted to members of the Upper House. Sir John Fountain and Sir Archer Butler found places in a gallery thronged with beaux and belles waiting in a ferment of excitement for the appearance of the accused. Never had political case been so keenly espoused and combated; never had a single individual risen in a few days to such a pitch of popularity, or called forth so vehement a storm of opprobrium and misconception as had surrounded, within the past few weeks, the unconscious Gwendolyn. The facts of her late history—very imperfectly known even by those

best informed—were perverted into every possible shape; the men called her a heroine, composed verses to her, toasted her, gave her name to the newest articles designed by the fashion of the time. It was even said that she had received letters innumerable from the most noted gallants of the day, offering to do and dare anything for the slightest mark of her favour, and that a general rescue would be attempted in the Hall itself if she were condemned. The women called her a forward *intrigante*, decried her motives, pooh-poohed her claims to beauty, declared that, whatever might be her fate, she had already reaped her reward in the notoriety she courted. Even in the presence of this august assembly the debate ran high. Any one whose circumstances had at all acquainted them with any particulars of the person or history of Miss Talbot became on the instant invested with something of the interest of the day, the centre of a knot of eager listeners, anxious for the slightest grains of intelligence.

Conspicuous as a second heroine of the day, Lady Frances Staynton, arrayed in a gorgeous suit of brown brocade, embroidered with garlands and flowerpots of flowers worked in their natural shades, took her place, as the abbey clock struck half-past ten, in a front seat in one of the galleries, secured at the enormous price of fifty guineas. Her personal acquaintance with every principal actor in the drama lately played would have alone invested her with a special notoriety; and a further and questionable interest attached itself to her from the circumstance that her father and her brother were already conspicuous among the few Englishmen who had joined the Prince's army, and her sister, Lady Anne, following the fortunes and adhering to the traditions of her family and faith, formed one of the small bevy of ladies who graced Charles Edward's court at Holyrood.

"And you are still in the household of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales?" inquired Sir Archer Butler, who had wedged his way along the gallery to a seat at the maid of honour's right hand.

"Certainly," said Lady Frances. "Faith! Sir Archer, I never knew that I cared much for the House of Hanover until I found we were likely to lose them."

"Rumour reports that your ladyship has elected the partner of your life as well as the line of your politics?"

Lady Frances smiled, bridled, and simpered, confessing the soft impeachment. She had been formally betrothed the night before to Sir Stephen Talbot of Earn's Cliffe.

"It would have been more decent in her to have stayed away," whispered Sir Archer to Sir John Fountain, standing behind his chair.

"La! my good fellow," said the Cumberland man, "how very fresh, to expect decency from a maid of honour! But hush! here come the judges: the curtain draws up."

The peers were marshalled to their places by the heralds; the judges were enthroned; the sergeants made proclamation; and after a slight delay, Gwendolyn, erect, and unmoved of aspect and bearing, her head uncovered, clad in the simple and close mourning garb in which she had effected Geoffrey Arthington's escape, was ushered to the bar. Never had she looked more beautiful; the air with which she slightly inclined her head to the assembly had the majesty of a queen's courtesy.

An irrepressible murmur ran throughout the throng, deepening as the axe—brought from the Tower with the prisoner, according to the form observed in similar cases—was borne by the executioner close to her side.

The trial began: Gwendolyn pleaded "Not guilty." A gentleman in the dress of the parson of the day, rose suddenly, and entreated her, aside but vehemently, to plead "guilty," and throw herself upon the mercy of the court.

"It is against my conscience," she answered; "I acknowledge neither the legality of the court nor of its proceedings."

Mr. Evelyn sat down, but watched narrowly the course of events to take advantage of any loophole of escape that might offer itself: a counsel, celebrated for his accurate legal knowledge, occupied a seat at his side.

The charges were several in number; it is said that they comprised the various items of treasonable correspondence with the Pretender; of holding at Earn's Cliffe a seditious meeting of persons known then to be disaffected to the English court, and who had, since then, openly joined the Pretender's army in Scotland; of managing the escape from the Tower of Geoffrey Arthington, a prisoner lying there for trial on a charge of high treason.

A murmur ran through the court: the

fact of the Chevalier's visit to Earn's Cliffe, although secret from all except those known to be devoted to his party, had transpired; it was instantly rumoured that the chief witness, already stamped with ignominy for the betrayal of a relation and a woman, had declined to attest the further treachery he had contemplated against the person of the Prince.

But the king's counsel opened the case; the crown witnesses were called, and Sir Stephen Talbot made his appearance. Even in that presence a hoarse murmur of contempt ran throughout the entire audience. Casting a withering glance around, bending scowlingly his dark brows, he advanced to give his testimony. On the charge of treasonable correspondence it was full and incontrovertible, and confirmed by his half-brother in every particular. Only once Sir Stephen's voice changed and his face altered: it was when he encountered for a moment his cousin's eyes; their haughty, steady glance almost unnerved him. Unrelenting as he was, he had never dreamed that his remorseless enmity might bring her to the block; it was her heart he wished to wound; her pride he longed to humble; and a legend is still preserved which alleges, with what truth I know not, that he had offered, on condition of her marrying him, to ensure her escape from the Tower.

His evidence concluded, he took his seat, the mark of the disdainful eyes of almost every member of the vast throng: unflinchingly he bore both contempt and scrutiny, watching narrowly the course of the proceedings with unmoved and steady eyes. Farther than the surface no glance could penetrate; his secret thoughts we know not. The second charge was less easy of substantiation; it partially failed of demonstration. Sir Wilfred Marlington and Lord Ravenglas were proved to have been at Earn's Cliffe: it was no less certain that they had now joined the Prince's army in Scotland; but more they failed to prove with any certainty.

The third count was as clearly established as the first: the warder's evidence was sufficient; it had been set forth most indisputably by the highest legal authorities, that one charge alone, positively proved, would make her guilty of high treason. The suspense of all present grew intense; a tumultuous wave of excitement surged throughout the hall; the faces of many grew pale with suppressed emotion. The sentence

was about to be pronounced. Suddenly a cry was heard without, echoed by those within at the bottom of the hall. A man in the dress of a Romish ecclesiastic was borne forwards to the bar, almost upon the shoulders of the audience.

Father Adrian, advancing, broke the momentary hush of suspense and silence.

"My lords, I affirm, and I am prepared to substantiate the allegation, that the prisoner at the bar is not Gwendolyn Talbot, but Thora Dorothea von Arnheim, daughter of a German officer of rank killed in the war with France in 1735; consequently not a British subject, and therefore not amenable to English laws."

A blank and soundless astonishment filled for a moment the minds of every person in that vast hall.

Point by point the priest, though hard pushed, proved his story. To make it clear, I must recal to my readers the death-bed of Sir Anthony, and remind them that there was some secret crime upon his conscience, which Father Adrian urged him to atone for and confess.

Another death-bed scene, that of the woman who had brought the infant Gwendolyn to Earn's Cliffe, had sowed in the priest's keen mind the seeds of suspicion; but her acknowledgments, communicated under the strict seal of confession, had produced no result, save the fruitless attempt we are aware of, to induce Sir Anthony to repair his crime.

Returning to the Tower after effecting the safe embarkation of Geoffrey Arthington, Father Adrian had found that the escape was discovered, and Gwendolyn a prisoner beyond all hope of succour. He knew that her fate, if tried, was doubtless sealed; one way to save her remained—he possessed the clue: the machinery of his order furnished him with the means and instruments of unravelling it. He brought with him witnesses to substantiate every step of the following story.

Geoffrey Talbot, old Sir Anthony's eldest son, while serving in the French army, had taken prisoner, in the German war of 1734, a young officer whose wife and infant daughter had followed the course of march. The young man, by name the Baron von Arnheim, had been dangerously wounded: he afterwards died. Geoffrey married the forlorn and destitute widow, who died herself a year afterwards.

Though a Talbot, Geoffrey had many of the softer virtues in his composition, inherited, doubtless, from his unfortunate mother. He adopted the child; and

when, a few months afterwards, he was himself wounded in the same war, he sent for his father to deliver into his hands his dead wife's child.

Something in the friendless little girl touched the sole gentle spot in the rugged disposition of Sir Anthony: hating his second son's child his own heir, he determined to present the German infant as his eldest son's heiress, the future lady of Earn's Cliffe.

The scheme succeeded; and Thora von Arnheim filled for years, without suspicion, the station of the heiress of the castle; and no idea of her own false position had ever crossed her mind until the day when Father Adrian in the library electrified her by dropping a hint of the possible condition of affairs.

Her part was instantly taken: she determined to carry on no longer than the interests of the Stuart cause demanded the fraud of the involuntary deception. Her plans were laid; but the discovery of the Prince's visit hastened her departure from Earn's Cliffe, and made the *éclat* of a public restitution unnecessary. The castle was forfeited to its rightful owner; but Gwendolyn, entirely ignorant of law, destitute of advising friends—for Father Adrian was pursuing his researches in Germany—was unaware that the acknowledgment of her mistaken identity would place it beyond the power of an English court of law to arraign her of high treason, she being no subject of the British crown.

The presiding judge, after a most keen and searching investigation into every link of the evidence, pronounced the acquittal of the prisoner. Lord Orford, springing to his feet, waved his hat above his head; Sir Archer Butler's sonorous Irish voice rang through the hall, leading an huzza which made the rafters echo.

Gwendolyn was free; Geoffrey Arthington had escaped scot-free; something of the rage of a baffled Lucifer flooded the soul of Sir Stephen Talbot as he left the hall, a mark for the scorn of men. Without his double treason, Earn's Cliffe would still have been his.

His was still the old grey castle; his the acres of barren down, the miles of bleak chalk cliff; but what were these to a man whose master passions were an indomitable pride, a vast ambition. Better to have been still the illegitimate scion of the Talbots, winning his way to fame and renown by the sword or by the pen, than the condemned traitor, the relentless

enemy of his own kindred, from whom all avenues to honour were evermore closed up.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CULLODEN MOOR.

"Our fortune * *

Sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well;
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own."

Antony and Cleopatra.

CHARLES EDWARD had landed about the middle of July in the Hebrides, carried to Scotland in a frigate of sixteen guns, furnished with less than 4000*l.* of money, with 2000 muskets, and 500 or 600 French broadswords. "The stroke is struck," he had written to his father, then utterly ignorant of his design, "and I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or die." Rash, desperate, ill-provided, he rushed on his fate; but had the execution of the scheme been as sudden and unexpected as its conception, it is possible Charles Edward might have died King of England, instead of ending a dishonoured life in a foreign land.

"Such were the preparations," says Horne, "made for the expedition," that "it was easy to keep it secret; for nobody could possibly believe that it was intended against the Government of Britain;" yet the supine and incredible delays of the English cabinet were for long the Prince's most powerful allies.

Sheltered at remote and inaccessible Boradaile, Charles summoned on the 25th of July (old style) his Highland partisans. The Scotch had repeatedly told him that his coming would be useless and desperate unless he brought with him at least 6000 disciplined troops, 10,000 stand of arms, and an adequate supply of money. Those most strongly devoted to the Stuart cause at first refused to join so wild an undertaking; but Cameron of Lochiel—obeying the summons to Boradaile, in spite of the entreaties of his brother Fassavern—yielded at length to the taunts and persuasions of the Prince, and the flame of civil war was kindled in Scotland.

The Stuart standard was to be erected on the 19th of August. Sir John Cope, the commander-in-chief of the British troops in the north, only received private intelligence of Charles Edward's landing upon the 8th. Reports the most unfounded

and contradictory were then everywhere circulated. Had not the supineness and indecision of its defenders been equalled by the inertness of its invaders, Scotland at least might have again owned a Stuart for king.

On the 17th of September Charles Edward entered Edinburgh. The readers of *Waverley* will be aware of the condition of affairs in that city and among the invading army; they will recollect the defeat of the English troops at Preston—the moderation of Charles after victory—the southward march of the invading army, 5500 strong. They will remember, too, the surrender of Carlisle on November 15th; the solitary reinforcement of Englishmen—about 300 strong—which the Prince received at Manchester; the arrival at Derby upon the 4th of December, when the Scotch troops were nearer London than the English army; the disastrous and ill-advised retreat to meet reinforcements expected from Scotland, forced upon Charles Edward by his advisers; the reaching Scotch ground again upon the 20th, Glasgow upon the 25th and 26th of December.

The golden opportunity had been neglected—the tide, not taken at the turn, had begun to ebb. The king's troops had assembled at Edinburgh, and though upon the 17th of January the Prince's army defeated General Hawley at Falkirk—and the English party in Scotland were more disheartened than at any other epoch of the rebellion—yet the British army returned to their quarters in Edinburgh, and upon the 30th of January the Duke of Cumberland, George II.'s second son, arrived at Holyrood, "raising by his presence the spirits" of the soldiers, who adored and trusted him.

Cumberland, nearly the same age as Charles Edward, had none of his personal graces and outward accomplishments, being fat and ill-favoured, with boisterous and uncouth manners. Yet he possessed other qualities which Charles wanted; he had "undaunted bravery, talent, steadiness, and energy of purpose;" and one who knew him well judged that in his military capacity he was far superior to any man in England.

Justifying the soldiers' confidence, the very day after his arrival in Edinburgh Cumberland marched against the enemy at the head of men who had banished all remembrance of the untoward accident at Falkirk, and who showed uncommon ardour to be led into the field again.

In opposition to a general so determined in council, so prompt in action, against troops so ardent for the encounter, the advisers of Charles Edward once more adopted the ill-omened policy of retreat. Yet it is difficult to know what better course could then have been taken. With anger and sorrow the Prince yielded a second time to the force of numbers.

The tedious marching and counter-marching which took place throughout the whole of March has no interest for us. On the 14th of April Charles Edward reached Culloden Moor, a heath of Scotland in the east corner of Inverness-shire, on the high road between Inverness and Nairn, at which latter city the Duke of Cumberland's army lay.

The evening of the 14th of April was peculiarly severe and cold. The Highlanders, who never pitched a tent, lay upon the snow, their couch the heather, or sheltered themselves among the trees and furze surrounding Culloden House, where Charles Edward and his principal officers were lodged.

Early on the morning of the 15th the Scotch army—reduced in number by the absence of several clans abroad on foraging expeditions—ranged itself in order of battle upon Drummoissie Muir, a part of the Culloden plain; for it was resolved that they should abide an action.

Throughout the day the Highlanders watched for the first glimpse of the English coats advancing across the moor, receiving no other food than a single biscuit to each man. The afternoon drew on; a council of war was held in Charles Edward's lodgings; it was determined to send scouts to see where and how the duke's army lay.

An English officer volunteered to undertake the perilous duty: a Highland gentleman of the district, who knew the country well, proposed to guide him, for the ground was boggy and difficult to traverse, the short spring day already fast advancing to its close. The volunteers disguised themselves—the officer in the dress of an English border horse-couper or petty farmer; the Highlander in the plaid of one of the clans adhering to the British government. But still the risk was great: and as they made their difficult way across the muir towards Nairn, the Scotchman beguiled the time by relating to his companion the fate of two brothers of his own, detected a few days before as spies, and hung; the one upon a tree in Banff, the other upon the project-

ing ridge of a house-roof a little way beyond the town. The line of Cumberland's march might be tracked by gibbets.

"If I could meet the Butcher to-morrow in the field!" said the Highlander, tapping significantly a small skene dhu he drew from the shelter of his plaid.

They had already reached the outposts of the English army.

"Beware!" said the Englishman.

Shrouded by the gathering darkness, the scouts traversed the length of the British camp, penetrating into the very heart of the enemy's quarters. The English were making merry, keeping with feasting, drinking, and song the Duke of Cumberland's birthday.

The sentinels were not more vigilant than their comrades; the spies had almost escaped scot free. Suddenly, passing under the shadow of a large tent, the Highlander stumbled unwarily upon a man half lying, half sitting on the ground. It was a soldier upon guard: springing to his feet, he gave the challenge.

The Highlander responded. The words were right, but the accent betrayed him, for the sentinel was a Lowland Scot.

"A Highlander!" he cried, and a dozen men surrounded them. "Seize the spies!"

Resistance was useless.

"Yield!" said the Englishman to his companion, quickly and aside; "our only chance is to keep up our characters."

"Take the rebels before the generals, Tom," said an English sergeant to the sentinel.

Pushing aside the curtain of the tent close by, the prisoners were ushered into the presence of a quartette of officers wearing the English uniform.

Two young men, the one slight, dark, sarcastic of aspect, the other, even in his stiff and ugly dress, graceful and *gracieuse* of figure, were playing at cards by the light of a small lantern placed upon a camp bedstead.

Looking up as the curtain was lifted, the dark one called to the prisoners the attention of the other pair of officers, who occupied seats at a small deal table, and studied—drinking spirits and water the while—a large map of the country, which provoked many an oath at the vagueness of its information.

"General Hawley, Your Grace."

"Attend to the game, Whitehaven," cried his companion. "Pique and re-pique."

"Business. I'm an aide-de-camp, Orford."

"General Hawley," said the fourth officer, "question these prisoners. If they are spies, string them up."

Rising, the general obeyed the behest: the other, a short stout young man, ungainly in figure, truculent of aspect, still bent over his map.

The English prisoner, preserving his character, looked round the tent with the stolid stare of his assumed class and locality; the Highlander, a gentleman of descent incalculably ancient, confronted the British officer who had advanced to examine them with an undaunted eye and a haughty bearing. Suddenly, however, the other Englishman turned from his study of the geography of Inverness-shire, and the Scotchman's glance rested for an instant upon his profile. Instantly the Highlander's face was inflamed with the revenge and fury of a demon: snatching from his bosom the concealed skene dhu, he rushed forward, and would have thrust it into the heart of the officer, had not a rapid movement of his companion disarmed him.

"D—you!" said the Highlander: "I would have put an end to all our difficulties at one stroke."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when he fell, pierced by many wounds, a victim to the indignation of the British soldiers round him.

"One d—d Scotchman the less!" said the young man whose life had just been saved. "An honest fellow; an Englishman, I see," he added, turning to the scout whose rapid movement had delivered him. The soldiers reiterated their charge, alleging that the English prisoner had been the companion of the Highlander.

"And that may be, and yet he be a very honest man," said the young man. "However, it is his works have saved him, and though that's not Lutheran doctrine, it'll pass muster in this instance."

The superior's witticism was received with a general laugh. Putting a valuable ring into the hand of the English prisoner, he dismissed him.

"True it is I have prevented a cold-blooded murder," thought the scout, as he made his way through the darkness to the Scotch camp. "It was my duty; but had I not been there to interpose, the fate of Scotland, nay, of England, might have been changed."

* * * *

A night attack of the British army, too long delayed, had been found impossible:

after a fatiguing and protracted march the Highlanders, weary and famished, again reached Culloden.

Dawn was slowly breaking: it seemed impossible that the attack could be much longer delayed: our English scout, joining the few British volunteers who still fought in the Highland army, lay down by the almost extinguished embers of a watch fire, to snatch a few moments of repose. Spent and overpowered, the officer, like his comrades, slept spite of the raw and piercing coldness of the April dawn. On the barren moor, the heather his pillow, dreams of England, of a tranquil boyhood long ago, of friends loved, of a woman idolized, rose to the brain of the sleeping Englishman. A touch startled and woke him.

Springing to his feet, a gaunt and weird figure met his eye: it was a woman, old and withered, her grey hair, her grotesque dress, ragged and unkempt.

"I know *you*," she said. "I come now to warn you. I have walked many a mile, endured hardships innumerable, to see the defeat of the Papist; for 'surely the seed of the wicked shall *not* inherit the earth.'"

Her words, though wild, had a solemnity about their utterance that riveted the young man's attention. Some purpose or past history seemed to give a method to her madness, if madness it were.

"Save yourself," she said; "there will be many an ancient head to fall. Yours is young and comely; for the sake of those to whom it is precious, flee while there is yet time."

"I will not," he answered. "I will remain faithful to the end."

"The end is at hand," said his singular visitant. "This day will see it. Be warned in season!"

"My course is taken," he said. "Yet who are you who follow this unfortunate Prince with so unrelenting a bitterness?"

"The daughter of Elizabeth Gaunt."

Leaving him, she disappeared for ever from his sight. More he never knew of her. Days after the dead body of a female was found in a ford of the rapid Nairn; it was recognised as that of an old woman who had perseveringly followed, and on foot, the march of the duke's army. Whether she had lived to witness the fruition of her revenge will remain for ever hidden from our eyes.

* * * *

The English army advanced in three columns: the weary Highlanders were

drawn up in two lines, with a body of reserve behind the second line, the right flank covered by a strong stone wall.

The duke arrayed his army into two lines of foot, protected by the sea shore and by a morass; to the left he stationed four hundred Argyllshire Highlanders and two regiments of dragoons; a strong reserve and well served artillery reinforced the already superior strength of his ardent troops.

During the disposition of the armies a heavy shower of rain beat in the faces of the Scotch; it passed off, and the Highlanders began the attack by firing from behind a strip of wall. Their ranks were soon riddled by Cumberland's return shot: running forward, the Scotch came on furiously to assault the strongest points of the English line. The wild impetus of their attack was at first partially successful, but the terrible fire of Semphill's regiment killed four or five hundred of their most desperate men.

Still advancing, the Scotch threw down their muskets and drew their claymores, but the unrelenting cannonade of the English staggered them. General Hawley accomplished a flank movement: the Highlanders lost heart and began to fly.

Charles Edward had boasted he was determined to conquer or die. The hour was come to justify the vaunt. The day was perhaps irrecoverably lost, but a rally and a charge might have redeemed the honour of the field, and covered his name with glory. But the Prince wheeled off and fled, never drawing bridle-rein until he reached the shelter of Lord Lovat's house.

For so *fainéant* a leader, for so miserable a cause, two thousand five hundred Highlanders perished at Culloden, and a yet more terrible reckoning was still to be incurred.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"ALL IS NOT LOST."

"Cast me upon some naked shore,
Where I may tracke
Only the print of some sad wracke,
If thou be there, though the seas roare,
I shall no gentler calm implore."

HABINGTON.

It is the anniversary of Sir Anthony Talbot's death; two years have passed since he was laid with his fathers; for nearly a year and a half Sir Stephen Talbot has been master of Earn's Cliffe;

for nearly the same time a married man. The November night is as wild and bleak as the one on which the spirit of Sir Anthony took its departure. Again the winter wind shrieks over downs knee-deep in frozen snow; again the sea thunders against the Earn's Cliffe, making the castle vibrate to its foundation. At Deane Hall, sheltered beneath the shadow of a wide rampart of hills, the cold radiance of a November moon sheds its chill light upon the Elizabethan front and gabled roof of the old mansion, mellowing the snowy tints of age, pouring its beams through the mullioned window of a large low room upon the terrace, glancing, white and still, across the grave faces and motionless figures of two women seated by the dying embers of a neglected fire.

The one is Gwendolyn—for the little space that remains it seems that we must still call her so—the other is the lady of the hall.

Fifty years have not yet passed over Mrs. Arthington's head, but her hair is white as driven snow; on her dark features—stern and harsh of aspect now that they have lost every trace of the roundness and bloom of youth—is the heavy shadow of a weight of sorrow; and her form, below the middle height, but of a large and massive build, is bowed and wasted by the wearing influence of many troubles.

An anxiety as intense, a grief as constant and acute, weigh down the heart of her companion; but the vigour of youth is slow to permit striking physical traces of even the most perpetual anguish. Yet she is greatly changed. It cannot be said that the rose is gone from Gwendolyn's cheek, for no colouring ever added the charm of bloom to her statuesque beauty; but her lips are wan; faint but indelible lines already mark her forehead and border her mouth; her hair, drawn backwards from her face, shows a painful raising of the brows, an outline of contour and feature painfully delicate.

More than six months have passed since the hopes of the Stuart party were blighted by the defeat of Culloden; the terrible reckoning has been exacted; necks innumerable have paid the forfeit of a chivalric devotion to a Prince unworthy of the homage of a single noble heart. Sir Wilfred Marlington's head withers on Temple Bar; Lord Ravenglas, saved the extreme penalty of the law by the court influence of his eldest daughter,

endures, an exile from his native land, the miserable existence of an outlaw. Yet he is happier than many; his younger daughter, Lady Anne, shares his banishment; and although they mourn the loss of Viscount Staynton, he died at Falkirk, in the moment of victory, sanguine for the future of the cause for which he had staked his all.

The mingled anguish and comfort of mourning such a death has not come to the two women waiting and watching at Deane Hall; they daily dread to hear a worse fate has befallen them. No word has been received of Geoffrey since Culloden. Then he was last seen upon the lost battle-field, urging Charles to retrieve his honour at the expense even of his life. For his partisans, the Prince's refusal and his hasty flight have added a yet keener pang than the consciousness of defeat—the sting of his indelible disgrace.

In the disposition of Mrs. Arthington, there is much of the Spartan; she would have borne with calm fortitude—had the Stuart cause been victorious—the death of her only child, consoled by the knowledge that he had done his duty, the reflection that a few years only could elapse before she must rejoin him. For Geoffrey's rebellion his Yorkshire hall is forfeited; but her sorrow for him, as the last of the Arthingtons, would not have increased materially her grief. The haughty blood of the Talbots has never cordially mingled with that of the Yorkshire squire; and the proud aspiration that had once filled her heart has already been frustrated—that of seeing her son husband of the heiress of the Talbots, and master of Earn's Cliffe.

Mrs. Arthington thus mingles with her tears for her son drops of anguish yet more bitter for the defeat and the disgrace of the Stuart cause, for the lost fortunes of the English Catholic Church. But, with the loss of her English name and standing, a great change has come over Gwendolyn; the heart which a not unworthy pride of rank and place and a masculine devotion to a political object had well-nigh stifled, beat very differently in the breast of Thora von Arnheim.

Her romantic story had excited a powerful interest both in England and abroad; grand matches had been offered to her acceptance; German connexions had come forward to claim her from her British friends; but she had refused to resign the solitude of Deane Hall, or to

leave the country which time and association had rendered as dear to her as if it had indeed been her fatherland.

Now, leaning her head against the straight-backed cushion of her chair, her heart, weary with hope deferred, leaves the future, and recalls every incident of a past whose possible sweetness she had never realized until lost for ever.

Shutting her eyes, as the bitter wind sweeps over the sheltered combe in which nestles Deane Hall, her ears hear again in fancy its mad fury dash a raging sea against the Earn's Cliffe. Again she sees the eagle rise from its eyrie into the storm; again she hears the long gust of a wilder wind whirl round the castle towers, and sweep with a withering blast across the far-stretching downs.

Never again can her eyes behold this Earn's Cliffe, so fondly loved, so faithfully remembered; yet a more passionate love, a dearer recollection, has power now to draw tears from fountains that are dry, even when stirred by the remembrance of Earn's Cliffe; the thought of a home and happiness that might have been hers; of Geoffrey, not wandering a homeless exile, but dwelling peacefully, the master of a tranquil household, in his own paternal halls.

Yet, faithful to the traditions of her religion and education, she strives to dismiss these thoughts; rising, she seeks the uncurtained window, and gazes on the snow-bound world without.

Deane Hall, five miles from Earn's Cliffe, is situated on the low ground which skirts the base, and nestles in the shelter of the last of two hills which lie towards the eastern boundary of the long range of Sussex downs. The house, built in the time of Elizabeth, is surrounded on two sides by a thick wood, which clothes the combe in which it stands; behind rise abruptly the sheltering hills; in front runs the London road; beyond it flows the Ouse. The river, swelled to overflowing by the autumn rains and early snow, had flooded great part of the low country round, which, hard frozen, presented the appearance of a shallow lake of ice.

As Gwendolyn gazed, a dark and moving shadow emerged from the shelter of the wood upon the right, and traversed slowly the road in front of the house, passing again into the shadow of the trees upon the left. It was a mounted party of soldiers, who guarded continually

the hall, patrolling before it day and night to secure the capture of Geoffrey Arthington, should he venture to visit his mother's house.

Shuddering, she turned away from the window, replenishing, at Mrs. Arthington's request, the fire, drawing the curtains, and lighting an oil lamp. * * * *

Two hours had passed: Father Adrian, still the faithful adherent of Gwendolyn's altered fortunes, had read prayers to the small household at Deane Hall, and had then retired to his own chamber. Mrs. Arthington and the servants were all in bed. Gwendolyn, sitting alone, was trying to chain her wandering thoughts to the calm perusal of Thomas à Kempis. A faint, twice-repeated tap upon the glass of the window made her start. A sudden presentiment caused her pulses to stand still. Springing up, she drew aside the heavy curtains, undid the shutters, and admitted Geoffrey, pale, travel-stained, haggard of face, with a beard of weeks' growth, his dress worn and ragged.

Her terror lest he should be traced and discovered for the moment overpowered her; then a new consciousness made her hesitate to give free expression to the joy which thrilled her at his presence, even though attended with so fearful a risk. Holding her hands, he gazed down upon her, all other thoughts lost in the delight of once more seeing her beloved face.

"You are altered and worn, Gwenda. Is it for me you have sorrowed? You did not imagine that I could leave England, and for ever, without seeing you once again?"

Tears filled her eyes and impeded her utterance; only now that it was too late had she learnt to appreciate his love.

"How can I ever thank you," said Geoffrey, "for the peril you underwent for me? Gwenda, I knew nothing of your danger till it was over. I was wounded dangerously in a skirmish immediately I joined the Prince's army, and lay for weeks in a cottage in the Highlands, far out of reach of English news."

"And the Prince?" asked Gwendolyn.

"He is safe: I saw him and his followers embark for France; he left Scotland two months ago. Since then, I have wandered about in Inverness-shire until I judged the first peril of the hue and cry were over, and then I walked southwards. My mother, she is well?"

"Yes, but much broken; your danger

and the destruction of our hopes have added years to her life."

"You will be her daughter, Gwenda, will you not? and cheer her declining years with your care? It is a sad and colourless prospect, yet it is the one spot in my horizon not altogether gloomy. You will have a home; my mother has devised Deane Hall, after her death, to you."

"And you?" asked Gwendolyn.

"For me remains but life, valueless to myself, but perhaps hereafter to prove of service to others. I have no vocation to a religious life, or the cloister would give me a refuge——"

She interrupted him vehemently.

"What!" she cried, "do you leave me to drag out a life of despicable ease in England, the usurper of your just inheritance, supported by your mother's bounty, while you lead abroad the miserable existence of a penniless exile? Geoffrey," she said, a natural emotion colouring vividly her cheeks, giving bright lustre to her eyes, "if so cheerless your fate, let me at least share it. You loved me once; shall I have no power to charm sometimes the sorrows of such a banishment?"

"Love you!" he said. "Words cannot express what I have always felt for you—what I still feel, my darling. Even for the bliss of your companionship, it would prevent me from even longing that you should share, were it only for a moment, a lot so uncertain, so full of privation, as mine must be."

She clasped his hands tightly, as if she feared that he were even then about to leave her.

"Do you not understand?" she said. "Geoffrey, I know now I love you; let not the discovery come too late. With you, for me the world may even yet be a paradise." Worn, penniless, a hunted exile, in danger of his life, Geoffrey at that moment experienced rapture as he clasped his cousin to his heart, her own at last entirely his.

CHAPTER XXV.

RUN TO EARTH.

"Here comes my mortal enemy."

Palamon and Arcite.

THREE days have passed, and Geoffrey still remains in concealment at Deane Hall, while Gwendolyn and Father Adrian

work secretly and assiduously to prepare for the escape to France, which he had once rejected, to see again the cousin who had so long occupied his constant heart.

At last all is ready. The night is wild and dark; the enterprise almost desperate, but it must be dared. Disguises are prepared—the carriage waits for them at the foot of the high downs behind the hall. In front escape is impossible, for the patrol guards every avenue.

Night has rolled round again: in the small chapel at Deane Hall a little group stand before the altar. Mrs. Arthington alone witnesses the marriage of her son. The ceremony over, Geoffrey and his wife are to go out together into the world. Yet, again the malice of their enemies will foil them: the simplicity of a servant has been long practised upon by John Beard, still Geoffrey's most inveterate enemy.

Ignorant of the watch even now closely surrounding every side of the house, muffled in disguising garments—for the risk is terrible, the night severely cold and wildly tempestuous—the cousins stand before the altar, listening to the first words of the service which is at last to unite their hands.

The priest faces the door; suddenly his eyes dilate with terror; he drops the book out of which he officiates.

Into the doorway have silently advanced a group of three figures—Captain Holles, Sir Stephen Talbot, and his half-brother. Soldiers fill the small old hall beyond. Rushing forward, John Beard seizes Geoffrey, pinioning tightly his right arm.

"You'll not play me again the trick you did one time before!" he cries, triumphantly.

Gwendolyn, agonized, glances wildly around. Escape is impossible: she throws herself at Sir Stephen's feet; scowling, he turns away.

"It is too late," he says; "not to save you would I lift my finger. Soldiers, advance and seize your prisoner! As the nearest magistrate I sanction his removal to Earn's Cliffe until the king's pleasure be ascertained. A noted prison-breaker needs a strong gaol and wary watchers. Captain Holles, to your duty; let the prisoner be well secured!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

A WINTER NIGHT.

"Sachez que chacun est son diable,
Que chacun se fait son enfer."

BERANGER.

"Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story."
Chorus to Henry V.

THERE had been a grand feast-day for General Hawley's dragoons quartered at Lewes; his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, attended by my Lord Orford, had come down in person to review his late brothers in arms.

Evolutions of a brilliant and complicated nature had been contemplated, but the weather was far too severe—the downs too frozen and slippery for the delicate and pampered horses to undergo any great exertions; and a mere inspection of the men and their accoutrements had taken place.

Yet the presence of a Prince of the blood,—the constant passage up the hilly High-street of mounted dragoons, their casques and steel breast-plates glittering in the wintry sun, their swords and spurs jingling in unison to the measured movements of their well-trained yet fiery horses—had filled the quiet country town with an unwonted excitement of gaiety.

The Duke of Newcastle had entertained the Prince and the officers at dinner in his house in the High-street; and after dinner the royal guest, attended by Lord Orford and Lord Whitehaven, set out for Whitehaven-house, where he was to pass the night, and which was twelve miles out of Lewes, on the London road.

The duke's wines had been lavishly pressed upon the guests; the first few miles of the way were level enough, and the Prince and his companions, more than half asleep, nodded in comfortable accompaniment to the regular paces of the sleek and well-fed horses. But soon the road, diverging from the direct line, became more difficult, and Giles, my Lord Whitehaven's coachman, as drowsy as his superiors, was suddenly roused—from a snug half slumber, in which he had been musing, in a semi-dreamy state, upon the excellence of the beer at the duke's servants' table—by a splash, a plunge, a sudden lurch of the coach to the right.

The horses had mistaken the precise boundary of the narrow raised bye-road, hard frozen, and bordered by a wide track

of meadow, now inundated by the overflowing of the Ouse, and bearing the aspect of an unbroken sheet of ice. They had locked the right wheel of the carriage in the ice, a foot below the road.

The duke, awakened abruptly by the sudden lurch and by the weight of his companions thrown forwards—and for a moment entirely incumbent upon him—began to swear vehemently, declaring that he was stifled.

The young men soon recovered themselves, and forcing the coach-door open, extricated with some difficulty his unwieldy highness.

"A good joke, truly," said Lord Whitehaven aside to Lord Orford, "for the duke to say we stifled him. We may thank our stars the coach lurched to the right; had it been to the left, and he had tumbled upon us—woe to us, for we should inevitably have been smothered."

"Yes, if we had to wait for your Sussex servants to extricate us," said Lord Orford. "D—— the clumsy boors! they have wrenched off the wheel."

Giles and his attendant footman scratched their heads.

"If your lordships and your royal highness would please to walk——"

"Hang your impudence!" said his master; "Giles, you are drunk!"

"There is a house close by," said the ready-witted French valet, descending unhurt from the back seat of the coach, "Mrs. Arthington's; and perhaps she could lend his royal highness her carriage. It is an old, crazy affair, but might do upon a pinch, if Giles is sobered by his shaking."

"A bright idea, Jean!" said the duke; "or perhaps—and being an obstinate old traitress—we may put-up for the night, and mulct her of a supper as good as my Lord Newcastle's dinner. But hold! what have we here? Is the house on fire, or are we in the times of your civil wars, and are tumble-down manor-houses again besieged by soldiers and defended by old women?"

Crossing the road—ascending a short avenue, and entering at the open hall-door, the duke and his companions found themselves in the midst of a scene of singular confusion. Servants wrung their hands; a sergeant and ten men of Hawley's dragoons guarded a small low door to the right. The Prince, at once recognised by his late comrades, motioned the men aside, and made his way, followed by his two companions, into the little chapel

at Deane Hall, where the priest still stood robed before the altar.

There the fierce countenances of Sir Stephen and his half-brother ill accorded with the sanctity of the service or the place. Mrs. Arthington wept, Captain Holles, with not ungentle hands, was trying to unclothe the half-frenzied clasp with which the unfortunate bride pinioned the arm which attempted to fasten handcuffs upon Geoffrey's wrists.

The duke's keen eye glanced round, and took in the whole aspect of affairs.

"So," he said, "the traitor caught, and a romantic escape frustrated! Good service, truly. By whom performed? Captain Holles, is it to your wariness we owe this fortunate capture?"

The authoritative advance and questions of the duke at once proclaimed his rank. The women threw themselves at his feet.

"Have we not been enough punished?" cried Gwendolyn. "My lord, have mercy!"

Cumberland's temper was hasty, harsh, and even tyrannical; the slaughter of Culloden, the wholesale butchery of the unfortunate prisoners taken then and afterwards, had not slaked his thirst for vengeance. He remained inexorable, although Lord Orford and Lord Whitehaven added their influence to aid the women's tears; and even Captain Holles wavered.

"It is a black business, your royal highness," he urged aside. "The circumstances seem particularly hard: the prisoner would have escaped our vigilance, but was betrayed through the stupidity of a servant—a friend of this smuggling fellow here, the half-brother of his own cousin."

The duke hesitated a moment.

"Do your duty, Captain Holles!" said Sir Stephen Talbot, advancing; "the prisoner is now in the hands of the law, and as such beyond the interference of any but the highest legal authority."

His inveterate rancour proved the destruction of its own great object.

"D—— your insolence, sir!" said the duke, turning fiercely to him; "and d—— your law, too. If I choose to free the prisoner, be sure I shall do it: if I choose to hang him, be equally certain I will not ask your advice as to the selection of the time or tree."

Geoffrey had disdained to endeavour to save his life by fruitless entreaty; now, as the duke wavered, he advanced to—

wards the group, holding in his hand a valuable ring.

"I saved your royal highness's life once," he said. "For the sake of those dearer to me than myself, I ask you to remember it."

"By Jove! Arthington was the stupid groom," cried Lord Whitehaven.

"Mr. Arthington," said the duke, scanning with keen eyes Geoffrey's face, "in remembrance of the night before Culloden I pardon you! But let me never have reason to repent the clemency. D—— it, sir!" continued Cumberland, turning fiercely to Sir Stephen, who advanced, and was about to speak; "d—— it! but if you interfere any further, I'll do worse than send you about your business. Begone, sir! And you, sir!" to John Beard; "and let to-night be a lesson to you not to come prowling about honest people's houses at the dead of night."

"And now let the ceremony proceed," cried Lord Orford. "I do not regret now my rejection," he whispered aside to Gwendolyn; "nor can I wonder when I look at Mr. Arthington."

"Go on, priest!" ordered the duke; "I'll give away the bride: and you, old lady, bustle about a wedding supper, for I'll not leave this house to-night—and I'm deuced hungry; pardoning traitors is such d——d hard work."

* * * *

Foiled and baffled, Sir Stephen Talbot rode homewards, cursing the fate which had attended almost every step of his career—the life which his defeated rancour rendered useless. His cousins' happiness was sealed, their life henceforth secure, their lot fortunate, if lowly. He, the master of Earn's Cliffe, was a despised and defeated man; separated from his wife, the Lady Frances Staynton of our story; childless; Geoffrey Arthington the heir of the ancient castle, which must pass away from the old family of Talbot at his own death.

The night was wild and dark, the way along the Cliffe perilous; turning aside, Sir Stephen approached Earn's Cliffe by a circuitous route; the same road on which he had ridden a year and a half ago with Captain Holles's band, bound then to the execution of a double treason.

Bitterly, as he wound under the steep overhanging cliff, poised as it were in mid-air, a giddy chasm below, he surveyed the two years of his past life; repenting nothing, but rebelling wildly against the destiny which had given him so much, and rendered it all so worthless.

Repenting? The time was short: it may barely be that some flash of regret crossed for a moment his wayward heart. The road was slippery—the wind violent; no protecting rail guarded the dangerous way from the abyss below. His horse stumbled—he pulled it up with a curse; struggling to regain its balance, it slipped again upon the glassy frozen snow, and fell, bearing its rider with it over and over, crashing as it descended the branches of the trees which lined the ravine, until both lay crushed and dead upon the hard surface of the Ouse below.

That night a heavy fall of snow descended; weeks passed before the frozen bodies, hardly to be identified, were discovered. A fate more lingering, but as signal, overtook his half-brother years afterwards. He was wrecked at sea in a half-piratical, half-smuggling expedition, and the waves washed his dead body on the shore in front of his own house—fulfilling thus the superstition of the Sussex sailors, who believe that the body of a drowned man is always carried to his native shore.

* * * *

Years passed on, and though Talbots no longer dwelt at Earn's Cliffe, and though the eagles had ceased to tenant their eyrie since old Sir Anthony's death, yet Talbot blood flowed in the veins of the Arthingtons, and a prosperity the old race, turbulent and ungovernable, had never enjoyed, attended the fate of those who now held the castle.

An old woman, beloved and respected by all, lived for the latter years of her long life under the roof of the lady of Earn's Cliffe, venerated as the deliverer of the hapless Prince, who though bereft of hope, degenerate in character, was yet loved and lingeringly regretted by those who had suffered so much for his cause.

12 JU63

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

Charles Keene's Studio Easel.

PRICE £6.

PATENTED ALSO IN FRANCE, BELGIUM, &c.

Patronized by W. P. FRITH, Esq., R.A., ALFRED ELMORE, Esq., R.A.,
and other eminent Artists.

(SEE TESTIMONIALS.)

8A, ORCHARD-STREET, PORTMAN-SQUARE, LONDON, W.

A VARIETY OF
LIGHT AND ELEGANT EASELS IN STOCK
AT MODERATE PRICES.

Artists' Mechanical and Cabinet work executed to order.

CONSUMPTION IN ALL ITS STAGES,

COUGHS, WHOOPING-COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, FEVER, AGUE, DIPHTHERIA, HYS-
TERIA, RHEUMATISM, DIARRHŒA, SPASMS, and COLIC, are immediately relieved by a dose of

TRADE



MARK.

CHLORODYNE is a liquid taken in drops, according to age. It invariably
relieves pain, of whatever kind; creates a calm, refreshing sleep; allays irritation of the
nervous system, when all other remedies fail; leaving no bad effects, like opium or laudanum,
and can be taken when none other can be tolerated.

Among invalids, it allays the pain of neuralgia, rheumatism, gout, &c.; it soothes the weary
labours of consumption, relieves the soreness of the chest, cough, and expectoration, and cures
all chest affections, such as asthma, bronchitis, palpitation, &c.; it checks diarrhœa, alvine dis-
charges, or spasms and colics of the intestines, &c.

EXTRACTS OF MEDICAL OPINIONS.

From W. VESSALIUS PETTIGREW, M.D.—“I have no hesitation in stating that I have never met with any
medicine so efficacious as an Anti-spasmodic and Sedative. I have used it in Consumption, Asthma, Diarrhœa,
and other diseases, and am most perfectly satisfied with the results.”

From Dr. M'MILLAN, of New Galloway, Scotland.—“I consider it the most valuable medicine known.”
J. C. BAKER, Esq., M.D., of Bideford.—“It is without doubt the most certain and valuable Anodyne we
have.”

From A. MONTGOMERY, Esq., late Inspector of Hospitals, Bombay.—“Chlorodyne is a most valuable
remedy in Neuralgia, Asthma, and Dysentery; to it I fairly owe my restoration to health, after eighteen
months' severe suffering, and when all other medicines had failed.”

CAUTION.—Beware of spurious imitations or substitutes. Each bottle of the genuine bears
a Government Stamp, with the words “DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE” engraved
thereon in white letters.

Sold only in Bottles, at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., by the sole Agent and Manufacturer,

J. T. DAVENPORT,

83, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, LONDON,

With Professional Testimonials enclosed.

ACCIDENTS

BY ROAD, RIVER, OR RAILWAY,

ACCIDENTS

IN THE FIELD, THE STREETS, OR AT HOME,

MAY BE PROVIDED AGAINST AT

64, CORNHILL, LONDON,

BY TAKING A POLICY OF THE

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY,

WHICH HAS ALREADY PAID

£140,000

COMPENSATION

FOR

ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS,

TO PROFESSIONAL MEN, TRADESMEN, &c.

IN 75 FATAL CASES, & 6,880 CASES OF PERSONAL INJURY

Rates and further particulars can be obtained at the Railway Stations, of
any of the Local Agents, or at the

HEAD OFFICE, 64, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

*Railway Passengers' Assurance Company,
Empowered by Special Act of
Parliament, 1825.*

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary